Commentary

Volume Seventy-seven, Number One, January 1984

Reagan vs. the Scientists:

Why the President Is Right about Missile Defense

Robert Jastrow

THE VOICE FROM THE WHIRLWIND — ROBERT ALTER

LIBERALISM, STANFORD-STYLE — TOM BETHELL

IN MEMORIAM: HENRY M. JACKSON — MICHAEL NOVAK

MUSIC: A CONDUCTOR IN HISTORY — SAMUEL LIPMAN

MOVIES: THE HARD LEFT AND THE SOFT — RICHARD GRENIER

FICTION: WHAT DOES PHILIP ROTH WANT? — JOSEPH EPSTEIN

BOOKS IN REVIEW:
Kenneth S. Lynn/Roger Kaplan/Stephen Miller/Don Sharp/Todd G. Buchholz

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Commentary

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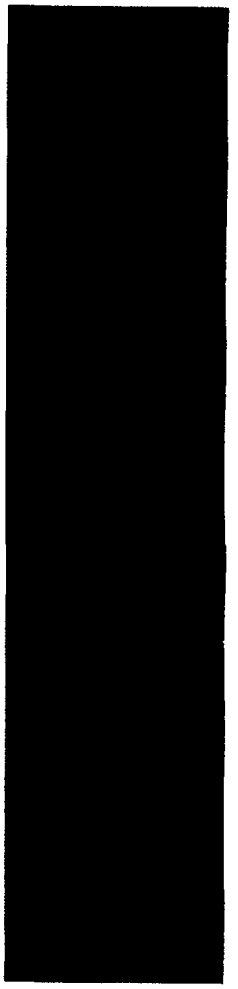
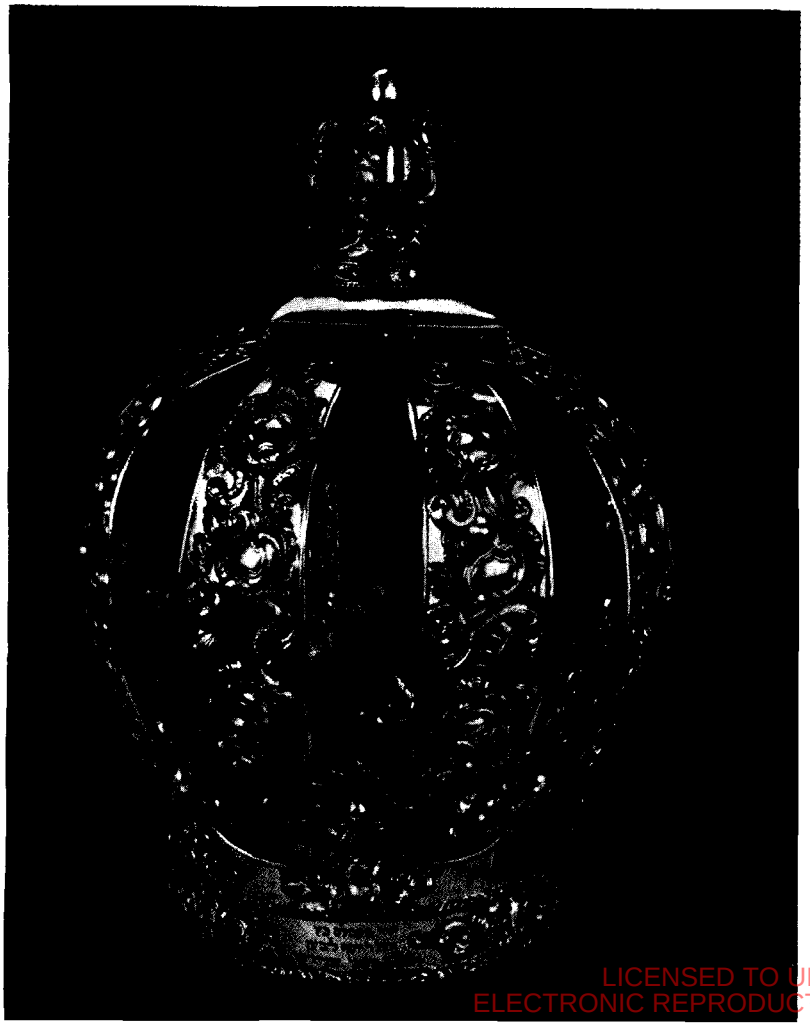
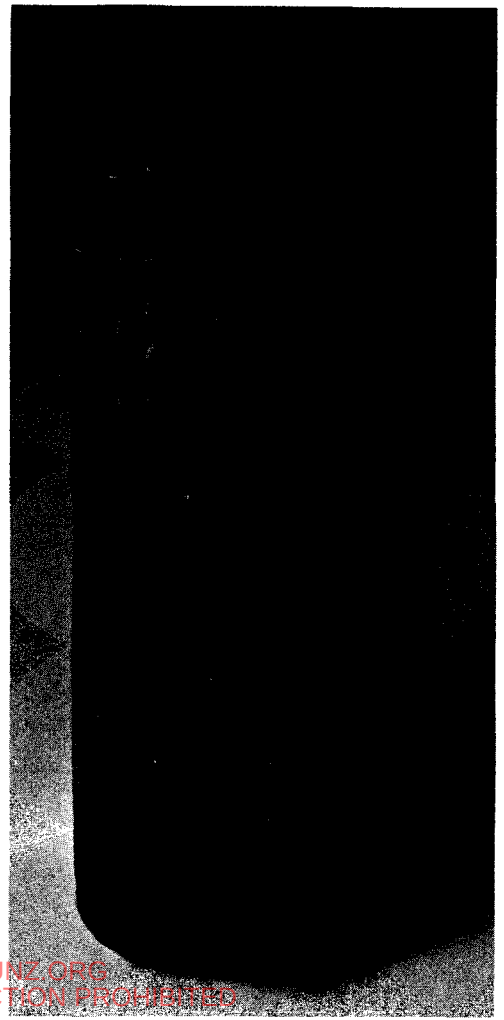
Precious







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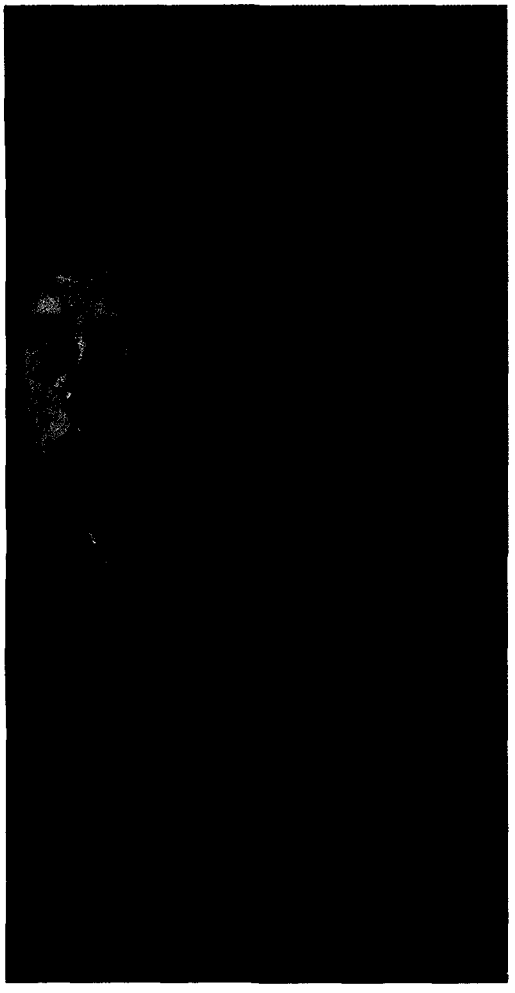
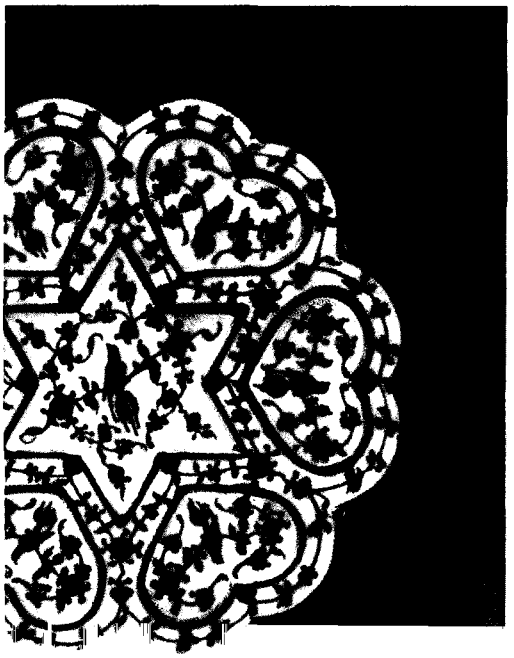
Legacy.





You are looking at objects that have been greatly treasured and greatly loved. Their history is one of the most terrifying and inspiring in the history of man. Their owners were the Jewish families of Eastern Europe and especially of Bohemia and Moravia. As they—and millions of other Europeans of all faiths—were being methodically exterminated by the Nazi regime, their treasures were being just as methodically collected, catalogued and preserved by the same Nazi regime for eventual showing in a "museum of an extinct people." Today, through a chain of human understanding that would have been incomprehensible to the Nazi mentality, they have become our legacy. And now we can see them, for the first time in the United States, in an exhibition titled, "The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections."

Look at any one and you see history and art. Look at all and you see tragedy and transcendence. They are what their owners wanted them to be: links in a chain of beauty and faith. They intended them for future generations, and they have become ours. So long as we treasure these things, the people who loved them can never be "extinct."

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(top left) AFTER THE BURIAL, (Artist Unknown), ca. 1780, (bottom left) TORAH CROWN, Repousse, 1840; (top right) PORTRAIT OF A BOY, Isadore Kaufmann, end of 19th century; (bottom right) PORCELAIN PASSOVER PLATE, Joseph Vater, ca. 1900, (bottom center) ALMS BOX, (Artist Unknown), early 19th century. "The Precious Legacy" is organized by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service (SITES), in cooperation with Project Judaica, Mark E. Talisman, Chairman, and the Ministry of Culture of the Czech Socialist Republic, the Federal Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic, the National Committee of the Capital of Prague, and the State Jewish Museum in Prague. Photographs by Quicksilver Photographers, Washington, D.C. "The Precious Legacy" is published by Summit Books and is available in book form. © Philip Morris Inc. 1983

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Letters from Readers

The Mysterious Messenger

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

For forty years, students of the Holocaust have sought the identity of the prominent German industrialist who, at the risk of his life, warned the West in mid-1942 of a plan discussed in Hitler's headquarters to murder all the Jews of Europe. Recently, a flurry of press coverage has been generated by the claim of Richard Breitman and Alan M. Kraut, who purported to discover the identity of Eduard Schulte as the "mysterious messenger" ["Who Was the 'Mysterious Messenger'?" October 1983]. My book, *The Jews Were Expendable: Free World Diplomacy and the Holocaust*, published in November by the University of Illinois Press, has a direct and necessary bearing on this matter. Therein, Schulte's name and role are first disclosed.

As already featured in *Jewish Week* (August 19, 1983) and *Maccabi* and *Jüdische Rundschau* (Basel, Switzerland—both September 7, 1983), I determined that Schulte left Berlin expressly to convey his horrific information to a Jew named Koppelman, the legal representative of a powerful Swiss industrialist. Schulte then told his story to Benjamin Sagalowitz, who passed on the word to Gerhart Riegner of the World Jewish Congress (WJC). While exacting from Sagalowitz a promise of anonymity, Schulte suggested that immediate Allied reprisals might check the reported design.

In early October 1942, Schulte returned to Switzerland to report that Backe, the German Secretary of State for Economics, had proposed "to exterminate the Jews found in the German alimentary space" to help ease supply and provision scarcities. At the end of July, according to Schulte, Backe had obtained Hitler's signature on an order to carry out the quick deportation and subsequent annihilation in Eastern Europe of some four million Jews.

My initial finding of Schulte's name and that of his contact in this matter came during an inspection, in July 1979, of the archives of the World Jewish Congress in London. A memorandum there revealed that the WJC's A. Leon Kubowitzki (later Kubovy) met Schulte and Koppelman through Sagalowitz on February 24, 1945, when visiting Riegner. On that occasion, Koppelman indicated that a nephew of one of his female acquaintances had seen the draft on Hitler's table of the annihilation decree signed by Himmler and Bormann, and that it had later received the Fuehrer's signature. Schulte confirmed that "an extermination order seems to have existed."

The mention by Schulte and Koppelman of specific Third Reich chieftains is noteworthy. Almost all historians doubt the existence of a "Final Solution" directive signed by Hitler (see Martin Broszat, "Hitler and the Genesis of the 'Final Solution': An Assessment of David Irving's Theses," *Yad Vashem Studies* 13 [1979], pp. 73-125). Schulte did promise Kubowitzki to try to locate that alleged order, but the WJC archives show nothing further. Intriguingly, Schulte's report about Backe's rationale coincided with Bormann's concurrent explanation to Nazi administrators that "the elimination of millions of Jews living in the European economic area is an imperative rule in the struggle to secure the existence of the German people. It is in the nature of things that these somewhat difficult problems can only be solved with ruthless severity. . . ."

Although my subsequent inquiries to German and Swiss archives, as well as to Albert Speer, bore no fruit, the Berlin Document Center forwarded vital information on the "mysterious messenger" from a Nazi reference work (1942) entitled *Wer leitet? Die Männer der deutschen Wirtschaft und der einschlägigen Verwaltung* [Who Leads? Executives of the German Economy and Administration]. (Schulte, appointed *Wehrwirtschaftsfuehrer* [Director of Defense Economy] on September 1, 1941, and a board member of some major industrial concerns, obviously had access to the highest German councils.) My culminating research at Yad Vashem, in January 1982, uncovered Kubowitzki's diary entry of his talk with Riegner on February 16, 1945, concerning Schulte and Koppelman, as well as a copy in Sagalowitz's papers of a plan by Schulte for Germany's postwar economic rehabilitation and Sagalowitz's memoir indicating that he introduced Riegner to the mysterious German industrialist in February 1945.

Messrs. Breitman and Kraut have, indeed, made a significant

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contribution in describing Schulte's efforts to pass on intelligence information to the Allies about German foreign policy and military strategy. The story had not been told heretofore; it may yet prove to be one of the most impressive in the annals of wartime espionage—if the relevant archives are freely opened to these and other persevering scholars.

Yet to focus principally on Allied records also has its limitations, particularly in studying the Holocaust. Lack of research in the broad spectrum of Jewish primary sources results in more than imprecise identification of Sagalowitz and the Jewish Agency's Richard Lichtheim. The elusive German named "S" becomes linked by Messrs. Breitman and Kraut to an "E.S.," the recipient of two coded messages from Poland that the Germans were deporting all Jews in Warsaw to their deaths "except for the iron workers." This is a key piece of evidence for the two authors (first reported in the Washington *Post* on September 28, 1983, and carried by United Press International under the same date), who claim further in COMMENTARY that Schulte (E.S.) supplied Sagalowitz or Riegner with the letters in mid-September 1942, as his "best effort to provide confirmation of the Final Solution." The authors' joint conclusion presents but one difficulty: "E.S." in fact was *not* Eduard Schulte.

The original letters, which I found in August 1977, among the voluminous files of the WJC in New York, unequivocally name the recipient in both cases to be E. Sternbuch of St. Gallen, Switzerland. Elie Sternbuch, attempting with his brother Isaac and sister-in-law Recha to rescue Orthdox Jewry from under the Nazi jackboot, had obtained the agreement of Paraguay consul Rodolfe Hügli some months earlier to issue 1,000 protective passports for Jews in Poland, Belgium, and Holland at a mere 100 Swiss francs apiece. On September 4 and 12, 1942, I. M. Domb, an Orthodox Jew of Swiss parentage, wrote Elie Sternbuch about the fatal mass deportation from Warsaw.

Arthur Morse's *While Six Million Died*, following the code which Riegner gave the U.S. consulate in Geneva, erred in translating Domb's *Eisenzweig*, *Orlean*, and *Gefen* as "iron workers," "non-Jews," and "wine tree," respectively. (Messrs. Breitman and Kraut do the same for *Eisenzweig*.) Actually, the despairing Domb also informed Elie

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Sternbuch that Guta Eisenzweig (Elie's future wife), Yehuda Leib Orlean (head of Cracow's Beth Jacob Seminary), and Guta's mother (maiden name Gefen) were safe, but that not all of Hügli's "citrus fruit" had arrived.

The Sternbuchs' organization, HIJEFS, had some prior knowledge of the unparalleled Jewish tragedy. Julius Kühl of the Polish legation in Bern provided a lengthy memorandum in mid-August 1942, concerning European Jewry, based on the eyewitness testimony of two reliable non-Jews reaching Switzerland. By Kühl's use of the Polish diplomatic pouch, in early September, Isaac Sternbuch informed the president of World Agudath Israel (centered in New York) that about 100,000 Jews had recently been killed in Warsaw. Hillel Seidman, who with Guta Eisenzweig and her mother would survive through a Paraguayan passport (Domb and Orlean did not), dispatched a coded message quoting Scripture to Chaim Eiss of Zurich that 10 percent of Warsaw's original 450,000 Jews had survived; Eiss replied that he understood the hint from Amos 5:3. The Sternbuchs gave Domb's letters to Riegner, who handed them to the U.S. consul and then sent off a summary to his WJC colleagues in London.

With Eduard Schulte having no part in this entire "E.S." episode, do Messrs. Breitman and Kraut possess documentation of Schulte's exact name associated with his transmission of facts about the Holocaust? Readers will eagerly await their publication of a detailed account, as well as other investigations which the authors' COMMENTARY article may, it is hoped, stimulate.

As for the Schulte and Sternbuch information, Riegner lost little time in giving this, as well as related reports, to the American and British authorities. Particularly important was the subsequent corroboration of the Final Solution design by International Red Cross official Carl J. Burckhardt, whose name Riegner first mentioned to the American minister in a decisive interview on October 22, 1942. (At that same conference, Riegner and Lichtheim provided additional materials and Schulte's name in a sealed envelope.) Paul Guggenheim, WJC senior colleague who advised Riegner in August to forward Schulte's initial information without the suggestion of reprisals but "with all necessary reservation," had heard from Burckhardt about a Final Solution order. Guggenheim insisted that the name of Burckhardt, his faculty associate at Geneva's Graduate Institute of International Studies, be kept confidential. Yet Riegner decided that Burckhardt—unlike Schulte—had nothing to risk, while his international humanitarian committee had done pitifully little to aid Jewry in its hour of greatest need.

The Allies, by then, had ample and highly credible accounts from diverse sources. Negligible results followed, however. Those who might have checked the tempo of the Holocaust did not alter their position throughout World War II. Tragically, the West's disbelief, indifference, anti-Semitism, and, above all, political expediency doomed a powerless European Jewry to the Nazi program of systematic annihilation. Against this prevailing decay of conscience, a few courageous Jews and Gentiles who sought to answer the summons of the hour could accomplish little.

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I would like to add a clarification and a footnote to the very interesting article by Richard Breitman and Alan M. Kraut. This involves the two key letters of confirmation of the Riegner cable and its disposition at the hands of American Jewry. While these are elaborated upon and fully documented in my forthcoming work, *Thy Brother's Blood: The Role of the Orthodox and the Holocaust*, it is important to set the record straight.

Contrary to the authors' assertion, the letters were not supplied to Gerhart Riegner by the German industrialist Eduard Schulte, but by Isaac (Yitzchok) Sternbuch, the representative of both Agudath Israel and Vaad Hatzalah (Rescue Committee) in Switzerland. In Arthur Morse's book, *While Six Million Died*, Riegner is quoted as stating that he obtained these two letters "from a friend in St. Gallen." He neglected, however, to identify this friend as Isaac Sternbuch. Sternbuch and his wife, Recha, resided in St. Gallen until 1940, when they moved to Montreux. Recha Sternbuch, especially, had been extremely active since 1938, in helping thousands of refugees cross illegally from Nazi-occupied Austria and France into Switzerland. For this "crime" she was even jailed by the Swiss authorities for two weeks, thanks to a Jewish informer, who feared that the sudden influx of 800 Jews would create anti-Semitism in Switzerland. The humane Swiss then hermetically sealed their borders with motorized patrols to insure that no more Jews would enter. . . .

The two letters were dated September 4 and 12, 1942. The terms in the first letter were not fully understood. For example, even in the small excerpt given in the article, there is an error; the noun *Eisenzweig* does not refer to "iron workers." It was in fact the name of an individual, the fiancée of Elie Sternbuch, younger brother of Isaac. She was spared because he had sent her a Paraguayan passport which was actually recognized by the Nazis. After the war, Miss Eisenzweig did indeed marry her intended, Elie Sternbuch, and both still reside in Switzerland. The Sternbuchs were in fact the first to send such bogus Latin American papers to hundreds of Jews in Nazi-occupied countries. After a while, others followed suit.

In this and in all their manifold rescue activities spanning a decade, the Sternbuchs had the help of a close collaborator, Julius Kühl. This Orthodox Jew was the assistant for Jewish affairs to Ambassador Alexander Lados at the Polish legation in Bern. Kühl not only obtained these Paraguayan papers—for a fee—from a member of that country's consulate, he was also the chief conduit for all the news emanating from Poland and other countries, via couriers and other means. Kühl made it his practice to supply such reports about Jewish conditions to, among others, Riegner; Saly Mayer, head of the Swiss Jewish communities and representative of the Joint Distribution Committee; as well as to Richard Lichtheim, representative of the Jewish Agency. . . .

The Riegner cable reached Rabbi Stephen S. Wise on August 28, via Sidney Silverman of England, but Wise notified neither the President nor any of the Jewish organizations. Instead, he quietly routed it to the State Department for verification, as he did with numerous other such reports.

In contrast, on September 3, five days after receipt of the Riegner cable, Jacob Rosenheim, president of World Agudath Israel, was given a copy of an ominous cable sent by Sternbuch in which he stated that

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100,000 Jews had been deported from Warsaw and that their bodies had been turned into fertilizer and soap. This cable evaded the unsympathetic censors of the State Department because Sternbuch had sent it via the Polish diplomatic code made available to all Jewish organizations by Ambassador Lados. (Only the Orthodox made use of this valuable, though illegal, channel of communication, which the Jewish establishment considered taboo; their *Weltanschauung* demanded of the Orthodox that the survival of the Jewish people required all-out efforts, legal or illegal.)

Unlike the "skeptical" Riegner cable, that sent by Sternbuch displayed no equivocation. Moreover, at the conclusion, he added: "Do whatever you can to arouse an American reaction to halt this persecution. Do whatever you can . . . stirring up statesmen, the press, and the community. Inform [Stephen S.] Wise, [Abba Hillel] Silver, Lubavitcher [Rebbe], [Albert] Einstein, [Jacob] Klatskin, [Nahum] Goldmann, Thomas Mann, and others."

Taking the message at face value, Rosenheim immedately cabled President Roosevelt, and with the help of the Polish embassy, requested an urgent meeting. The President declined to respond. Instead, after three weeks, he quietly passed this cable on to the State Department. But when Thomas Mann was made aware of the tragic news, he broadcast it on the BBC the following week.

In order to assure the arrival of this important information, Sternbuch telephoned Rabbi Abraham Kalmanowitz, one of the key figures of Vaad Hatzalah. Upon hearing the first few words of the horrible news, the venerable rabbi fainted, and his secretary had to take the message.

By the next day, Friday, September 4, Rosenheim and Kalmanowitz had convinced Wise, American Jewry's most prominent spokesman, to meet them at the office of the Union of Orthodox Rabbis, where they repeated the details of the cable to Wise and his two assistants. As a result of the pressure by the charismatic Rabbi Kalmanowitz, Wise, who had never even informed the Orthodox of the Riegner cable, now agreed to their demand for a meeting of all the Jewish leaders for that Sunday, September 6. There, at the meeting of leaders of thirty-four Jewish organizations, Wise, who feared disturbing the President, accused the rabbis of being bearers of *Greuelmärchen* (atrocity tales) and he cajoled them, along with the leaders of all the organizations, into silence until this news too was verified by the State Department.

As I have noted, the letters to Sternbuch of September 4 and 12 became major sources of this confirmation, which Wise publicized at a news conference on November 24, 1942 in which he informed the free world that over two million Jews had been murdered by the Nazis. It was the unheralded Sternbuch initiative on both counts that was thus really responsible for the first and sole united effort by all of American Jewry on behalf of their suffering fellow Jews in Europe.

DAVID KRANZLER
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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In early August 1942, Gerhart Riegner, the World Jewish Congress representative in Geneva, dispatched two identical messages concerning a plan for the mass killing of Jews in occupied Europe by the Nazis. One was sent to the United States and a second to Great Britain. The information dispatched in these two cables was clearly important, but not new. It revealed again, from a reliable German source, the Nazi plan to exterminate European Jewry.

There is, however, confusion among historians over the source of this information. The journalist turned historian, Arthur Morse, in *While Six Million Died*, states that the information came directly to Riegner from an unnamed German industrialist. But in the Hebrew edition of Morse's book, editor Shlomo Derech states that Riegner did not receive the information directly or exclusively from that German industrialist. Walter Laqueur also discovered and confirmed the fact that Riegner did not meet the German until 1945.

After being pressured by the Swiss Jewish community, which had been stirred by the misinformation in Morse's book, Riegner confirmed, in *Das Neue Israel* (November 5, 1969), that the report of mass killing had not come to him directly or exclusively through the German industrialist, as Morse had claimed, but that it had been conveyed to him by Benjamin Sagalowitz, a Swiss Jewish leader who had originally helped substantiate the information. Finally, after the story had been verified by Sagalowitz, Riegner sent the information to the United States via the United States State Department. . . .

The main purpose of Richard Breitman and Alan M. Kraut's article is to identify the informer who transferred the news of the German plan to massacre European Jews to the Allies for the first time. Yet nowhere in the article is there documented evidence that would lead us to believe that the German informer was Eduard Schulte, as they assert. . . .

It seems to me that we have a credibility problem with Riegner. This problem is magnified by the fact that the World Jewish Congress archival papers in Switzerland have not yet been made available to the public; not coincidentally, they are under the control of Riegner. . . .

There are other problems that must be addressed:

If the German industrialist was also working for the Allies, why did he order his name to be kept secret when he passed his intelligence on to Western governments?

The purported reason for keeping Schulte's name secret was to protect him from the Gestapo; why does Riegner still refuse to publish the name nearly forty years after the war? . . .

A careful reading of State Department papers shows that information concerning the extermination of Jews . . . [was] received by Jewish representatives in Switzerland from various sources. Why such an emphasis was given to a single German informer is beyond my understanding. It seems to me that Riegner, who gave Morse the wrong information, confused many researchers into believing that in sending the famous telegrams his role was crucial. . . . Riegner's activities during the war years are a great mystery. . . . If the basis of the research done by the authors is Riegner's testimony, then it cannot bear the weight of their conclusion.

As far as the identity of the German is concerned, I would suggest more care than the authors' quick identification, based only on the National Archives or on Riegner's testimony. State Department documents dated August–October 1942 reveal the following:

1. A memorandum from Howard

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Elting, Jr., American vice consul, Geneva, Switzerland (August 8, 1942): "Conversation with Mr. Gerhart M. Riegner, Secretary of the World Jewish Congress. . . .: He [Riegner] stated that he had just received a report from a German business man [*sic*] of considerable prominence [we now know that Riegner did not receive this report directly from the German . . .] who is said to have excellent political and military connections in Germany and from whom reliable and important political information has been obtained on two previous occasions. . . ." Riegner's famous telegram was attached to Elting's memorandum.

2. On September 28, 1942, Riegner appeared before Paul C. Squire, American consul at Geneva. Squire's memorandum to the State Department said: "The following information was supplied by Mr. Gerhart M. Riegner, Secretary of the World Jewish Congress . . . who stated that the data came to him through the intermediary of a Swiss university professor, originating with a German officer attached to OKW [Army High Command] and belonging to a group opposed to the Nazi regime." Apparently we have here a second German reporting the atrocities against the Jews.

3. On October 29, 1942, at Geneva, Professor Paul Guggenheim gave an affidavit to Squire. It is still not clear why an affidavit of this sort was necessary on October 29, when, according to Messrs. Breitman and Kraut, on October 22, Riegner had given Leland Harrison, another American diplomat, a sealed envelope containing Schulte's name and position. It is interesting to read Guggenheim's affidavit, in which he reveals "[t]he existence of Hitler's order mentioned herein has reached Professor Guggenheim's informant [a Swiss citizen] through two sources, each independent of the other, as follows: (a) an official of the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Berlin, (b) an official of the German Ministry of War at Berlin."

It is obvious from State Department documents that Riegner was active in transmitting information about the order to massacre European Jews to the U.S. . . . I doubt, however, whether he personally knew his German source, since, as I have shown, there was more than one source for the information. When an affidavit concerning the order was requested by U.S. officials, it was Paul Guggenheim who provided it. And Guggenheim claimed that *two* Germans had supplied the information. Why Messrs. Breitman and Kraut failed to read these State Department documents is not clear.

ELI MATZ
Forest Hills, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Richard Breitman and Alan M. Kraut have found no proof that Eduard Schulte informed the Allies directly of the death camps for Jews. They only speculate that he did so. As chief of Polish underground civil resistance, I sent several radio dispatches from Warsaw to London with the information that on July 22, 1942 the Germans had begun to liquidate the Warsaw ghetto. In Stawki Street, 7,000 people were loaded daily into freight cars and transported to Maidanek where they were all killed in gas chambers. But neither the Polish government-in-exile in London nor the British believed my messages; they came to the conclusion that I was exaggerating for the sake of anti-German propaganda. About one month later, however, after the British received confirmation of my information through their own channels, they disclosed the contents of my dispatches.

This incident is mentioned in Walter Laqueur's book *The Terrible Secret* and by Yisrael Gutman in his recent book, *The Jews of Warsaw 1939-1943*.

STEFAN KORBONSKI
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a former prisoner at Buchenwald, I read with great interest "Who Was the 'Mysterious Messenger'?" I was chiefly frightened to learn of the existing atmosphere in the outside world. While we were being slaughtered, the world at large was either hesitant or hostile. Thus we read in the article that the State Department called Riegner's message about the Final Solution a "wild rumor inspired by Jewish fear." . . . Richard Breitman and Alan M. Kraut further note that even after news of the Final Solution had been received, "American policy-makers remained consistent in their refusal to treat the Jews' plight as unique." . . . It hurts deeply. . . .

[Rabbi] DOV RAPAPORT
Woodmere, New York

RICHARD BREITMAN and ALAN M. KRAUT write:

One measure of an article's usefulness is the amount of informed debate it encourages among serious scholars. We are grateful to those critics whose hunt for the fault lines in our research and argument permit us to test our work's foundation.

We remain convinced that Eduard Schulte's message, successfully designed to reach Washington and London, was the first inside report to reveal the scope of Nazi intentions—the Final Solution of the Jewish question. We are aware of Stefan Korbonski's courageous service in the Polish resistance and wartime government. We have no reason to doubt that he transmitted to London information regarding Nazi killings of Jews in gas chambers.

Both Monty N. Penkower and David Kranzler note our error in following Arthur Morse's translation of the coded letter to E.S. We had good reason to do so. This was the translation of the letter found in the American diplomatic records. (Since this translation first shows up in Geneva, it appears likely that Sagalowitz or Riegner was the translator.) Since we are engaged in writing a study of American refugee policy, we are primarily concerned with the information reaching Washington and with the U.S. response to it. Messrs. Penkower and Kranzler have uncovered an interesting and ironic twist—that the code was misinterpreted from the start.

We had assumed that the two letters to E.S., which Riegner passed along to the American consulate in Geneva, were to Eduard Schulte. We are persuaded by Mr. Penkower's and Mr. Kranzler's presentations that Elie Sternbuch was the recipient this time. The implications of this error, however, are not as serious as Mr. Penkower would have us believe.

Although we are reserving our footnotes for our forthcoming book on American refugee policy, we are willing to inform readers how we made our discovery. We began an intensive search in the fall of 1982, knowing a good deal already. Previous scholars, particularly Arthur Morse and Walter Laqueur, had uncovered a number of important clues about the mysterious industrialist. We knew that his last name began with "S," that he headed a

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very large firm employing 30,000 workers, and that he was a convinced democrat. Moreover, the man had given important intelligence to the Allies at least twice. There could not be very many who fit all the known facts, which Riegner confirmed for us in an interview.

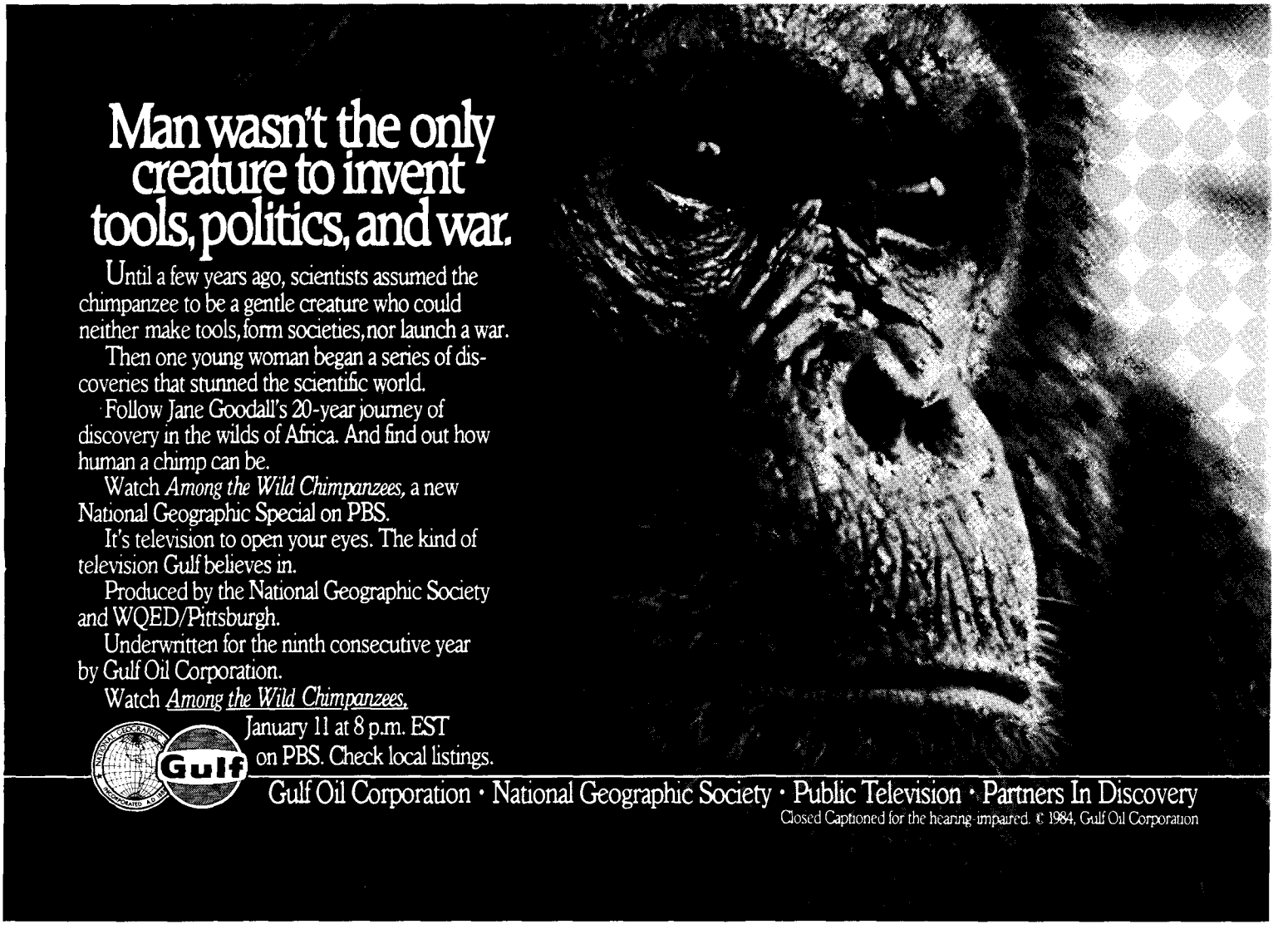
While seizing upon every conceivably relevant document in the National Archives, we had photocopied an unusually explicit description of the intelligence exploits of a German named Eduard Schulte. But who was this Schulte? His occupation was not mentioned. None of the standard works on World War II espionage mentioned him, and we had not run across him in our first search through the literature on German wartime industry.

Henry Turner of Yale University alerted Richard Breitman, his former student, that there was a directory of German business executives published in 1941-42, entitled *Wer leitet? Die Männer der deutschen Wirtschaft und der einschlägigen Verwaltung*. If Schulte was an important industrialist, he would be listed here. Schulte, it turned out, was not only managing director of a very large mining company with a Swiss subsidiary, but also was a member of the board of supervisors of seven other corporations. Further investigation turned up the fact that his firm employed 30,000 workers.

We did not yet have absolute proof that Schulte was the mysterious messenger. In fact, we still had one rival candidate. But the documents describing the exploits of Eduard Schulte mentioned that his family had links to a "colonel and commander of an armored regiment on the Eastern front." When we reexamined all the information that Riegner had received from his German industrialist, we found that the industrialist had also mentioned a colonel and commander of an armored regiment on the Eastern front. Perhaps there could conceivably have been more than one German industrialist whose last name began with S, whose firm employed 30,000 workers, who was a convinced democrat, and who supplied intelligence to the Allies. But it was not possible that there were two men meeting all these requirements *and* who both talked about their link to a colonel and commander of an armored regiment on the Eastern front. We had our man.

After we had settled conclusively on Schulte, we received final confirmation from a well-informed source who prefers to remain anonymous. There was absolutely no possibility that we were wrong. We wrote up our findings, copyrighted them (on June 10, 1983) in the Library of Congress, and sent our article to COMMENTARY.

Since Mr. Penkower maintains that he came across Schulte's name as early as 1979, it appears that Mr. Penkower preceded us—although,


Man wasn't the only creature to invent tools, politics, and war.
Until a few years ago, scientists assumed the chimpanzee to be a gentle creature who could neither make tools, form societies, nor launch a war.
Then one young woman began a series of discoveries that stunned the scientific world.
Follow Jane Goodall's 20-year journey of discovery in the wilds of Africa. And find out how human a chimp can be.
Watch Among the Wild Chimpanzees, a new National Geographic Special on PBS.
It's television to open your eyes. The kind of television Gulf believes in.
Produced by the National Geographic Society and WQED/Pittsburgh.
Underwritten for the ninth consecutive year by Gulf Oil Corporation.
Watch Among the Wild Chimpanzees.
January 11 at 8 p.m. EST on PBS. Check local listings.
Gulf
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as the above account makes clear, his implication that we learned of Schulte only through his work is completely untrue. We find it curious, moreover, that he did not find more information on Schulte in the National Archives, in reference works, as well as from surviving friends and relatives of Schulte. The newspaper story on Mr. Penkower's find which appeared in the *Jewish Week* of New York on August 19, 1983 contained only a small fraction of the information in our COMMENTARY article. If Mr. Penkower made his discovery as early as 1979 but still turned up only part of the story, there seems little justification for him to complain about the "flurry of press coverage" we received for our article.

The *Jewish Week* story contained a major error: citing Mr. Penkower, it described Schulte as a leader of the German war economy. The successive Ministers of Armaments and War Production, Fritz Todt and Albert Speer, would certainly have been astonished to learn that Schulte ran the German war economy. In actuality, Schulte was one of perhaps fifty prominent German industrialists, including a fair number of anti-Nazis, who received the purely honorary title of *Wehrwirtschaftsfuehrer*. This information, too, is available in the National Archives.

It is unclear to us why Mr. Penkower should raise dubious evidence regarding an alleged order signed by Hitler to exterminate four million European Jews. Schulte, as quoted by Mr. Penkower, seems to have been uncertain about the existence of such a document. We are not persuaded by Koppelman's claim that "a nephew of one of his female acquaintances" had seen the order. The David Irvings of this world will certainly not be swayed by such hearsay evidence. Irving will accept only a written order signed by Hitler as proof of Hitler's authorization of the Final Solution. By raising the hope of finding such a document, Mr. Penkower is playing David Irving's game. Other scholars have found the evidence of Hitler's authorization of the Final Solution overwhelming—even without a signed order. British scholar Gerald Fleming, in his study, *Hitler und die Endlösung* [Hitler and the Final Solution], has recently summarized this evidence and added to it. What is just as important, Fleming has explained how and why Hitler avoided issuing an explicit written order for the Final Solution.

We look forward to the publication of David Kranzler's book, which should fill an important gap in the literature. Nonetheless, our sources provide a much different picture of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise from Mr. Kranzler's account here. To give only one example, we have evidence that Wise made the Schulte report public on September 28, 1942, almost two months before the date Mr. Kranzler gives. Mr. Kranzler also fails to note that the report of Jewish bodies being turned into fertilizer and soap was then inaccurate. Knowing how damaging the release of exaggerated reports could be to the credibility of Jewish organizations, Wise asked the State Department to verify the information. If one hoped to get the government to take action against the killing, this was a logical move.

Eli Matz calls Riegner's credibility into question for no good reason. Neither Riegner nor we concealed the important role played by Benjamin Sagalowitz in the Schulte affair. Riegner has continued to conceal Schulte's identity because of a promise to Schulte himself. In Riegner's words, "that was the only thing he ever asked for."

We had seen previously all the 1942 documents mentioned in Mr. Matz's letter. Quite obviously, Riegner and American Foreign Service officers were receiving atrocity reports from sources besides Schulte; but again, Schulte was the first to reveal the Final Solution. Guggenheim's affidavit came more than two months later. As American Consul Paul Squire quickly learned, Guggenheim's informant was former League of Nations High Commissioner Carl Burckhardt, then an official of the International Red Cross, a source with very good contacts in Germany. Burckhardt's information represented independent confirmation of the Schulte report —that was why it was so important to a skeptical State Department.

The Tory Victory

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

John O'Sullivan's article on the British election, "Thatcherization (Cont'd.)" [September 1983] gave an interesting picture of the political landscape in England; but one or two important features were left out or (it seemed to me) insufficiently stressed.

The first is the *presidential* character of the election. This tendency has increased during the past couple of decades, and the peculiar intensity of focus on Michael Foot and Mrs. Thatcher this time brought it to a new high point. A lot of the reporting, especially on TV, made it seem as though the leaders embodied their respective parties in a way that they do not—yet. Some politicians and commentators have grumbled about this, and complained that it is not in the British tradition. But its great success with the electorate is a sure sign that the new style and times are not going to go away.

A spinoff symptom of the new style is a concentration (and dependence) upon tough professional public-relations work more or less in the American manner. This requires a flair which only the Tories have shown so far and exploited brilliantly, despite a certain amount of sneering (from journalists) about the public-relations firm of Saatchi and Saatchi. As a BBC post-mortem showed, Labor's public-relations effort was an amateurish shambles which hurt the party at least as much as the widely publicized disagreements among leading Labor figures.

The general embourgeoisement of British society is, I think, much more important than Mr. O'Sullivan made it. The fact is that the old cliché about two nations is hollow rhetoric, *pace* all those who howl about unemployment and its consequent misery. Most of the so-called working class now share the values, the aspirations, and to a great extent the tastes of the middle class—including a taste for strength and stability in politics as projected by the Tories this time around. A way of life which depends on these things and includes color TV, a car, and a mortgage is hard to sustain on strike or unemployment pay, which is why so many workers are less militant now, and voted for Mrs. Thatcher. To such people, Tony Benn's Uriah Heepish populist rhetoric has a very limited appeal, and Michael Foot's confused flannel none at all. Paradoxically, it is a middle-class drive for higher living standards which stimulates new militancy among workers when their companies show a profit.

What does seem worrisome is the anchoring of the present relative political stability in one figure. If anything were to happen to Mrs.

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Thatcher, much of the stability would almost certainly vaporize. Mr. O'Sullivan made it clear that such a possibility is not really being considered at all. . . . The Iron Lady still appears indestructible and incredibly lucky: even her eye trouble coincided with her holiday. But politicians, like the rest of us, still retain the dodgy quality of mortality. Thus it seems important to see, or even to guess, a little beyond her, and I wish Mr. O'Sullivan had tried to do that.

HERB GREER

London, England

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As an expatriate Englishman myself, I always enjoy seeing articles by such doyens of the British Right as John O'Sullivan, transplanted from the columns of the London *Daily Telegraph* to ex-colonial forums such as COMMENTARY. While I agree in the main with his analysis, I think certain flaws in his argument should be pointed out.

First . . . there was not the slightest possibility of a Labor or SDP-Liberal Alliance victory against Mrs. Thatcher on June 9 and no one in England was in any doubt about this. Mr. O'Sullivan's hypothetical case for such a victory is thus more than a little disingenuous. It was not simply that most people felt that Labor's positions on disarmament and the economy were too extreme or simplistic; it was also that the opposition was split by the formation of a new party. . . . This was much more likely to affect the opposition parties than Mrs. Thatcher's Tories, and the fact that 58 percent of the electorate voted against her, while dismissed by Mr. O'Sullivan, is obviously quite significant. . . .

Mr. O'Sullivan noticeably leaves out any mention of the Falklands war as a reason for Mrs. Thatcher's success. Those in England at the time will remember that as early as Christmas the Prime Minister made a surprise visit to the South Atlantic which was widely interpreted as electioneering, and the memory of the recent war clearly dominated the whole election campaign. . . . Mr. O'Sullivan claims that "few voters were directly influenced by the war," but it is clear that the whole of the successful Tory offensive on the defense issue was buttressed by the image voters had of Mrs. Thatcher during the recent British triumph. . . .

While correct in claiming that a wider group of people than ever before support the Conservative party, Mr. O'Sullivan is incorrect to see it as a "genuinely inclusive national party." Every sociologist in Britain today points to the increasing polarization between the prosperous Tory South and the decaying Labor North. Britain is divided into two nations, and this is evidenced by Mr. O'Sullivan's dismissal of Labor as "a party of the regions, the minorities, . . . and the Celtic fringe." Since the regions, Scotland and Wales, form the majority of the United Kingdom, it is quite clear that Mr. O'Sullivan has been educated and spent most of his working life south of the Watford Gap.

Regarding his major point about the new freedom of Mrs. Thatcher to pursue right-wing policies, Mr. O'Sullivan is completely off the mark. Granted that to carp about the Tories having lost ground since 1979 is doing an injustice to the clear Tory landslide, it is clear that electorally Mrs. Thatcher does not have a mandate to do whatever she wants. She herself quite obviously realizes this, since, despite her massive parliamentary majority, very little legislation has been proposed that is any more radical than the policies pursued during her first term of office. . . . Indeed, the only reason the nearly four million unemployed tolerate Mrs. Thatcher (and some even vote for her) is that the United Kingdom still has some of the most generous welfare benefits in the world. The Conservative party could never change this without undermining both its electoral support and the stable social fabric that allows it to exist in office. . . .

Reading Mr. O'Sullivan's article, one might assume that Mrs. Thatcher has won the battle of ideas in contemporary Britain. Certainly this might be so among the "bring-back-the-birch" group whom Mr. O'Sullivan represents and among the jingoistic masses of the working class who . . . would like to bomb the Russians. Yet among the liberal establishment, the young, and increasingly among women, there is evident, despite the electoral victory, what amounts to a growing revulsion over Mrs. Thatcher's policies. To this section of society she appears, as she has always done, not only as an ideologue . . . but as an Iron Lady, an unfeeling, heartless machine-politician who does not appear to care that the young have no future, that the North is being devastated by economic blight, and that British society is coming apart at the seams.

MAX TRAVERS

New York City

JOHN O'SULLIVAN writes:

My differences with Herb Greer are almost entirely those of emphasis and I would not want to insist too firmly on my side of the argument. Thus I agree with him about the presidential character of the 1983 British election: I would merely doubt that it was all that novel. Both Harold Wilson and Harold Macmillan waged presidential campaigns in their day. Remember "Supermac" and "Mr. MacWonder"? And Mrs. Thatcher is clearly in that dominating mold.

But the attention directed at Michael Foot, though intense, did not seem to me to reflect any presidential aura. It was entirely, sometimes viciously, disrespectful. Foot was seen as a fading actor-manager making positively his last appearance—old-fashioned, not very well-informed, mouthing a once-splendid but now out-of-date rhetoric. And, *pace* Mr. Greer, he was also seen as the embodiment of the modern Labor party, or at least of a party establishment that was disabled by its own sentimental leftism from resisting the infiltration of Labor by far-Left extremists. So criticism of Labor's drift leftward was in part expressed in criticism of Foot personally. It was therefore a negative sort of presidentialism.

Nor was the Tory flair for political advertising in the American style altogether an innovation. As either participant or observer, I have taken part in every British election since 1959, and I would say that the Tories have always had a marked public-relations advantage over Labor. But this permanent advantage cannot explain the particular and unusual success of 1983. It is, however, no surprise that the BBC post-mortem should conclude the opposite; the talking classes, being generally liberal, have an obvious interest in explaining Mrs. Thatcher's landslide as a technical success rather than seeing it as a significant shift of allegiances.

I wholeheartedly agree, however, with Mr. Greer's stress on the embourgeoisement of British society. I would only add that embourgeoisement is less the product of affluence than of particular forms affluence can take. A mortgage is a much more reliable indicator of

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bourgeois attitudes than is an auto or an expensive rented apartment. Thus, the Tories obtained one of the largest voting swings among those who had purchased their own homes from the local authority.

My disagreements with Max Travers are more substantial, despite his opening assurance that he agrees with my analysis "in the main." He regards the "hypothetical case" for a Labor or Alliance victory I advanced as "more than a little disingenuous" and claims that no one in England doubted Mrs. Thatcher's triumph. If he reads my article carefully, Mr. Travers will discover that I discussed the possibility of a "hung Parliament" in which no single party would enjoy a clear majority. That possibility was seriously considered at the beginning of the campaign by respected journalists, as a glance at the British press of the time will show—which also means that some people did doubt the inevitability of the Thatcher victory.

Then Mr. Travers pronounces *ex cathedra* that the opposition parties would be more likely to be affected by a third party than the Tories. Yet in previous elections, like February 1974, a rise in the Liberal vote damaged the Tories more than Labor. If, on this occasion, a rising third-party Alliance hurt Labor severely and reduced the Tory share of the popular vote by a mere 1 percent, this was not foreordained but the result of such factors as Labor's drift to the Left and widespread respect for Mrs. Thatcher's leadership. (Incidentally, I did not "dismiss" the fact that 58 percent of the electorate voted against Mrs. Thatcher. I disputed it and gave reasons for so doing. I see no good reason for repeating those arguments until Mr. Travers makes at least some attempt to refute them.)

I am at a loss to understand Mr. Travers's argument that I left out any mention of the Falklands war as a reason for Mrs. Thatcher's success. Here is what I wrote: "Although few votes were directly influenced by the war, . . . the Prime Minister's conduct of hostilities had dramatically confirmed a general impression that she was a political leader of unusual firmness and determination." In addition, I pointed out that both Denis Healey and Neil Kinnock helped the Tories by raising the Falklands as an issue and thus reminding the voters of "Mrs. Thatcher's finest hour." Mr. Travers simply won't take yes for an answer.

He also thinks it "incorrect" to see the Tories as "a genuinely inclusive national party" (my description) and cites in evidence "the increasing polarization between the prosperous Tory South and the decaying Labor North." But the election result shows quite clearly that, though there are certainly regional variations in party loyalty, the Tories enjoy substantial support in all regions, whereas Labor has declined to a very low level in large areas of the country. For instance: in Southern England, the Tories won 176 seats to Labor's 27. And if we exclude greater London from this calculation, then Labor is reduced to only one seat in the remainder of the South. The Tories have suffered no such catastrophe in the North, where they hold 68 seats to Labor's 89. Or, to look at the matter another way, what was the worst regional performance each party scored in terms of the popular vote? The Labor party obtained only 14 percent of the total vote in southeast England. But the worst Tory performance (which was in Scotland—a slightly special case since there is a four-party system there) was 28 percent or twice the Labor total. In England, the worst Tory performance was a quite healthy 36 percent.

Or we can examine the matter in a third way: namely, in how many seats did each party come in either first or second? This is a valuable test because it is usually thought that a party must be in second place if it is to have a respectable chance of winning the seat next time. And here the figures show that the Tories scored first or second in 572 constituencies whereas Labor did so in only 335 seats. In other words, Labor must win 117 of the 126 seats in which it came in second in 1983 in order to win a bare majority in the House of Commons. This is a formidable task.

It is absurd to describe the situation revealed by these various statistics as "increasing polarization" between a Labor North and a Tory South. My original point stands: the Tories are a national party and Labor has ceased to be one. It is *confined* to Scotland, Wales, and the less prosperous regions, but it does not dominate them. It achieved a lower percentage of the northwest regional vote than the Tories. I might add that Mr. Travers's attempt to deduce my biography from my opinions is very wide of the mark. I was born and brought up in Liverpool and have spent more than half of my life in Lancashire and Yorkshire, well north of the Watford Gap.

Mr. Travers tells us next that "Mrs. Thatcher does not have a mandate to do whatever she wants." But who ever supposed that she did? I pointed out in the article that the Tories had denied any intention of cutting the welfare state. But I also said—and still maintain—that the rise of a Social Democratic party committed to the social-market economy and the decline of Labor with its attachment to economic *dirigisme* had shifted the spectrum to the Right on economics, and it is a fact that since the election, the government has embarked on a substantial program of privatizing the nationalized industries. British Airways, for instance, is to be placed on the market in a year's time. Such policies, together with a likely fall in public spending as a proportion of GNP and cuts in personal taxation, amount to a clear shift to the Right, even if Mrs. Thatcher leaves untouched, or even increases, Britain's not particularly generous welfare benefits.

In a final rhetorical outburst, Mr. Travers claims that Mrs. Thatcher, though popular with jingoists and enthusiasts for corporal punishment such as he imagines me to be, nonetheless encounters a growing revulsion among women, young people, and the liberal establishment. I advise Mr. Travers in the friendliest spirit to conquer the delusion that he has some special insight into what women and young people (not to mention myself) actually think—they think all sorts of things and often disagree among themselves. In the election, 43 percent of women voted Tory, compared to 26 percent for Labor, and 41 percent of the eighteen-to-twenty-four-year-olds also went conservative. Indeed, for the first time since the war, the Tories obtained the largest single group of first-time voters. Voting figures are not kept for the liberal establishment, but I concede that anyone who voted for Mrs. Thatcher would cease to be a member in good standing. But Mr. Travers can rest assured that his application is being favorably considered.

May I, finally, reply to Mr. Greer's chiding that in my article I did not

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take the opportunity to look ahead and predict more firmly what Mrs. Thatcher would do with her increased authority. Since June we have seen the following political events in Britain: embarrassing dithering by the government over the reintroduction of capital punishment; the resignation of a senior minister over his former secretary's revelation that she was expecting his baby; a renewed argument between "wets" and "dries" (renamed consolidators and radicals) over cutting public spending to make room for tax cuts; a vote by MP's to increase their pay considerably over government opposition; and Mrs. Thatcher's grave misjudgment over Grenada. No one expected any of these developments, which have come to be called collectively the "banana-skin factor," and it is difficult to be dogmatic about their general effect even in retrospect. So I think I will leave any very precise forecasts to the astrologers.

Franz Rosenzweig

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his interesting article on Gershom Scholem ["The Greatness of Gershom Scholem," September 1983], Hyam Maccoby also refers to Franz Rosenzweig, and takes the occasion to inform us that "Franz Rosenzweig . . . was recalled to Judaism not by the decorous German-Jewish Orthodoxy of Samson Raphael Hirsch, but by attending a fervent Yom Kippur service in a prayer room of East European Jews."

The factual basis of this story is, one might suppose, taken from Nahum N. Glatzer's *Franz Rosenzweig: His Life and Thought*. Glatzer reports: "[Rosenzweig] left Kassel and went to Berlin. There he attended the Atonement Day service (October 11) at a small Orthodox synagogue. The experience of this day was the origin of his radical return to Judaism."

In Mr. Maccoby's retelling, the "small Orthodox synagogue" becomes a "prayer room of East European Jews," and the point is made that the service which Rosenzweig attended on that Day of Atonement did not follow the style of the "decorous German-Jewish Orthodoxy of Samson Raphael Hirsch." How does Mr. Maccoby know this?

Professor Rivka Horwitz, an expert on the life and thought of Franz Rosenzweig, has done some research on the subject, and she arrives at the following conclusion: "On that Yom Kippur, Rosenzweig went to the Orthodox synagogue, Potsdamer Brücke. There he saw a different community of Jews and a different kind of rabbi, Marcus Petuchowski, who was versed in Jewish learning, knew Hebrew, and was influential with youth" ("Judaism Despite Christianity," *Judaism*, Summer 1974).

Marcus Petuchowski, my grandfather, was ordained at the Hildesheimer rabbinical seminary in Berlin, an institution whose underlying philosophy was not all that different from the views propounded by Samson Raphael Hirsch. Though Marcus Petuchowski did not heed Hirsch's call for the establishment of a secessionist Orthodoxy, his overall outlook and his way of life were absolutely consonant with Hirsch's program of "Torah combined with secular culture." After all, he had obtained his Ph.D. degree at a secular university (Halle), and had studied philosophy, classics, and Semitic languages—hardly the kind of rabbi one imagines leading services in "a prayer room of East European Jews." In fact, the Potsdamer Brücke synagogue in Berlin was nothing of the sort! In his book, *Die Berliner Privatsynagogen und ihre Rabbiner* (Jerusalem, 1971), Max M. Sinasohn informs us that the synagogue in question was known as "the millionaires' temple," that it could boast of a male choir under expert musical direction, and that among its members were leading industrialists like Aron Hirsch, merchant princes like Oskar Tietz, prominent Berlin physicians and jurists, and the father of the painter Max Liebermann. On the basis of Sinasohn's description, it is hard to believe that the services conducted in that synagogue could have been anything but "decorous."

It is true that in his later writings Rosenzweig distanced himself from the religious position of Samson Raphael Hirsch, just as he voiced his disagreement with the official brand of German liberal Judaism. But those facts do not

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warrant the inference that, in 1913, Rosenzweig experienced the turning-point of his life in "a prayer room of East European Jews."

JAKOB J. PETUCHOWSKI
Cincinnati, Ohio

HYAM MACCOBY writes:

I am grateful to Jakob J. Petuchowski for his correction. I carelessly conflated Franz Rosenzweig's Yom Kippur experience of 1913 with his later experience of the East European *shul* and *heder* while serving as a soldier in Poland in 1918. According to Glatzer, it was Rosenzweig's encounter with Polish Judaism that confirmed and renewed his Yom Kippur revelation. My main point, therefore, is not affected.

Fiction

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am writing as the attorney for Reverend William Howard Melish and Edith Segal, both of whom are mentioned in David Evanier's story, "The Prince of Progressive Humanity," which appeared in the August 1983 issue of COMMENTARY.

Neither Reverend Melish nor Miss Segal participated in any meeting or demonstration referred to by Mr. Evanier. It is also questionable whether such a meeting ever took place.

STANLEY FAULKNER
New York City

DAVID EVANIER writes:

Stanley Faulkner does not seem to understand the nature of fiction as differentiated from a factual article.

The rallies I modeled my fictional, composite rally on were the Rosenberg rallies. Mrs. Segal was frequently present at these rallies and Reverend Melish at least sometimes. Mrs. Segal's booklet, from which she read at the rallies, was entitled *Give Us Your Hand!—Poems and Songs for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg*, and was published by People's Artists in 1953. The foreword states that "In the course of this struggle [for the Rosenbergs] the poems and songs of Edith Segal have been a beacon of inspiration and hope in the tradition of Emile Zola. . . ." In a poem called "A Daily Question," she wrote:

Everyday
I pass that way—
Gimbel's
evening gown display
What are you wearing today
Ethel Rosenberg,
That same old prison gray?

But Mrs. Segal and Reverend Melish were not, and could not have been, present at a rally which was fictional.

Evidence

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In the September 1983 issue, Lucy S. Dawidowicz, in her reply to the letters on her article, "Indicting American Jews" [June 1983], describes me as "a booster for the Irgun version of American Jewish history." This insight, she tells us, rests on Laurence Jarvik's comment (also in the September issue) that I was the person who suggested that he interview the Irgunists Peter Bergson and Samuel Merlin.

My files show that when Jarvik first contacted me asking for information as to who was still alive whom he might approach for film interviews for his project, I suggested the following: Gerhart Riegner, Roswell McClelland, John Pehl, Josiah DuBois, Samuel Merlin, Peter Bergson, Will Rogers, Jr., Dean Alfange, Marjorie Page Schauffler, Ira Hirschmann, Carl Hermann Voss, Emanuel Celler, Benjamin Akzin, Rudolf Vrba, Eva Schlesinger, Claire Barker, Raymond Moley, Dorothy Day, Eileen Egan, Emanuel Neumann, Nahum Goldmann, Robert Borden Reams, Harold W. Dodds, and Joseph H. Smart.

Besides the Irgun, the World War II era connections of the people on this list include the World Jewish Congress, the War Refugee Board, the Treasury Department, the House of Representatives, the American Labor party, the American Friends Service Committee, Bloomingdale's, the Christian Council on Palestine, the camps at Auschwitz and Birkenau, *Newsweek*, the *Catholic Worker*, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Zionist Organization, the State Department, Princeton University, and the War Relocation Authority.

I seem to be rather fickle, even promiscuous, in my boosterism.

DAVID S. WYMAN
University of Amherst
Amherst, Massachusetts

LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ writes:

I stated quite simply in my reply that I had heard David S. Wyman deliver a paper—it was at the CUNY Graduate Center in November 1981—where "he mouthed the Irgun line whole." It was sufficient first-hand evidence on which to base a reasoned judgment. Mr. Jarvik's comment was just icing on the cake.

UNESCO (Cont'd.)

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It was a welcome relief from the hit-and-run tactics which so frequently characterize our press's comments on UNESCO to find Chester E. Finn, Jr.'s serious essay on that subject, "How to Lose the War of Ideas" [August 1983]. One can sympathize to a certain extent with Mr. Finn's evident frustration at the close of the UNESCO Education Conference which he attended in April; I am reminded of the comment of a professional diplomat at one of the several UNESCO conferences in which I have participated with United States delegations: "If this conference were a mountain," he said on its last day, "it would be Kansas."

While I believe I understand the origins of Mr. Finn's manifest chagrin, it is difficult to see how his multiple expressions of pique can serve any useful purpose. His criticisms of UNESCO and of almost everyone who has anything to do with it are so encompassing (as typified in his title), and so passionate, as to contradict his own conclusion that we should stay in UNESCO. My own reading of his analysis is that Mr. Finn is in the position of the artillery lieutenant whose azimuthal reading, on a still day, is one-tenth of a degree off, but who nonetheless insists that the shell, landing six miles away, will wipe out the enemy. (The military metaphor is in keeping with the article's stress on "the war of ideas.") Fairness and the public weal—and a certain knowledge of UNESCO—suggest some corrections to his azimuthal readings.

By Mr. Finn's own account, he seems in Paris to have been everywhere beset by contention, some misguided, some wicked. He describes his "four different battles": with what appears to have been a goodly portion of the U.S. delegation; with the other members of the "Western bloc"; with the UNESCO Secretariat; and, finally, "the expected conflict between East and West."

He describes a schizophrenic U.S. delegation, divided "between the

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'damage control' and 'forceful advocacy' strategies, with the career officers generally reconciled to the former and the temporary advisers mostly bent on the latter." In his analysis, "the careerists' stance . . . is not grounded in any lack of fervor for freedom and democracy . . . there is about it a tinge of intellectual confusion. . . ." Translation: they're not disloyal, they're just misled, or naive, or stupid. There is as well another, more ominous, message in Mr. Finn's comments: the suggestion that those who came before betrayed us. The theme of treachery, while not uncommon these days, gives cause for concern.

Mr. Finn's description of his Western colleagues is baffling. After absolving the Canadian and Australian ambassadors (indeed "outstanding" men; I have known each to disagree with U. S. positions, and to agree, but never to have "promptly echoed us"), he goes on to describe the rest: "weary careerists . . . idealistic academics . . . gnawed by doubt about the virtue of their own political, cultural, and economic systems . . . predisposed to sympathize with the G-77 [the Third World nations'] delegates . . . [unable] to bring themselves to believe that any consensus reached by the well-meaning delegates to a UNESCO conference would be other than beneficial to mankind."

This is not even a caricature. There are abundant disagreements within the Western Information Group, many of them with positions taken by U. S. delegations. But I have never seen a member of that group fitting these descriptions. In private conversation, for example, Britishers of various political persuasions will sometimes express reservations about the class system in Britain, but they are not "gnawed by doubt" in doing so. Is an American critical of racial discrimination "gnawed by doubt" about political, social, and economic life here? To anyone familiar with international conferences, the vision of Scandinavian, Dutch, or French delegates to any such conference, let alone UNESCO, "gnawed by doubt" is eccentric, to say the least. Whether this is passionate hyperbole or basic misunderstanding, it casts doubt on Mr. Finn's other attacks on his Western colleagues.

Mr. Finn's fundamental complaint about the UNESCO Secretariat is that it was duplicitous in its conduct of the conference. That is, the Secretariat's actions amounted to conspiring against the interests of the West in general, and against individual rights and the interests of the United States in particular—and that in its actions the Secretariat was being directly responsive to the aims and wishes of the Director General of UNESCO and, of course, of the Assistant Director General for Education, who is a Russian. To make his points, Mr. Finn descends to unworthy *ad hominem* comments:

> The Director General of UNESCO for the past eight years, Amadou Mahtar M'Bow, is from Senegal, and as might be expected his own predilections are generally compatible with the interests of the G-77 nations. He is not well-known as a friend of democracy or as a foe of Soviet Communism—a restraint that has been rewarded with honorary degrees from Tashkent University and the State University of Mongolia, *inter alia*. (He also enjoys hosting lavish receptions where delegates from impoverished Sahel nations can dim their concern for famine back home in a haze of champagne, Johnny Walker, and paté.) . . .

In the above parenthesis Mr. Finn simultaneously stoops to a brand of "populist" demagoguery that has for years been the bane of American public life and especially of American diplomacy: (1) How does Mr. Finn know that M'Bow "*enjoys* hosting lavish receptions"? My impression is that M'Bow performs his official duties of this kind well—he is a first-rate politician at "working a room." But "enjoys" it? Who knows? (2) How does Mr. Finn define "lavish"? (3) Champagne: a local product, champagne is the cheapest (and customary) way of doing large receptions in Paris; that served at UNESCO cannot be confused with Dom Perignon. (4) There is Johnny Walker and Johnny Walker, as there is paté and paté, also a local product. In any case, the Director General has diplomatic privileges exempting him from taxes and customs duties. (5) What is the cutoff point of national poverty at which delegates to UNESCO from "impoverished . . . nations" should decline the Director General's official invitations? (6) "Haze"? Come now.

Mr. Finn is on the right track in his estimation that M'Bow's "predilections are generally compatible with the interests of the G-77 nations." I myself would put it more strongly: I think he is devoted to and very largely moved by those interests. Unlike Mr. Finn, I do not consider this a reproach to either M'Bow's integrity or his ability. In any case, it provides no basis for Mr. Finn's statement that "M'Bow is not well-known as a friend of democracy or as a foe of Soviet Communism." It should go without saying that if M'Bow were "well-known . . . as a foe of Soviet Communism" he would not be Director General of UNESCO, any more than a "well-known foe" of the United States could be the chief executive of any international agency to which we belong. For those familiar with UNESCO, it *is* "well-known" that M'Bow has in several cases energetically and effectively defended Secretariat members abused by East European governments. As for M'Bow's honorary degrees—calculated flattery is a better description than "reward" in this domain—the real question this remark poses is why has not some public-spirited university in the United States seen fit also to confer a degree on M'Bow? It also raises a related problem: the relative snubbing by two successive American administrations of M'Bow, compared to the high-level receptions accorded him elsewhere in the world.

Engrossed in gratuitous slurs and irrelevancies, Mr. Finn has quite missed the point with respect to the Director General. First, as Lawrence S. Finkelstein, a long-time student of UNESCO, has put it, "There's a lot of reason to believe that the greatest power in UNESCO is the Director General. . . . To do well in UNESCO we have to work with the Director General." (*A Critical Assessment of U. S. Participation in UNESCO*, Special Meeting of the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO, June 1-3, 1982.) Second, the sources of the Director General's power must be recognized and analyzed—not dismissed as a conspiracy against freedom and individual rights as we Americans define them. This involves historical questions, organizational questions of great complexity, and the substantive consequences of the tripling of the organization's membership in two decades—none of which Mr. Finn even mentions.

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He ignores the fact that the only check on the Director General is the organization's executive board, two-thirds of whose members as of 1984 will represent Africa, the Middle East, Latin America, and the Caribbean, and five developing countries from Asia. Finally, the point is not, of course, to pretend that M'Bow's interests will ever do more than coincide on occasion with those of the United States (in itself a fair definition of diplomatic relations), or to assert that M'Bow is without fault. The point is that M'Bow is vastly more important a figure than Mr. Finn makes him out to be. He merits a more serious analysis.

The real villain underlying most of Mr. Finn's complaints about his colleagues and the organization, and unmentioned, perhaps because unseen, by him, is multilateral diplomacy in general. It is not popular with Americans, though we have had some excellent practitioners of the art. Multilateral diplomacy seems to go against much of the American grain—or perhaps, more accurately, against the grain of many Americans. It seems unwieldy. Its procedures are obscure, if not arcane. Its results are all too frequently not only intangible but invisible. Worst of all, the very force of numbers in multilateral diplomacy makes constant compromise of the essence. And where there is so much compromise, where is the victory in which patriots can rejoice? Where, indeed, is the battle, the triumph in "the war of ideas"?

This almost instinctive dislike for multilateral diplomacy—certainly as it is evidenced in the various bodies of the United Nations, including UNESCO—is the result of a confusion of analogies. The proper analogy for multilateral diplomacy is not war or battle, it is —with due regard for the margin of error implicit in all analogies—the functioning of parliaments. The point has been made authoritatively by Lawrence Finkelstein:

> . . . the international parliamentary devices . . . behave a lot as do our own politics. There are political coalitions or parties. There are private or special interests moving for material gain or ideological goals. There's log rolling. There are pork barrels. There's majority voting. . . . Who understands such processes, knows how, or is able to play such political games better than we do?

There is the added irony that these "devices" were our own creation: in UNESCO both the view of UNESCO as an institution of governments rather than of cultural leaders or experts, and the substitution in the 1950's of representatives of governments for prominent individuals in the executive board, were preferences of the United States.

It is this matter of "representa-

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tives of governments" that is in good measure responsible for the transformations of UNESCO from its earliest incarnations (described by Mr. Finn as "once a fundamentally beneficient undertaking, even a noble one"). Instead of parliaments made up of representatives of individuals, grouped in greater or smaller electoral constituencies, the "parliaments" which are the international agencies are composed of representatives of governments, of sovereign states, appointed by governments which, in both international law and parliamentary procedure, are equals. It is the *sovereignty* of the entities represented which has modified the concept of international "parliaments" into the practice of multilateral diplomacy.

Mr. Finn complains of the practice in UNESCO conferences of consensus in lieu of the vote. But consensus is an accompaniment of the interplay—or clash—in those conferences of national sovereignties. UNESCO procedures do not include the veto featured in the UN Security Council. The absence of the veto in UNESCO reinforces the parliamentary aspect of UNESCO conferences; a majority vote becomes the principal means of achieving a desired end. But if the majority vote were given free rein, those national sovereignties—certainly in the case of those holding the Security Council veto—would in due course be so outraged (*cf.* Mr. Finn) as to threaten the very fabric of the organization. And even more than the United Nations itself, UNESCO relies on universality for its validity. Consensus, then, is a technique for giving everyone a veto of a sort. The advantages to the United States of this procedure, in the present international configuration, in most cases outweigh the disadvantages. True, neither the procedure itself nor its results appear heroic—but there are no San Juan Hills in diplomacy, multilateral or bilateral.

Whether or not consensus is advantageous to the United States, the Secretariat cannot be charged with duplicity, as it has been by Mr. Finn, for doing its duty to achieve it. Consensus is the only way the Secretariat can thread its way between the conflicting forces in UNESCO. The Secretariat is an interesting role for those cast in it, but not enviable if they seek the gratitude of major contestants. Still, they may take some comfort from the fact that more and more of the world's problems have become insoluble *except* by multilateral diplomacy.

Even Mr. Finn's comments on the "expected conflict between West and East" reveal misconceptions. He seems to have stirred himself up needlessly over a Rumanian resolution urging "UNESCO to encourage within [school textbooks] 'the correct reflection . . . of the history, culture, and civilization of the people of the world.' . . ." Mr. Finn sees this as another tool of Soviet deviltry. But in both context and content the resolution appears more likely to be a very *Rumanian* maneuver, aimed not at "freedom and democracy" but at Rumania's Hungarian (Communist) neighbors—another riposte in the age-old dispute between the two (though now *sotto voce*) over rights to Transylvania, in which the Magyar version of history denies the Rumanians' contentions about their own origins. (To feel the need for a disclaimer is irritating indeed, but, lest Mr. Finn perceive more dupery or "intellectual confusion," I offer no brief in any defense whatsoever of the current regime in Rumania; members of my immediate family are physical, moral, and economic victims of the Rumanian Communists—and, of course, their Soviet instigators.)

Thus, Mr. Finn takes what is very likely a Rumanian slap at Hungary as an impertinent stab at *our* most sacred beliefs. I suspect that he errs here, as elsewhere, out of two separate, though related, misconceptions.

First, Mr. Finn conceives of UNESCO as primarily, if not almost exclusively, another forum of East-West confrontation. Wherever the United States and the Soviet Union are present there is, of course, a degree of that conflict. The degree varies, depending on the subject matter, site, and a number of other variables. In my view, Mr. Finn exaggerates its intensity and its relevance in UNESCO. The Soviets play their games, to be sure—and, as Mr. Finn suggests, adroitly. At the same time, however, the United States and the Soviet Union are in a de-facto alliance within UNESCO against both budgetary and programmatic expansion. It must also be remembered that the Soviets play their games in UNESCO from a weak base. The intrinsic Eastern position in the executive board—i.e., that of the Soviet Union and its acolytes—is a great deal weaker than that of the West. Nor, contrary to the noise level, do they have a majority of the Third World, or G-77, countries for *specifically Soviet* objectives. Their supporters among those countries may be vociferous, but they are not proportionately effective. The fact is that in UNESCO the East-West conflict is ancillary to the main theme.

The main confrontation in UNESCO is quite another. In advance of another major UNESCO conference I once consulted with the British (Thatcher) Foreign Office; in doing so I expressed concern about the possibility of the affair turning into an "East-West confrontation." The British were polite, as always, but surprised. "What we've been worrying about," they said, "is a North-South confrontation." *That* is the main conflict in UNESCO.

The combination of the tripling of the number of nations represented in UNESCO and of two very capable Directors General firmly attached to the cause of the developing nations has profoundly altered the substance and direction of UNESCO. It is no longer, if it ever was, Mr. Finn's "classic expression of Western political, intellectual, and moral values. . . ." UNESCO has become, and will most probably continue to be, for the foreseeable future, *the* forum for the developing nations to pursue many of their objectives (not all of which are economic, and certainly on not all of which they are themselves generally agreed). What is most important, it is *their* forum, or so it is perceived by them.

The picture Mr. Finn draws is of the developing nations, in UNESCO, following Soviet leads. The truth of the matter is the other way around: it is the Soviets who are tagging along on the developing nations' bandwagon—hoping, naturally, to profit for themselves and to cause us as much trouble as they can in the process. The initiative in UNESCO, however, is in the hands of the developing nations. This situation does not, by any means, automatically confer virtue on UNESCO or any of its members. But its implications for our policy in and toward UNESCO, it seems to me, ought to be clear.

Can this transformation of UNESCO over the last two decades be interpreted to mean that

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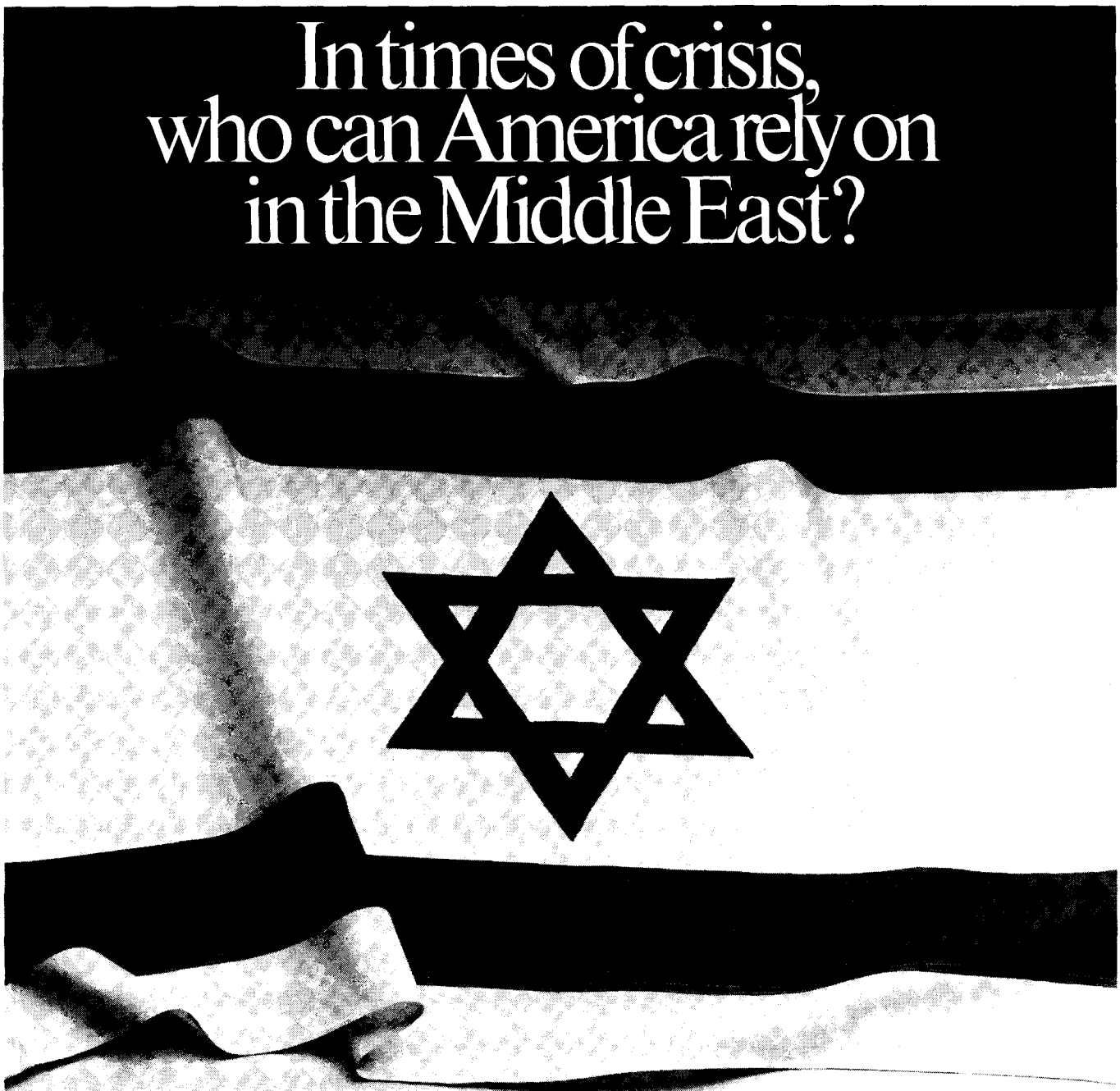

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we are losing "the war of ideas"? Here we come up against what I consider to be the second of Mr. Finn's basic misconceptions. It is his belief that UNESCO is a battlefield in that conflict.

"The war of ideas" these days, in some circles, is a call to battle. It might even be conceded that in the United States today there is a "war of ideas": there is surely a contest of conceptions concerning the organization and direction of the society in which victor and vanquished—and the consequent rights of each—will ultimately be decided by the electorate. Is this true of UNESCO? I do not think so.

For one thing, there is no ultimate recourse, such as an electorate (and not even war itself), which can decide victor and vanquished in any contest within the domains of UNESCO. For another, a real contest of ideas has only very limited scope within UNESCO. One can find genuine exchanges approximating a contest, and with the possibility of persuading an interlocutor, in some UNESCO activities at the expert level, and, occasionally, at the regional level. But in the major UNESCO meetings, including the general conferences, the conflict is not of ideas (though the rhetoric may borrow from the domain of ideas), but of national interests and sovereignties. This is not a "war of ideas," but, at most, a political struggle—i.e., it is diplomacy.

When those who favor the phrase "the war of ideas" use it in the international context, they are clearly referring to the East-West conflict. But *that* "war of ideas," in all probability, is over. It was fought in the six and seven decades from 1870 on, with some final skirmishes in the 40's and 50's of this century. In this respect, there is no more "war of ideas" in UNESCO today than there was in the Thirty Years' War. The positions have hardened: there is a political conflict, a struggle for power, a clash of bureaucracies, diplomatic strife, but there is no "war of ideas." Does anyone really believe the position of the government of X in the East-West conflict is going to be altered or modified by rhetoric in UNESCO?

Obviously not. But UNESCO *is* an arena of struggle and maneuver between North and South—in the sense in which that term is used to denote the problems which range the technologically developed nations on the one side and the developing nations on the other. I suggest that it is this alignment which defines the major, long-term function of UNESCO. It is the forum for possible resolution of the cultural clashes which a reasonable extrapolation of current worldwide demographic and economic developments points to as a vital element in our fare for some time to come.

In another age cultural clashes were handled differently—as in the days of the Ottoman concessions. Not only are those days gone, but the problems posed go far beyond that of subordination of foreigners to local jurisdiction. They also go beyond Mr. Finn's slighting remark about the early days of UNESCO: "No doubt it was a touch utopian; the founders chose not to deal with the possibility that enhanced knowledge of another nation or culture might cause one to like it less or to fear it more." Peter L. Berger ("Democracy for Everyone?" COMMENTARY, September 1983) has put it straight:

> The day when Westerners could go to Asia or Africa and, missionary-like, proclaim the supremacy of Western culture with unabashed self-assurance is well past. The last major nation of Western provenance that still practices "cultural imperialism" of the 19th-century type is the Soviet Union, and its successes, such as they are, may be credited to fear of Soviet power rather than to the persuasive force of Soviet values. Those who represent Western democracy have, by contrast, every reason to be interested in *the great dialogue among cultures that is yet only a promise, but an enormously exciting and challenging promise, of the modern age* [emphasis added].

This, it seems to me, is what UNESCO is fundamentally about at this stage. It is the forum for a set of problems and a challenge quite other than the East-West conflict. The set of problems and the challenge of the "great dialogue among cultures" do not eliminate the East-West problem and Soviet mischief. But, in the specific context of UNESCO, the latter are put into proper perspective—onstage, but in secondary roles.

This having been said, I return to the value of Mr. Finn's efforts, for at least one of his shots does come down on target. The United States, he says, must take UNESCO "seriously." A most welcome prescription, already issued by various doctors on numerous occasions in the past decade, but successively ignored by those in a position to apply the medicine. I pray that those who read Mr. Finn will prefer this therapy he recommends to the "euthanasia" already applied to the United States National Commission for UNESCO—whose further application appears to be contemplated in some quarters.

JAMES MCCARGAR
Washington, D. C.

CHESTER E. FINN, JR. writes:

When I was young, I once asked my grandfather why his law firm almost never took on criminal cases, though it was deeply and regularly engaged in practically all other aspects of the law. He replied that it had been his impression, derived from what was by then forty or fifty years of observing his professional colleagues, that criminal lawyers typically wound up "thinking like those they represent."

It begins to appear that the defenders of UNESCO and other international institutions are vulnerable to essentially the same syndrome: in order to mount an articulate and perhaps convincing defense, they are obliged not only to present their clients in the most favorable possible light but also to depict the larger environment as if seen through their clients' eyes. Perhaps one ought not to be surprised when they begin to lose the distinction between the arguments and images that serve their clients' interests and what, lacking a better term, one might call reality.

Certainly this is the case with James McCargar's defense of UNESCO. He appears to know it well. He has spent a lot of time at UNESCO meetings and conferences over the years. It is fair to assume that he continues to return because *he likes it* there. Perhaps his affection for and close association with UNESCO help explain why his detailed explanations of its individual trees and branches block any stereoscopic view of that haunted forest as a whole.

But he has very nearly achieved the one result that the entire Soviet bloc and Third World delegations failed at, which is to raise profound doubts in my mind about the wisdom of my own conclusion that the United States should attempt to take UNESCO seriously, as a significant battleground in the war of ideas, before deciding to opt

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out entirely, taking with us both our immense cash subsidy and the spotted but durable veneer of legitimacy and moral authority that attaches to UNESCO because of American participation.

Mr. McCargar's argument is predicated on what I take to be two fundamental fallacies. First, he says that the proper analogy for UNESCO is a "parliament" rather than a battleground. The essential difference, of course, is that contestants on a battleground strive mightily to do mortal harm to one another, whereas members of a parliament seek to accommodate their somewhat divergent interests within a framework of values and beliefs to which all of them basically subscribe. Devon and York may not share the same priorities, any more than Connecticut and Arizona, Kerala and Bihar, or Ontario and Manitoba, and each will cheerfully profit—up to a point—at the other's expense, but neither side in these contests seeks to conquer, destroy, or delegitimize the other. UNESCO, however, while not a battleground every minute of every day—it occasionally brings member states together in shared pursuit of worthy ends—is most of the time a place where totalitarian nations strive to weaken democratic ones (and, less successfully, vice versa), and where poor nations seek moral superiority over rich ones in order to lay claim to the latter's resources.

The second fallacy is Mr. McCargar's evident conviction that the theory and practice of multilateral diplomacy are somehow divorced from the pursuit of national self-interest. It may well be that diplomats commonly believe this, just as surgeons occasionally believe that the boldness or elegance of a particular operation counts for more than the health of the patient on whom it is performed, and the fly fisherman cares more about the quality of the day's sport than the provision of trout for the family dinner table. Artists are often like that, and some diplomats are indeed great artists. In international relations, however, it seems to me insufficient to admire high art or great sport if one never ends up owning the painting or winning the game. The Soviet Union, it is clear, will do whatever it must to win, however unaesthetic or unsportsmanlike the tactics it must employ in the process.

Space does not permit a detailed response to all of Mr. McCargar's lesser errors and accusations. Occasionally, when he suggests, for example, that I underrate Director General M'Bow's influence within UNESCO, he is simply wrong. M'Bow is every bit as consequential as Mr. McCargar suggests—and that is no small part of the reason UNESCO is so inhospitable to democratic values and Western ideals. To be sure, I cannot prove that the Director General "enjoys" hosting lavish receptions. But when I observed him working the room as hundreds of delegates and hangers-on, invited by him to what any Beverly Hills caterer would deem a pretty lush affair, ate and drank copiously at UNESCO's expense while gazing through vast picture windows at the Eiffel Tower as dusk descended on the Left Bank —he *looked* mighty happy to me.

Does anyone really believe that the Rumanians introduce troublesome resolutions into UNESCO conferences primarily to discomfit the Hungarians? I suppose Mr. McCargar's letter must be taken as evidence that someone does. Would that he were right and that either country had the freedom to act in such a way in an international forum!

Mr. McCargar is correct to rebuke me on one point, however. I should not have used the word "echoed" to describe the Canadian and Australian responses to the comments made by our delegation. I should have said, and hereby do say, that the distinguished ambassadors from Ottawa and Canberra, speaking after we did, came to similar conclusions quite independently and with rather greater eloquence and perspicacity than our delegation had mustered.

If taking UNESCO seriously means stipulating in advance that what goes on there has nothing of importance to do with the war of ideas, then I submit that we are better off practicing in Paris what Ambassador Charles M. Lichenstein invited others at the United Nations to do in New York: hauling our bags (and our financial contribution) to the nearest Atlantic port, and sailing off into the sunset, leaving the others at UNESCO to continue telling lies in the dark.

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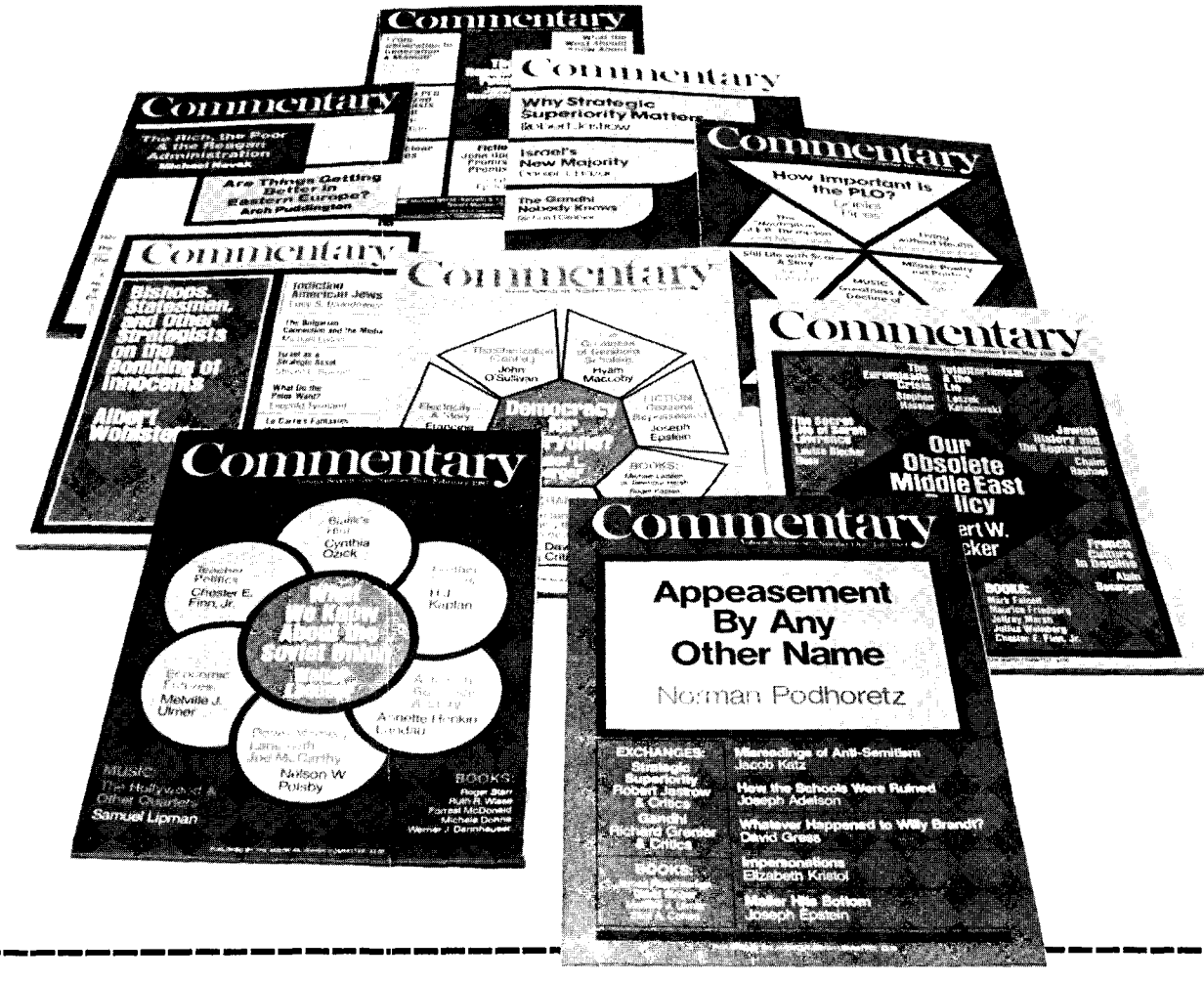
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Reagan vs. the Scientists: Why the President Is Right about Missile Defense

Robert Jastrow

1. *The Threat*

WHEN President Reagan announced his proposal last spring for defending the United States against Soviet missiles, the reaction from scientists, politicians, and journalists was almost uniformly hostile. Dr. Richard Garwin, who has had a great deal of experience in defense technology, said, "It won't work." Former Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara called the plan "pie in the sky," former National Security Adviser McGeorge Bundy described it as "astonishing," and Senator Edward Kennedy said it was "misleading" and "reckless." Anthony Lewis wrote in his column in the New York *Times* that President Reagan was indulging in "a dangerous fantasy" and James Reston entitled his *Times* column on the President's speech, "The April Fool."

This was pretty strong language. Why was everyone so irritated by President Reagan's suggestion? There were two reasons. First of all, missiles travel at very high speeds and are difficult to shoot down in full flight. As a consequence, no defense against missiles is likely to be 100-percent effective; in any full-scale attack, one or two missiles are bound to get through. Since each one carries enough nuclear explosives to destroy an entire city and kill a million people, the President's critics accused him of misleading the public when he spoke of a defense that could "intercept and destroy strategic ballistic missiles before they reach our own soil."

The other reason for opposition to the plan stemmed from the fact that many defense advisers believe the best way to defend yourself against a missile attack is to have no defense against missiles. Although this idea seems to be contrary to common sense, there is a certain logic to it. If both superpowers leave themselves entirely undefended, the Soviets will know that if they launch a missile attack against us, our own missiles will lay waste their homeland in reprisal. And, of course, we will know that if we attack the Soviet Union, our nation will be destroyed by Soviet missiles. This knowledge will deter both countries from starting a war, and will make for a very stable situation.

If, however, either side acquires an effective defense against enemy missiles, it can attack the other side with impunity, secure in the knowledge that this defense will protect it from retaliation. Therefore, runs the reasoning, the best way to avoid a war is for both sides to leave themselves entirely undefended.

In other words, a watertight defense against missiles would upset the nuclear balance between the two superpowers. In the language of the nuclear strategists, seeking to defend your country against the enemy's missiles is "destabilizing."

On the basis of this reasoning, American arms-control experts pressed the Soviets, during the SALT talks, to sign an agreement outlawing any large-scale defense against ballistic missiles. The Soviets accepted this, and the result was the ABM treaty of 1972—ABM meaning anti-ballistic missile—in which the U.S. and the USSR agreed that neither country would undertake to protect itself from a missile attack by the other. In this way, it became the official policy of the United States to keep its people undefended against nuclear attack.

Most Americans do not know that this has been our government's policy for the last twelve years. If they did, I believe they would be astounded. As Henry Kissinger has said: "It cannot often have occurred in history that it was considered an advantageous military doctrine to make your own country deliberately vulnerable."

ROBERT JASTROW was the founder of NASA's Institute for Space Studies and served as its director until his retirement in 1981. He taught astronomy and geology for twenty years at Columbia and is now professor of earth sciences at Dartmouth. Dr. Jastrow was chairman of NASA's Lunar Exploration Committee and received the NASA Medal for Exceptional Scientific Achievement. His article, "Why Strategic Superiority Matters," appeared in our March 1983 issue, and the most recent of his many books is *The Enchanted Loom: Mind in the Universe.*

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IT TAKES a person with an idealized view of the world to think up something like the ABM treaty. The logic of the arms-control experts was impeccable, but if you are not an arms-control expert you see the weakness in the idea right away. Suppose one side cheats on the treaty, and secretly builds up its defenses against missiles anyway. Now it can launch its own missiles without fear of retaliation. The country that continues to honor the treaty is then vulnerable to a nuclear attack. This is exactly what happened to the United States.

Starting almost immediately after the ABM treaty was signed, reports began to come in that the Soviets were testing their surface-to-air missiles at altitudes close to 100,000 feet. Some 50 to 60 tests of this kind were carried out between 1973 and 1975. Surface-to-air missiles are supposed to be used for defense against aircraft, but aircraft do not travel at an altitude of 100,000 feet. However, missiles do. The Soviets were testing their air-defense missiles in what is called an "ABM mode." Such tests are specifically outlawed by the ABM treaty.

The first Soviet ABM tests used a surface-to-air missile called the SA-5, which is not very powerful. However, the Soviets continued to work away at improving their ABM system, and a few years ago they began to test a better surface-to-air missile, the SA-12, which can accelerate to the speed of an ICBM—about 12,000 miles an hour—from a standing start in a matter of seconds. The SA-12, used as an anti-ballistic missile, is a serious threat to the security of the United States because it has the potential for shooting down our submarine missiles, which are the mainstay of the American nuclear deterrent.

All this added up to a clear Soviet violation of the ABM treaty and the SALT I agreement. Several Senators complained about this, but nothing happened.

Last summer, evidence came to light of Soviet cheating so blatant that even cautious State Department officials were ruffled. One said bluntly about the Soviets, "They've busted the SALT agreement!" The new evidence was provided by Big Bird, one of our best reconnaissance satellites. Big Bird had discovered a radar of a special type called "phased-array," deep in the interior of the Soviet Union, near the village of Abalakova in south-central Siberia.

A phased-array radar, which consists of thousands of little radars connected so that they sweep the sky electronically, is a major improvement over the rotating radars which can be seen at airports. This kind of radar is particularly useful in shooting down enemy missiles because it can create a highly detailed and accurate picture of a missile attack. One phased-array radar, backed up by a large computer, can keep track of hundreds of separate attacking missiles, figure out their paths, and assign defending missiles to intercept and destroy them.

Phased-array radars are also useful in providing warning of a missile attack. We have several of these so-called "early-warning" radars on the East and West Coasts of the United States. To be useful in giving warning of a missile attack, a radar must be located where it can pick up reflections from the attacking missile at the earliest possible moment. In other words, it has to be placed on a country's borders. The ABM treaty, recognizing this fact, says that each country is permitted to have large phased-array radars provided they are located "along the periphery of its national territory," and are therefore usable for early warning. However, the treaty forbids locating such radars in the interior of the U.S. or the USSR.

That is why everyone was upset about the phased-array radar at Abalakova. It is located smack in the middle of the Soviet Union, 1,900 miles from the Pacific, and far from the periphery of the Soviet national territory. There is no conceivable reason for placing an early-warning radar in that spot. But there is every reason for putting a missile-defense radar there, especially since Abalakova is located near a field of Soviet heavy intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBM's), which would be one of the top priority targets of any American attack on the Soviet Union.

In fact, the radar at Abalakova has every characteristic of a radar intended for defense against enemy missiles. It is just the kind of radar that is outlawed by the ABM treaty.

Some Soviet violations of SALT have exploited loopholes in the language of the treaty, violating the spirit rather than the letter of the agreement. The radar at Abalakova rips the very heart out of the treaty. Senator James A. McClure calls it "the most flagrant Soviet SALT violation yet."

The Abalakova radar is disturbing for another reason. Radars of this kind are mammoth devices, requiring years to construct. The appearance of this radar indicates that the Soviets decided years ago to go in for a big system of missile defense, in violation of the ABM treaty. Apparently they decided to cheat on the treaty rather than withdrawing from it formally, in the hope that we would continue to honor it and thereby be placed at a disadvantage.

The Abalakova incident has discouraging implications for the future of arms-control negotiations with the Soviet Union. It is difficult to see useful results coming out of these negotiations, when, as Fred Iklé of the Department of Defense has said, "The very party with which we are currently negotiating treaties has been caught violating a treaty." The Soviet violations of the ABM treaty confirm the impression of many Americans that the arms-control process has been cynically exploited by the Soviet Union as an instrument for achieving military superiority over the United States.

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OTHER Soviet actions reinforced the impression that arms-control discussions with the USSR were not turning out very well. Immediately after the SALT I agreement was signed,* as the Soviets proceeded to develop their defenses against American missiles, they simultaneously began to build up their own missile forces to an awesome level. By 1980, Soviet missile strength had reached the point where a surprise attack by the USSR could cripple a large part of our missile forces and weaken our power to retaliate. That knocked the stuffing out of deterrence. The American arms-control negotiators thought they had secured a commitment from the Soviet Union that it would not menace the survivability of our retaliatory forces in this way. But almost as soon as the ink had dried on the SALT I agreement, the Soviets had begun to slide into their old silos a new generation of ICBM's—the so-called "fourth generation"—that were heavier, more destructive, and more accurate than previous models. The warheads on these missiles were accurate enough to give them a capability for destroying our missile silos and other key military sites. The result was a nightmare for American security. Our adversary had created a great force for the destruction of the military power of the United States, and we had signed away the right to defend ourselves.

One of the fourth-generation Soviet missiles, the SS-18, is twice as big as an MX missile, about as accurate, and carries 8 to 10 nuclear warheads with an aggregate explosive power of five megatons.† At last report, the USSR had 308 monster SS-18's in the field. The Soviet Union also has in the field 360 missiles of the new type known as the SS-19, each as large as an MX missile and equally accurate. The megatonnage, or power for destruction, residing in just these two types of Soviet missiles—the SS-18 and the SS-19—is far greater than the megatonnage of the entire U.S. missile and bomber force. All this has happened since the signing of SALT I and in the name of arms control.

THE new Soviet missiles are a greater threat to American security than any other weapon in the Soviet arsenal. For twenty years the United States has relied on the three legs of the famous American "strategic nuclear triad" as our means of discouraging the USSR from an attack on the American homeland. The elements of the triad are Minuteman missiles on the land, B-52 bombers in the air, and Poseidon and Trident submarines in the sea. The Minuteman missiles are housed in silos—underground hollow cylinders of reinforced concrete. Most of the warheads on the Soviet SS-18 and SS-19 ICBM's are sufficiently accurate to land within 250 yards of these missile silos and the underground bunkers that house the men and equipment needed to launch the missiles. The Soviet warheads are also sufficiently powerful to cave in a missile silo at a distance of 250 yards and destroy it, even if the silo has been "hardened" by tons of concrete and steel. As a result, according to General John W. Vessey, Jr., chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Soviet Union can now destroy 70 to 75 percent of our Minuteman missiles in a surprise attack.

Moreover, the accuracy of Soviet warheads, which is the key factor in destroying hardened targets, has improved by about a factor of two from one generation of Soviet missiles to the next.** The newest Soviet missiles of the fifth generation, currently being tested in the Pacific, may be able to eliminate 90 to 95 percent of American ICBM's outright. When to these prospects for the destruction of the missiles themselves are added the potentials for destroying, with highly accurate Soviet rockets, the launch-control centers that house the American officers who would press the buttons, and for destroying the communication links to the President that would relay the order to execute the counterattack, the chances for effective retaliation with our ICBM's dwindle to the vanishing point.

The upshot of the matter is that our Minuteman missiles—the land leg of the U.S. strategic triad—are vulnerable to a Soviet attack and becoming more so every year.

The air-based leg of the triad is even more vulnerable to a Soviet surprise attack. Seventy percent of all B-52's are normally not on the alert at any one time, and are likely to be destroyed by Soviet missiles at the outset. Of those escaping, few would get across the border of the Soviet Union. Soviet air defenses, comprising nearly 3,000 fighters, 7,000 radars, and about 12,000 surface-to-air missiles, are the most massive in the world. Our B-52's are antiquated planes, twenty-five years old on the average, and have lots of nooks and crannies in their contours that reflect radar waves strongly and cause the planes to show up clearly on Soviet radars. B-52's also fly at high altitudes, which means they can be picked up by a radar at a considerable distance. Finally, they fly at the slow, subsonic speed of a commercial airliner. As a result, they are easy targets for Soviet fighter-interceptors and surface-to-air missiles. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger reported a year ago, "The aging B-52 G/H bombers will not be capable of effectively penetrating the Soviet air defenses in the mid-1980's."

The air-launched cruise missile is intended to restore the usefulness of the B-52's in the triad.

* The SALT agreement and the ABM treaty are distinct documents, although Nixon and Brezhnev signed them on the same day.

† A megaton, the unit of explosive energy commonly used to describe the size of a nuclear warhead, is the energy released by the detonation of a million tons of TNT.

** A twofold gain in warhead accuracy has the same effect on a hardened silo as a tenfold increase in the destructive power of the warhead. Calculations show that if the accuracy of a Soviet warhead improves from 250 yards to 125 yards, the chance of destroying a Minuteman silo jumps from 57 percent to 95 percent.

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The cruise missile is a pilotless jet aircraft that navigates itself without human assistance, checking its radar signals against a map of the terrain stored in an onboard computer. Cruise missiles do not have an intercontinental range, but they can be carried to the borders of the USSR by B-52's and launched from the air.

Once across the border, the cruise missile is supposed to be able to penetrate Soviet air defenses more effectively than the B-52 because it flies very low, hugging the terrain and staying out of sight of Soviet radars. However, it is vulnerable to an attack from above by the new Soviet Foxhound fighter, with its look-down, shoot-down radar. The current version of the cruise missile is also as slow as a B-52, and can be shot down by the Soviet SA-10, a relatively new surface-to-air missile. Some years ago the Department of Defense said the Soviets would need up to 1,000 SA-10's to have an effective defense against our cruise missiles, and predicted that the USSR would not have that number until the 1990's. However, as of 1982, the Soviet Union already had 1,200 SA-10's in the field. The implications for the effectiveness of the air-launched cruise missile are not encouraging.

Improved cruise missiles—supersonic, and with a "stealth" design making them nearly invisible to Soviet radar—are under development, but will not be available in large numbers before the end of the decade. Until then, the air-launched cruise missile is not likely to make a major contribution to the viability of the U.S. strategic triad.

The new B-1 bombers, just going into production, will go far toward restoring the effectiveness of the air leg of the triad. The B-1 had been cancelled by President Carter on the ground that the cruise missile made it unnecessary, but the Reagan administration brought it back to life. The B-1 is designed to be considerably less visible to Soviet radar than the B-52. It also flies lower than the B-52, and is considerably faster. But Congress has only approved funding for 100 B-1's, and because of the cancellation of the B-1 program in the previous administration, even this reduced force will not be fully available until 1987. In the interim, the bomber leg of the triad will be severely compromised by Soviet air defenses.

So, of the three legs of the U.S. triad, two—the land leg and the air leg—are weak, and will remain weak until later in the decade. That leaves the sea leg—the nuclear-missile submarine—as the only fully effective deterrent remaining. For the present, the triad had been reduced to a monad.

That does not seem like a bad idea. The newest submarines have extraordinarily quiet engines, and therefore are very hard to pick up on sonar. They also have a long range that gives them an enormous volume of ocean to hide in; a Trident missile can reach Moscow from anywhere within 40 million square miles of ocean. As a result, submarines on station are essentially undetectable, and can be counted on to survive a Soviet attack. Of course, all American submarines in port, about half the current fleet of 33 boats, will always be an easy mark for Soviet missiles; but the remaining 15 or 20 submarines can safely hide at sea, at least for the present.*

The survivability of the Trident submarine makes it an excellent deterrent to a Soviet attack, especially since the warheads carried on a single Trident can destroy every major city in the USSR. Yet even the Trident has problems as a deterrent. One weakness is its limited ability, when submerged, to communicate with the world above. A submerged submarine is very hard to reach by radio because radio waves do not penetrate sea water. To receive a message, the submarine must rise up to or just under the surface of the ocean. But near the surface it leaves a wake, increasing the risk of detection.† If the submarine actually rises to the surface, it becomes visible to Soviet satellites and can be picked off at will. For this reason, American submarines loaded with nuclear missiles must spend much of their time at sea incommunicado, cruising at depth. Radio contacts with the world above are sporadic, and may be separated by long intervals. This means that if a Soviet attack occurs, some submarines may not receive the message authorizing launch of their deadly cargoes until a considerable time has passed.

Perhaps a suspicious captain, observing that his radio links are dead, will take a chance on surfacing to catch a news broadcast or sample the air for radioactivity, but with Soviet planes and radar satellites reconnoitering the oceans continuously, that will be risky. And suppose the submarine captain decides he has reason to fire off his missiles. That will bring a fearsome retaliation from the Soviet Union. Do we want to entrust the fate of

* Some experts are concerned about a possible Soviet breakthrough in anti-submarine warfare that would reveal the location of submerged submarines by means other than the underwater sounds they make—for example, a change in water temperature in the wake of the sub, or a trail of plankton churned up by its motion. If that breakthrough occurs, it is more likely to be on the American side than the Soviet; but, on the other hand, what we discover, the Soviets soon steal. However, the consensus among Navy experts is that none of this will happen in the next few years.

† The Navy tries to overcome this handicap in several ways. In one procedure an airplane flies low over the water, trailing a wire several miles long, while the submerged submarine reels out a buoy that rides just under the surface of the ocean and picks up the message. Another technique broadcasts messages to the submarine on extremely low radio frequencies, which can penetrate water to a considerable depth. In time of war, all these methods would be more vulnerable to Soviet disruption than communications on the land. The recent report by the Scowcroft commission on strategic forces concludes that "communication links with submarines, while likely to improve, will still offer problems not present for land-based systems."

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the American people to a naval officer out of touch with civilian authorities? Is it our intent to delegate authority for starting World War III that far down the chain of command? The problem is a serious one.

Our submarines have another weakness as a deterrent to a Soviet attack. A missile launched from a submarine is relatively inaccurate, and is not likely to land close enough to a "hardened" or protected target to do it any serious damage. That means that submarine-launched missiles cannot be used against missile silos, command bunkers, or other military installations, which are always "hardened." They are mainly useful for destroying "soft" targets, like cities and people.* But suppose the Soviet Union were to launch an attack against our military sites while avoiding our cities. We would be deterred from launching our submarine missiles against Soviet cities in reprisal, because the USSR would then surely respond by attacking American cities with the full power of its huge arsenal. The result would be a devastating loss of perhaps 100 million American lives, far greater than if we had withheld retaliation. That millions of Soviet civilians also lay dead or dying would not be a gain to the United States. These circumstances severely limit the value of our submarine deterrent.

Many people mistrust this analysis because they feel that a Soviet nuclear attack on military targets will produce nearly as many casualties as an attack on cities. But the facts say otherwise. Suppose the Soviet Union were to direct its highly accurate SS-18 and SS-19 rockets against the American forces capable of nuclear retaliation—missile silos, B-52 airfields, submarine bases, nuclear-weapon storage depots, and military-command posts—while attempting to spare American cities. Since most of those military sites are in sparsely populated areas, civilian casualties in the U.S. would result mainly from radioactive fallout on cities lying downwind. Calculations on the effects of nuclear explosions indicate that casualties in such a Soviet attack on military sites would be very great, between 2 and 14 million according to estimates by the Department of Defense. However, they would be far fewer than the 80 to 170 million deaths that would result from a deliberate Soviet attack on our cities in response to an American attack on Soviet cities. In spite of the enormity of the two disasters, a real distinction exists between them. One case means the possibility of a recovery for the U.S., and the other case means the annihilation of the American people.

How would an American President respond to such a limited attack by the Soviets, with American military power crippled but the cities largely intact? With only our surviving submarines available for retaliation, he would be limited to two options, and both would be painful. In Henry Kissinger's words, "A President could initiate the extermination of tens of millions of people—first Soviet citizens and then our own—or he could give in." The choices, Kissinger concludes, are "suicide or surrender."

It is sometimes said that a "surgical" nuclear attack on our military sites is impossible, because some Soviet warheads are bound to miss their targets by wide margins. In the words of one critic, Soviet missiles "would be falling all over our country." This is not correct. If the accuracy of a warhead is, say, 250 yards, that means that half the warheads will land within a circle of 250 yards, and half will land outside the circle. But the warheads that land outside will still be clustered in the neighborhood of the aiming point. In fact, in the case above, 99.9 percent will land within a mile from the target.

So, urban areas will not be destroyed accidentally in a Soviet attack against our military sites. But is it possible that the Soviet Union, in planning an attack on the United States, will decide, nonetheless, that its interest is served—for the purpose of intimidating the remnant of the American population, or whatever reason—by the greatest possible devastation? Will the Soviet Union elect, as part of a calculated plan of attack, to explode megaton warheads over American cities? It seems clear that this can never happen. The leaders of the USSR must know that the one action certain to provoke an attack on their cities would be a Soviet attack on American cities. They must know that some elements of our submarine force are bound to survive their surprise attack, and are sure to visit fearful retribution on Soviet civilians for an attack on American civilians.

And such an attack on American cities will be counterproductive for the USSR in other ways as well. At the least, it will reduce Soviet prospects for extracting food, technology, and industrial loot from a subdued America. At worst, it will damage the atmosphere's fragile ozone layer, cool the climate of the globe, and visit ruin upon the agricultural lands and people of the Soviet Union. The USSR has everything to lose by an attack on American cities, and little to gain.

The essence of the matter is that American submarines are an effective deterrent to a Soviet attack on our cities, but are not a deterrent to an attack on U.S. armed forces. It is a sobering fact that if the USSR should launch a massive strike against our military installations, we could do little about it, short of a suicidal strike against Soviet cities, in the current state of disrepair of our strategic triad.

* This situation will change when an advanced submarine missile called the Trident 2 comes into use. The new missile has an improved guidance system with the accuracy necessary to destroy hardened targets in the USSR. But that will not happen until late 1989 or 1990.

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Experts count and recount missile silos, bombers, submarines, warheads, and megatonnage. They argue over whether we still have a kind of parity with the Soviet Union, in spite of the vulnerability of our ICBM's and B-52's. But there can be no argument about one basic fact: Soviet missile power has been growing faster than ours, and has succeeded in placing a large part of the American strategic deterrent at risk. The trend is frightening. If continued, it will lead to the possibility, a few years hence, of a preemptive Soviet attack aimed at the total destruction of American military power.

2. *The Response*

How is the United States to respond to this threat? One way would be by a massive build-up of our own missile forces, sufficient to match the threat of the Soviet ICBM's on equal terms. The result would be a nuclear stand-off between two adversaries, each armed to the teeth, and each capable of delivering a knockout blow if it can get in the first punch. That would be a balance of sorts, but the balance would be unstable. There is a better way, and that is the way President Reagan chose in his speech on missile defense.

Suppose a brilliant inventor could devise a method to defend the United States against Soviet ICBM's. Then our own ICBM's—Minutemen and MX's—would no longer be vulnerable to a surprise attack. These ICBM's are accurate enough to destroy many hardened targets in the USSR, including the 700 hardened leadership centers sheltering the Soviet elite. If our missile silos were defended, Soviet leaders could not eliminate this threat to their existence by knocking out American ICBM's in a preemptive first strike. If nothing else deterred the Soviet leadership from an attack on the United States, that circumstance would certainly do so.

Where can we find this invention? The answer is that we already have it. Critics of President Reagan's plan spoke as if he were proposing a defense of entire cities and their populations, but he made no suggestion of that kind in his speech; and, in fact, such an "area" defense, while very comforting, would not be necessary at the start. For the protection of our Minuteman missiles, it is only necessary to establish a "point" defense—i.e., a defense of the few square acres surrounding each missile silo, and the small areas surrounding a limited number of communication centers, command posts, and other military installations. The means for such a point defense of critical military sites are in hand today. The basic technologies have been proven, they are inexpensive, and they can be put into use with relative rapidity.

The key to these technologies is the miniaturized computer. Extraordinary developments in the miniaturization of computer circuits enable millions of transistors and other electronic components to be packed into a space the size of a thumbnail. As a result, defense technicians now have the means for building elaborate computer brains into a very small missile—a mini-missile—so that it can steer itself toward its target. Sensing the target either by its delicate emanation of heat waves, or by its radar reflections, the mini-missile analyzes the product of its senses within its highly capable computer brain, and directs a succession of messages to small rockets arranged around its circumference. Delicate thrusts of these rockets steer the defending missile into the path of the oncoming ICBM warhead. The result is either destruction of the warhead by a direct impact, or an explosion of the mini-missile in the vicinity, releasing a cloud of flying metal fragments. The warhead, moving ten times faster than a bullet, tears into the cloud of fragments; the skin of the warhead is punctured in many places; its electronics are disabled; and the nuclear bomb inside it is disarmed.

In essence, the defense consists in tossing into the path of the speeding warhead some TNT and a keg of nails. What makes this simple defense work is its computer brain.

The amount of TNT need not be very large. One mini-missile of the kind described, currently being tested by the Army, contains less than 100 pounds of explosive. The reason is that the defending missile does not have to destroy the warhead to be effective; it only has to prevent the nuclear bomb inside the warhead from exploding. That happens to be fairly easy, because nuclear bombs do not go off very readily; elaborate arrangements and a great deal of fragile electronics are needed to make one explode. Accordingly, a small charge of TNT, or a cluster of high-speed metal pellets, will usually be sufficient to disarm the bomb's mechanism.

In fact, it is not even necessary to keep the bomb from going off. Suppose, for example, Soviet technicians devise a countermeasure to the American defense by wiring the warhead so that the nuclear bomb inside it explodes automatically whenever a defending missile approaches. As long as that happens at a high altitude, far above the atmosphere, the effects of the explosion will not be very damaging at ground level, either in radioactive fallout or in blast damage. An altitude above 100,000 feet is sufficient to achieve this. Progress in developing the smart little missiles indicates that making the kill at altitudes above 100,000 feet is not an especially difficult task.

Thanks to the newest ultra-miniaturized computers, the defending missile can exercise a formidable amount of brain power. Suppose the Soviet technician tries to confuse our defense by arranging to throw off decoy warheads—lightweight imitations of the real thing. The decoys, necessarily thin and flimsy in their construction (if the decoy weighs as much as a real warhead, you might as well put a bomb inside), will tend to lose their heat

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more quickly than the real warheads as they fly through the cold of space. By the time the cluster of Soviet warheads reenters the atmosphere, the decoys will be appreciably colder than the real warhead. The brain of the mini-missile, analyzing these differences in temperature from one "warhead" to another, will have no trouble in telling the decoy from the real McCoy. And once the real warheads have been identified, the computers can even sense which warheads are headed for empty silos, and instruct their defending missiles to ignore these and concentrate on the warheads headed for silos still loaded with ICBM's.

THIS kind of technology is not visionary. Its important features are already in operational use in the Pershing-2 missiles being deployed in Europe. The warhead of the Pershing 2 contains a radar "camera" that looks at the terrain beneath it, compares what it sees with an image of the target stored in the warhead's computer brain, and, guided by this comparison, changes its course and steers straight toward the target in the final moments of its flight. On the average, Pershing-2 warheads hit the ground within 30 yards of their targets, compared to an average error of 250 yards for the best missiles with old-fashioned dumb warheads. When the same kind of computer technology is used in mini-missiles for defense against ICBM warheads, the error comes down to a few yards, or even feet, or even inches.

Incidentally, the clever warheads on the Pershing 2's explain the intensity of Soviet anger at the deployment of these missiles by NATO. Warheads of this kind, which can figuratively drop down the air vent of a Soviet command bunker, place at risk the military and political leadership of the Soviet Union—and they are the only weapons in the NATO arsenal with the accuracy and range required to do that. And being mobile, the Pershing 2 is also survivable; it cannot be entirely eliminated in a preemptive attack. These properties make the Pershing 2's a very effective deterrent to a Soviet attack on Western Europe.

Getting back to President Reagan's speech, one of the main criticisms of his plan was that a defense against ICBM's can never be 100-percent effective. This criticism also applies to the smart mini-missiles. If these missiles were intended for the direct defense of American cities, they might not be of much value, because even a few ICBM warheads leaking through such a defense would kill millions of Americans. However, the situation is very different when a defending missile is intended only for the protection of missile silos and other military sites. Suppose, for example, that the defense of the silos is only 50-percent effective—a conservative estimate for the technologies described above. This means that roughly half the attacking warheads will accomplish their purpose. Therefore, the USSR will be required to make its ICBM arsenal twice as big as it is today, to regain the level of threat it possessed before the defense was put in place. In other words, it will have to buy another ICBM for every one it already has.

The Soviet Union has spent about $500 billion on the build-up of its ICBM arsenal over twenty years and might be hard-pressed to spend another $500 billion in a short time. Even if the USSR does increase its missile forces in an effort to overwhelm our defense, we can increase the number of defending missiles around each silo and once again reduce to an acceptable level the number of Soviet warheads that would reach their targets. This response is practical because each defending little missile costs considerably less than the warhead it is aimed at. Estimates by a team of scientists at Los Alamos indicate that if the Soviet Union tries to overcome an American missile defense by building more rockets and warheads, its costs will increase at least twice as fast as ours. In this situation, in which the ratio of costs heavily favors the defense over the offense, the Soviet Union may be led to rethink its whole strategy of striving for military dominance with weapons of mass destruction.

WITH the feasibility and cost-effectiveness of a "point" defense so promising, there is still the troubling possibility that a defense of our missile silos will be "destabilizing" and will undermine the policy of deterrence. According to this theory, which is held by a number of American scientists and arms-control specialists, the Soviets will perceive the defense of American silos as a signal that the United States is preparing to attack them, and is therefore protecting its military sites against the inevitable Soviet retaliation. Feeling nervous about that possibility, the Soviet Union will move quickly to attack us before our missile defenses can be completed. In other words, so the reasoning of the arms-control experts goes, a defense of American missiles brings the United States closer to war.

It seems to me that nothing could be farther from the truth. As usual, facts determine the situation, and the main facts here are first, that the Soviets have many more ICBM warheads than we do, and second, that ICBM's are the most valuable kind of missile from a military point of view, because of their great accuracy and ability to destroy hardened targets.* We have 1,650 accurate Minuteman warheads, too few in number to do much damage to the several thousand important Soviet mili-

* It is often mentioned that we have the same number of warheads, about 4,600, on our submarines as the Soviets have on their ICBM's. However, the submarine-based warheads are inaccurate and have relatively low explosive power, about one-sixteenth that of Soviet ICBM warheads. Consequently, they are completely ineffective against Soviet missile silos, which are even more hardened than our silos.

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tary targets, but the Soviets have at least 4,560 equally accurate and far more powerful ICBM warheads that can do a great deal of damage to our military targets. If we lived in another world, in which the Soviet Union had not constructed all these late-model ICBM's and many thousands of accurate and powerful warheads, an American system for defending our missile silos might be perceived as destabilizing and a weakening of deterrence. But in the real world, in which the Soviet missiles and warheads exist, an American missile defense restores our retaliatory force, and thus strengthens deterrence.

It is not clear why the Soviets have built up this mammoth ICBM force, because the build-up has been very costly—to repeat, about $500 billion over the years—and goes far beyond any reasonable level of military power they would need as a deterrent to an American attack. Whatever the reason, the fact is that they have done it. As a result, the Soviet Union is in a position to launch an attack on the United States aimed at destroying our means of nuclear retaliation—missile silos, B-52 airfields, submarine bases, and military command posts. In other words, those 4,560 accurate ICBM warheads look like the beginning of a Soviet drive to acquire a nuclear war-winning capability. We may not understand how the Soviets think they can possibly emerge victorious in a larger sense from a nuclear war in which they suffered "only" a few million to 10 million casualties, but apparently they do think that.

In any case, the USSR has built a large number of missiles and undermined our capability for retaliation and therefore our deterrent. Protecting our forces against the Soviet missiles will not give us a nuclear war-winning capability—the nuclear warheads of the Soviet Union are too numerous and powerful for that—but it will give us a continuing capability for retaliation against Soviet attack, which is the very basis of deterrence.

There are other gains for deterrence in a point defense against Soviet ICBM's, in addition to the protection of our missile silos. The dish in California that receives the signal from our early-warning satellites can be protected. The communication lines that connect the President and top military commanders to the Minuteman launch-control centers can be protected. Our bomber airfields and submarine bases can be protected. Just two bases—one in Kings Bay, Georgia, and the other in Bangor, Washington—will support our entire fleet of Trident submarines. If these bases are undefended, half the Trident fleet—the part in port when a Soviet surprise attack occurs—must be written off at the outset. A point defense of the Trident bases against Soviet missiles will double the effective strength of the American submarine deterrent.* All these measures improve our chance of being able to retaliate against a Soviet attack, and therefore make an attack less likely.

A POINT defense decreases the vulnerability of our missiles, and is good. An area defense, directly shielding our cities and their populations, would be better. Can inventive genius find still another device to accomplish this task as well? Once again, the answer is that we already have the invention. It is called the laser. Unlike the smart mini-missile, the laser defense is not inexpensive; it is not yet a proven technology; but it has the promise of protecting our cities against destruction.

A laser is like a searchlight; it produces a beam of light. This beam of light, focused on the metal skin of an ICBM, can burn right through it, just as the light of the sun, focused to a narrow spot by a magnifying glass, can burn through a piece of wood or paper. The difference between a laser beam and an ordinary beam of light is that the ordinary beam spreads out as it leaves its source, so that by the time it has traveled several thousand miles—for example, from the United States to the Soviet Union—the beam is dispersed over an area several miles in diameter. As a result, the intensity of light in any one part of the beam is too weak to hurt anything.

A laser beam, on the other hand, has the remarkable property that all parts of the beam travel in the same direction, so that the beam doesn't spread apart as it travels through space.† If the energy in the laser beam is intense enough at its source to burn through the metal skin of a Soviet ICBM, it will still be that intense, and still able to burn through metal, after it has traveled thousands of miles.

Laser beams have the advantage that they travel at the speed of light, which is 670 million miles an hour, and can cross a continent in a hundredth of a second. Compared to the speed of laser beams, even an ICBM is slow, and the laser beam has no difficulty in catching up to one and intercepting it. One of the disadvantages of a laser beam is that, being a beam of light, it is blocked by clouds and haze. For that reason, laser guns work best if placed in a space station or satellite, far above the atmosphere. But putting a laser gun in a space station means that a large amount of equipment and fuel for the laser must be ferried into orbit at great cost.

* When there are only a few targets, and the destruction of each one is very important to the Soviet Union, it can always try to overwhelm our defenses by allotting a large number of warheads to each target. However, by the same token, a few sites, each of enormous value to the United States, can be ringed by exceptionally strong defenses comprised of not one or two but perhaps dozens of mini-missiles or more; and this can be done at acceptable cost to the U.S., because only a few such highly valuable sites exist.

† Even in a laser beam, the light waves spill out over the edge of the beam to a limited degree and blur it somewhat, but the spreading effect is quite small. In the laser beams being designed for use against Soviet rockets, the spreading effect will be no more than a few feet over a distance of a thousand miles.

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Another disadvantage is that the laser beam must track the moving ICBM with great precision, equivalent to hitting a dime at a distance of 100 miles, so that the beam will stay on the target long enough to melt it.

Because of these and other difficulties, a team of MIT scientists led by Kosta Tsipis concluded a few years ago that "lasers have little or no chance of succeeding as practical, cost-effective weapons." When President Reagan announced that he was proposing to set the country on this course anyway, Professor Tsipis denounced the President's plan as "a cruel hoax." Many other prominent scientists also jumped on the President for his suggestion.

But scientists do not have a very good track record when it comes to making predictions about the feasibility of bold new ideas. In fact, they seem to have a talent for rejecting proposals that later turn out to be of great practical value. Examples abound. In 1903, just before the first flight of the Wright brothers, an American astronomer named Simon Newcomb announced that the laws of physics proved man could never fly. A little later, after airplanes were flying, another American astronomer ridiculed the notion that some day there might be "giant flying machines speeding across the Atlantic . . . and carrying innumerable passengers." In 1926, A. W. Bickerton, a British scientist, said that it was scientifically impossible to send a rocket to the moon. Just before the Soviet Union put the first Sputnik into orbit, the Astronomer Royal of Great Britain announced that the idea of launching artificial satellites into space was "utter bilge." In the weapons field, Admiral Leahy —not a scientist, but a qualified technician—said to President Truman, just before the first successful test of an atom bomb, "That bomb will never go off, and I speak as an expert on explosives." And Vannevar Bush, who directed the government's science effort during World War II, offered the following wisdom after the war:

> The people who have been writing these things that annoy me—have been talking about a 3,000-mile rocket shot from one continent to another carrying an atom bomb. . . . I think we can leave that out of our thinking. . . . I wish the American people would leave that out of their thinking.

Among the experts actually working on laser defense or advising the government on it, the consensus is that no basic scientific obstacles stand in the way of success. George Keyworth, Science Adviser to the President, said recently, "The major fundamental problems in every area [of laser defense] have been removed." Two committees, set up to advise the President on the matter after his speech, have reported that the feasibility of several kinds of laser defense against missiles can be tested in the next three or four years, and if all goes well, a complete defense can be in operation ten years after that. According to Dr. Keyworth, there has been "tremendously broad technical progress" in this area.

When the final system is constructed, it will probably be a so-called layered defense, with the first or outermost layer consisting of laser beams aimed from space at enemy ICBM's in the first minutes of flight, shortly after blast-off. A second layer of defense, either a laser or a smart mini-missile, will hit the ICBM's that have gotten through the first layer, as they fly across the void en route to their targets. A third layer of mini-missiles, with the "keg of nails" or similar technology, comes into play in the final minutes or seconds of flight as the Soviet warheads reenter the atmosphere, to destroy the intruders that have penetrated the second layer. If the "leakage-rate" in each of the three layers is 10 percent, only one warhead in a thousand will reach its target.

If the Soviets acquire an effective defense against American missiles, so much the better. They will not even have to steal it. The President has suggested that his successor can give the new technology to the Soviet Union, just to prove that there is no point in both sides keeping bulging warehouses of these deadly weapons any longer. Then, the President added, his successor can say to the Soviets, "I am willing to do away with all my missiles. You do away with all yours."

These are encouraging possibilities for the long run. The problem facing us in the short run, between now and the end of the 1980's, is the vulnerability of American ICBM's and other military installations to a Soviet surprise attack. The smart mini-missile, with its TNT and keg-of-nails technology, is less exotic than a laser defense, but it is already state-of-the-art, and can be available on relatively short notice for the protection of our missile silos, submarine and bomber bases, and command posts. In doing that, the mini-missile will strengthen and preserve the American deterrent to a Soviet attack. By strengthening our deterrent, this simple defense will also protect our cities.

For nearly forty years, since the first atomic explosion at Alamogordo, the nuclear bomb has dominated strategic weaponry. But technicians make new facts, and new facts make a new strategic calculus. We are on the threshold of revolutionary gains in the accuracy of intercontinental ballistic missiles, created by the incorporation of computer brains into missile warheads. In the future, the smart ICBM warhead, equipped with electronic brains and infrared or radar "eyes," will hitch a ride to the general vicinity of the target on its ICBM bus; then, disembarking, it will steer itself into a particular spot on the target within a yard or two to accomplish its task with nice precision. Consider the possibilities opened for the military planner by this development. A Soviet charge of TNT, carried across the

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ocean by an ICBM, guides itself down the smokestack of the Consolidated Edison plant in New York; an American warhead of TNT, carried 5,000 miles in the nose of an ICBM, drops down onto a critical transformer in the Moscow power grid; a bridge is destroyed by a small explosive charge ferried across oceans and continents on an ICBM, and carefully placed at the foot of a pier. A small, artfully shaped charge of TNT is delivered to the door of a Minuteman or SS-19 silo; exploding, it pierces a hole in the silo door, spraying the interior with shrapnel and destroying the missile. It is not necessary to crush the entire silo with the violence of a nuclear warhead; missiles are fragile, and gentler means suffice to disable them.

Command posts, ammunition dumps, highways, and airport runways—all are vulnerable to conventional explosives skillfully targeted. Nearly every task allotted to nuclear weapons today can be accomplished in the future by missiles armed with non-nuclear, smart warheads.

And when nuclear weapons are not needed, they will not be used. That may seem unlikely, but consider the following facts. A nuclear weapon has many defects from a military point of view. Because of its destructive power and radioactivity, it tends to kill innocent civilians, even if used sparingly in a surgically clean strike at military targets. If used in great numbers, nuclear weapons stir up clouds of radioactive material that roll back with the prevailing pattern of the winds, carrying their poisons with them into the land of the attacker. Finally, these weapons generate emotional reactions of such intensity that the military planner can only hold them in reserve to use as a last resort; he cannot release his nuclear arsenal in gradual increments, adjusted to the military needs of each situation.

In other words, nuclear weapons are messy, and, other things being equal, the military planner will avoid them. They will never disappear entirely; some blockbusters will always be stockpiled by the superpowers as a deterrent to a genocidal attack on their cities and civilians. But as the accuracy of smart warheads increases, and more military tasks can be accomplished by non-nuclear explosives, the tasks assigned to nuclear warheads will diminish, and the size of the world's nuclear arsenals will decrease.

The shrinkage has already been observed in the armaments of the U.S. and the USSR. Nuclear weapons in the American arsenal are now one-seventh their size twenty-five years ago, and the total megatonnage of our arsenal is one-quarter what it was then.* Figures available to me on Soviet nuclear weapons go back only ten years, but in that short interval, while the number of Soviet warheads increased enormously, the average size of an individual warhead decreased by a factor of three.

These changes in the sizes of the world's nuclear arsenals have resulted from rather modest improvements in the accuracy of missiles, but the technology of the smart warhead is still in its infancy. When it reaches its maturity, and the precision of delivery of explosives across continents can be measured in feet rather than in hundreds of yards, the military uses of the nuclear bomb will dwindle into nothingness. And so it may come to pass, as President Reagan suggested, that the scientists who gave us nuclear weapons will also give us "the means of rendering these weapons impotent and obsolete."

* Nuclear weapons were mated to ICBM's originally because the early models of the ICBM's wandered all over, and generally landed a mile or so from their targets. Only a nuclear warhead—with its enormous radius of destruction—could make such blunderbusses militarily effective.

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The Voice from the Whirlwind

Robert Alter

THE power of Job's unflinching argument, in the biblical book that bears his name, has rarely failed to move readers, but the structure of the book has been a perennial puzzle. It begins, as we all recall, with a seemingly naive tale: Job is an impeccably God-fearing man, happy in his children and in his abundant possessions. Unbeknownst to him, in the celestial assembly the Adversary—despite the translations, not yet a mythological Satan—challenges God to test the disinterestedness of Job's piety by afflicting him. When Job, in rapid succession, has been bereft of all his various flocks and servants and then of all his children, and is stricken from head to foot with itching sores, he refuses his wife's urging that he curse God and die but instead sits down in the dust in mournful resignation.

At this point, the prose of the frame-story switches into altogether remarkable poetry. The poetic Job begins by wishing he had never been born. Then, in three long rounds of debate, he confronts the three friends who have come with all the assurance of conventional wisdom to inform him that his suffering is certain evidence of his having done evil. Job consistently refuses to compromise the honesty of his conscientious perception of his own life, and in refuting the friends' charges he repeatedly inveighs against God's crushing unfairness. Eventually, the Lord answers Job out of a whirlwind, mainly to show how presumptuous this human critic of divine justice has been. Job concedes; the prose frame-story then clicks shut by restoring to Job health, wealth, and prestige, at the same time symmetrically providing him with another set of children.

This ending has troubled many readers over the centuries. Even if we put aside the closing of the folk-tale frame, so alien to later sensibilities in its schematic doubling of lost property and its simple replacement of lost lives, the Voice from the Whirlwind (or, more properly, Storm) has seemed to some a rather exasperating answer to Job's anguished questions.

The common objection to what is clearly intended as a grand climax of the poetic argument runs along the following lines: the Voice's answer is no answer at all but an attempt to overwhelm poor Job by an act of cosmic bullying. Job, in his sense of outrage over undeserved suffering, has been pleading for simple justice. God ignores the issue of justice, not deigning to explain why innocent children should perish, decent men and women writhe in affliction, and instead sarcastically asks Job how good *he* is at hurling lightning bolts, making the sun rise and set, causing rain to fall, fixing limits to the breakers of the sea. The clear implication is that if you can't begin to play in God's league, you should not have the nerve to ask questions about the rules of the game.

Some modern commentators have tried to get around such objections by arguing that the very inadequacy of the solution to the problem of theodicy at the end of Job is a testimony to the integrity of the book and the profundity with which the questions have been raised. There is, in other words, no neat way to reconcile ethical monotheism with the fundamental fact that countless innocents suffer terrible fates through human cruelty, blind circumstance, natural disaster, disease, and genetic mishap. Rather than attempt a pat answer, then, the Job poet was wise enough to imply that there could be no real answer, and that the sufferer would have to be content with God's sheer willingness to express His concern for His creatures. This reading of the Voice from the Whirlwind is up to a point plausible, but it may glide too easily over the fact that God's speeches at the end have, after all, a specific content which is articulated with great care and to the details of which we are presumably meant to attend carefully.

It has also been suggested that the "solution" to Job's dilemma is in the essential act of revelation itself, whatever we think about what is said. (Robert Gordis is one intelligent spokesman for this view.) That does seem a very biblical idea. Job never doubts God's existence but, precisely because he assumes in biblical fashion that God must be responsible for everything that happens in the world, he repeatedly wants to know why God now remains hidden, why He does not come out and confront the person on whom He has

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inflicted such acute suffering. The moment the Voice begins to address Job out of the storm, Job already has his answer: that, despite appearances to the contrary, God cares enough about man to reveal Himself to humankind, to give man some intimation of the order and direction of His creation.

This proposal about the importance of revelation at the end brings us a little closer, I think, to the actual intent of the two climactic divine discourses. What needs to be emphasized, however, considerably more than has been done is the essential role *poetry* plays in the imaginative realization of revelation. If the poetry of Job—at least when its often problematic text is fully intelligible—looms above all other biblical poetry in virtuosity and sheer expressive power, the culminating poem that God speaks out of the storm soars beyond everything that has preceded it in the book, the poet having wrought a poetic idiom even richer and more awesome than the one he gave Job. Through this pushing of poetic expression toward its own upper limits, the concluding speech helps us see the panorama of creation, as perhaps we could do only through poetry, with the eyes of God.

I realize that this assertion may sound either hazily mystical or effusively hyperbolic, but what I am referring to is an aspect of the book that seems to have been knowingly designed by the poet and that to a large extent can be grasped, as I shall try to show, through close analytic attention to formal features of the poem. The entire speech from the storm is not only an effectively structured poem in itself but is finely calculated as a climactic development of images, ideas, and themes that appear in different and sometimes antithetical contexts earlier in the poetic argument.

How are the resources of poetry marshaled in the divine speech to give us an intimation of that omniscient perspective? Some preliminary remarks on the progression of the concluding poem may help indicate where it means to take us. The structure of the poem is expansive and associative, but it also reflects the sequential and focusing strategies of development that are generally characteristic of biblical poetry. After the two brief opening lines in which the Lord challenges Job (38:2-3), the poem leads us through the following movements: cosmogony (38:4-21), meteorology (38:22-38), zoology (38:39-39:30). This sequence is implicitly narrative: first God creates the world, then He sets in motion upon it an intricate interplay of snow and rain and lightning and winds, and in this setting He looks after the baffling variety of wild creatures that live on the earth.

God's first discourse is followed at the beginning of Chapter 40 by a brief exchange between a reprimanding Lord and a humbled Job (40:1-5), and then the beginning of the second discourse, which again challenges Job to gird up his loins and see if he can really contend with God (40:6-13). In the second discourse, we continue with the zoological interests that take up the last half of the first discourse. In accordance, however, with the impulse of heightening and focusing that informs so much of biblical poetry, the second discourse is not a rapid poetic catalogue of animals like the last half of the first discourse, but instead an elaborate depiction of just two exotic beasts, the hippopotamus and the crocodile, who are rendered, moreover, in the hyperbolic terms of mythology as Behemoth and Leviathan.

Biblical poetry in general, let me propose, exhibits two underlying principles of organization, generated by the two most prevalent patterns of relation between the parallel utterances that typically define each line of verse. There is often *narrative progression* from the first half of the line to the second; still more commonly, one encounters an *intensification* or *focusing* of assertion between the parallel members, images, acts, and ideas, which get stronger, sharper, more concrete, more specific as they are repeated in approximate synonymity. These two patterns of semantic movement within the line are very often projected forward through a sequence of lines, and so become structuring principles in the poem. God's speech instructively embodies both structural patterns, first progression and then intensification.

In order to understand how the concluding poem in Job works so remarkably as a "revelation," in both the ordinary and the theological senses of the term, it is important to see in detail how its language and imagery flow directly out of the poetic argument that has preceded. I shall quote in full the first two movements of cosmogony and meteorology, then refer without full citation to the naturalistic zoology before attending to the mythopoeic zoology at the end. (The translations throughout are my own.)

2 Who is this darkening counsel
in words without knowledge?
3 Gird up your loins like a man,
I'll ask you, and you may inform Me.
4 Where were you when I founded earth?
Tell, if you know understanding.
5 Who set its measures, do you know?
Or who stretched the line upon it?
6 In what were its bases sunk,
or who laid its cornerstone,
7 When the morning stars sang together,
all the sons of God shouted for joy?
8 Hedged the sea in with doors,
when it gushed forth from the womb,
9 When I made cloud its clothing,
deep mist its swaddling bands,
10 Placed on it breakers as My limit,
set up bolt and doors.
11 I said, "Thus far come, no farther,
here halt the surge of your waves."
12 Did you ever muster the morning,
appoint dawn to its place,

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13 To seize the corners of the earth,
that the wicked be shaken from it?
14 It turns like sealing clay
till fixed like [the hues of] a garment.*[1]
15 Their light is withheld from the wicked,
the upraised arm is broken.
16 Have you come to the depths of the sea,
at the ends of the deep walked about?
17 Have the gates of death been shown you,
the gates of gloom have you seen?
18 Can you take in the breadth of the earth?
Tell, if you know it all.
19 Where is the way light dwells,
and darkness, where is its place,
20 That you may take it to its home,
understand the paths to its house?
21 You know, for you were then born,
the number of your days is great.
22 Have you come into the storehouse of snows,
the storehouse of hail have you seen,
23 Which I set aside for time of strife,
the day of war and battle?
24 By what way is the west wind[2] spread,
the east wind whipped across earth?
25 Who cut the torrent a channel,
a way for the thunderstorm?
26 To rain upon land without man,
wilderness without human soul,
27 To sate the wild wasteland,
and make the grass sprout there?
28 Does the rain have a father,
or who sired the drops of dew?
29 From whose belly did the ice come forth,
to the frost of heaven who gave birth?
30 Like stone water congeals,
the face of the deep locks hard.
31 Can you tie bands to the Pleiades,
or loose Orion's reins?
32 Can you bring out Mazarot in season,
conduct the Bear with its cubs?
33 Do you know the laws of the heavens,
can you fix their rule on earth?
34 Can you lift your voice to the cloud,
and the water-spate covers you?
35 Can you order the lightning to go,
make it say, "Here I am"?
36 Who put wisdom in the hidden parts,*
who gave the mind understanding?
37 Who told the heavens in wisdom,
the bottles of the heavens who tipped down?
38 When dust melts to a mass,
and clods clump together.

AT THE very beginning of the poetic argument in the book of Job, the great death-wish poem that takes up all of Chapter 3, we enter the world of Job's inner torment. Now these first thirty-seven lines of God's response to Job constitute a brilliantly pointed reversal, in structure, image, and theme, of that initial poem of Job's. Perhaps the best way to sense the special weight of the disputation is to observe that it is cast in the form of a clash between two modes of poetry, one kind spoken by man and, however memorable, appropriate to his creaturely condition, the other the kind of verse a poet of genius could persuasively imagine God speaking.

The poem of Chapter 3 advances through a process of focusing in and in—or to shift metaphors, a relentless drilling inward toward the unbearable core of Job's suffering, which he imagines can be blotted out by extinction alone. The external world—dawn and sunlight and starry night—exists in these lines only to be cancelled. Job's first poem is a powerful, evocative, authentic expression of man's essential, virtually ineluctable egotism: the anguished speaker has seen, so he feels, all too much, and he wants now to see nothing at all, to be enveloped in the blackness of the womb/tomb, enclosed by dark doors that will remain shut forever.

In direct contrast to all this withdrawal inward and turning out of lights, God's poem is a demonstration of the energizing power of panoramic vision. Instead of the death wish, it affirms from line to line the splendor and vastness of life, beginning with a cluster of arresting images of the world's creation and going on to God's sustaining of the world in the forces of nature and in the variety of the animal kingdom. Instead of a constant focusing inward toward darkness, this poem progresses through a grand sweeping movement that carries us over the length and breadth of the created world, from sea to sky to the unimaginable recesses where snow and winds are stored, to the lonely wastes and craggy heights where only the grass or the wildest of animals lives,

In Job's initial poem, various elements of the larger world are introduced only as reflectors or rhetorical tokens of his suffering. Here, when the world is seen through God's eyes, each item is evoked for its own sake, each existing thing having its own intrinsic and often strange beauty. In Chapter 3, Job wants to reduce time to nothing and contract space to the small dark compass of the locked womb. God's poem, by contrast, moves through aeons from creation to the inanimate forces of nature to the teeming life on earth and, spatially, in a series of metonymic links, from the uninhabited wasteland (verse 26) to the mountain habitat of the lion and the gazelle (the end of Chapter 38 and the beginning of Chapter 39) and the steppes where the wild ass roams.

This general turning of Job's first affirmation of death into an affirmation of life is minutely worked out in the language and imagery of the poem that God speaks. Job's initial poem begins by setting out the binary opposition between day and night, light and darkness, and then proceeds through an intensifying series of wishes that the light be swallowed up by darkness. By contrast, the opening verset of God's speech summons Job as someone "darkening counsel," and the em-

[1] An asterisk indicates a philological or textual problem in the Hebrew.

[2] I follow the new Jewish Publication Society translation here, which cites the Aramaic *'oria* as warrant for this rendering. The ordinary sense of the Hebrew *'or* is simply "light."

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phatic and repeated play with images of light and darkness in the subsequent lines makes it clear that this initial characterization of Job is a direct critique of his first speech and all that follows from it. (The allusion here to the poem in Chapter 3 is reinforced by the term God uses at the beginning of the second line in addressing Job, *géver*, "man," which also occurs at the beginning of Job's first poem when he curses "the night that said, 'A man is conceived!' " It is as though God were implying: you called yourself man, *géver*, now gird up your loins like a man and see if you can face the truth.) Job, the Voice from the Whirlwind suggests, has gotten things entirely skewed in regard to the basic ontological constituents of light and darkness. The two in fact exist in a delicate and powerful dialectic beyond the ken of man, and the balance between them is part of the unfathomable beauty of creation. This point is intimated in many of the first thirty-seven lines of the poem and made explicit in verses 19 and 20: "Where is the way light dwells, / and darkness, where is its place, // That you may take it to its home, / understand the paths to its house?"

Job in Chapter 3 prays for cloud and darkness to envelop the day he was born. Cloud and deep mist reappear here in a startlingly new context, as the matutinal blanket over the primordial seas, as the swaddling bands of creation (verse 9). Job wants "gloom" (*tzalmávet*) to cover his existence; here that term appears as part of a large cosmic picture not to be perceived with mere human eyes: "Have the gates of death been shown you, / the gates of gloom have you seen?" (verse 17). In the one explicitly moral point of theodicy made by the Voice from the Whirlwind (verses 12-15), the diurnal rhythm of light succeeding darkness is taken as both emblem and instrument of God's ferreting out of evildoers—an idea not present to the "Ecclesiastean" vision of Chapter 3, where evil and oppression are merely part of the anguished and futile cyclical movement of life.

It is not surprising that this particular passage should be terse and a little cryptic, for whatever God means to suggest about bringing wrongdoing to light, He is not invoking the simple moral calculus used so unquestioningly by Job's friends. Job in the ascending spirals of his pain-driven rhetoric seeks to summon all forms of darkness to eclipse forever the sun and moon and stars. In response God asks him whether he has any notion of what it means in amplitude and moral power to be able to muster the dawn (verse 12) and set the constellations in their regular motion (verses 31-33).

Perhaps the finest illustration of this nice match of meaning and imagery between the two poems is the beautiful counterbalance between the most haunting of Job's lines wishing for darkness and the most exquisite of God's lines affirming light. Job tries to conjure up an eternal starless night: "May its twilight stars go dark, / may it hope for light and find none, / may it not see the eyelids of the dawn" (3:9). God, near the beginning of His first discourse, evokes the moment when creation was completed in an image that has become justly famous in its own right but which is also, it should be observed, a counterimage to 3:9. "When the morning stars sang together, / all the sons of God shouted for joy" (verse 7). That is, instead of a night with no twilight stars, with no glimmer of dawn, the morning stars of creation exult. The emphasis in this line on song and shouts of joy also takes us back to the poem of Chapter 3, which begins with a triumphant cry on the night of conception—a cry Job wants to wish away—and proceeds to a prayer that no joyous exclamation come into that night (3:7).

Finally, the vestigially mythological "sons of God"—with the semantic breadth in Hebrew of "son," this does not imply biological filiation but something like "celestial company"—takes us back beyond Chapter 3 to the frame-story. There, of course, it is the Adversary who is the prominent and sinister member of "the sons of God." The discordant note he represents has been expunged here in this heavenly chorus of creation. What I am pointing to is not one of those contradictions of sources on which biblical scholarship has too often thrived, but a culminating moment in which the vision of the poet transcends the limited terms of the folk tale he has chosen to use.

THERE is a second set of key images in the first movement of God's speech that harks back to Job's initial poem, and that is the imagery of physical generation and birth. Since this imagery, unlike light and darkness, which are literal substances of creation, is imposed metaphorically by the poet as a way of shaping the material, it provides even clearer evidence of how the poem in Chapter 38 is purposefully articulated as a grand reversal of the poem in Chapter 3. Job's first speech begins with birth and conception and circles back on the belly or womb where he would like to be enclosed, where he imagines the fate of the dead fetus as the happiest of human lots. Against those "doors of the belly" (3:10) that Job wants shut on him forever, the Voice from the Whirlwind invokes a cosmic womb and cosmic doors to a very different purpose: "[He] hedged the sea in with doors, / when it gushed forth from the womb" (verse 8). This figuration of setting limits to the primal sea as closing doors on a gushing womb produces a high tension of meaning absent from Job's unequivocal death wish. The doors are closed and bolted (verse 10) so that the flood will not engulf the earth, but nevertheless the waves surge, the womb of all things pulsates, something is born—a sense made clear in the incipiently narrative development of the womb image into the next line (verse 9), where in a metaphor unique in biblical poetry the primordial mists over the surface of the deep are called swaddling bands.

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One might note that in the anticipations of this passage in Job's speech (e.g., 9:4-9) there are allusions to the Canaanite cosmogonic myth of a triumph by force over an archaic sea monster, while in God's own words that martial story is set aside, or at the very least left in the distant background, so that the cosmogony can be rendered instead in terms of procreation. What we are invited to imagine in this fashion is creation not as the laying low of a foe but as the damming up and channeling of powers nevertheless allowed to remain active.

The poet uses a rather unexpected verb, "to hedge in," in order to characterize this activity of holding back the womb of the sea, and that is a double allusion, to God's protective "hedging round" of Job mentioned in the frame-story, and to Job's bitter complaint toward the end of his first poem of having been "hedged in" by God. The verb, in its various conjugations, is nowhere else in the Bible used for the closing of doors but generally suggests a shading or sheltering act, as with a wing or canopy. The Creator, that is, at the end of Job, is actively blocking off, bolting in, the surge of the sea, but the word carries after it a long train of associations having to do with protection and nurture, so that the negative sense of the verb in Chapter 3 is in a way combined with the positive sense in which the frame-story uses it. What results is a virtual oxymoron, expressing a paradoxical feeling that God's creation involves a necessary holding in check of destructive forces and a sustaining of those same forces because they are also forces of life. One sees in a single compact phrase how the terms of God's poetry—which is to say, ultimately, His imagination of the world—transcend the terms of Job's poetry and that of the friends.

When the poem moves on—as I have suggested, in an implicitly narrative movement—from cosmogony to meteorology, birth imagery is once more introduced. First Job is challenged sarcastically, "You know, for you were then born" (verse 21), which, in addition to the ultimate allusion to the beginning of the poem in Chapter 3 where Job rues the day of his birth, sounds quite like Eliphaz's words to Job in Chapter 15 ("Were you the first man born?"). The crucial difference is that instead of being a rhetorical ploy, this address is set against a background of cosmic uterine pulsations and leads into a thick cluster of birth images a few lines down (verses 28-29), so that we quickly grasp the ontological contrast between Job, a man born of woman in time, and the principle of generation infinitely larger than man that informs nature.

The two lines that articulate this principle richly develop the implications of the birth imagery in a characteristically biblical fashion:

Does the rain have a father,
or who sired the drops of dew?
From whose belly did the ice come forth,
to the frost of heaven who gave birth?

In each of these two lines we are carried forward from agent (father) or agency (belly) to the active process of procreation (sired, gave birth—in the Hebrew, two different conjugations of the same verb). Between the first line and the second, what amounts to a biological focusing of the birth image is carried out as we go from the father, the inseminator who is the proximate cause of birth, to the mother, in whose body the actual birth is enacted. The interlinear parallelism of this couplet also plays brilliantly with the two opposed states of water, first liquid and falling or condensing, then frozen. In the first line, the flaunted inapplicability of the birth imagery is a result of multiplicity: how could one imagine anyone fathering the countless millions of raindrops or dewdrops? In the second line, the incongruity—which is to say, the chasm between man's small world and God's vast world—is a more shocking one (still another intensifying development) as the poet's language forces us to imagine the unimaginable, great hunks of ice coming out of the womb. Figurative language is used here to show the limits of figuration itself, which, in the argumentative thrust of the poem, means the limits of the human imagination.

The immediately following line (verse 30) is a focusing development of this ice imagery: "Like stone water congeals, / the face of the deep locks hard." The tension of opposites that is at the heart of God's vision of the world is strongly felt here: fluid and stone-hard solid, white-frozen surface and watery depths. Having reached this point, the poet lays aside birth imagery, and after three lines devoted to the stars concludes the whole meteorological segment with a focusing development of the phenomena of natural precipitation we have just observed in verses 28-30, which themselves cap a whole sequence on snow and rain that begins with verse 22. There remains, of course, an implicit connection between fructification or birth and rain, as anyone living in the Near Eastern climate and topography would be readily aware, and as verse 27 reminds us quite naturalistically and verse 28 reminds us by a sort of riddling paradox (no one is the father of the rain, but the rain is the father of life). In any case, the concluding four lines of our segment—putting aside verse 36, whose meaning is uncertain—offer an image of downpour on parched land that is, at least by implication, a final turn of the screw in the poetic rejoinder to Chapter 3. In Job's initial poem the only water anywhere in evidence is the salt water of tears (3:24), and clouds are mentioned only as a means to cover up the light. It is surely appropriate that God should now challenge Job to make lightning leap from the thickness of the cloud, and that in His cosmic realm, as against Job's rhetorical realm, the mean-

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ing of clouds is not darkness but a source of water to renew the earth with life.

THE rest of God's speech—the second half of the first discourse and virtually all of the second discourse—is then devoted to a poetic panorama of the animal life that covers the earth. The sequence of beasts, like the movement of the poem through space via metonymic links, is loosely associative but also instructive: lion, raven, mountain goat and gazelle, wild ass, wild ox, ostrich, war horse, hawk, and eagle. The first two and the last two creatures in the sequence are beasts of prey whose native fierceness in effect frames the wildness of the whole catalogue. The sequence begins, that is, with an image of the lion crouching in ambush for its prey (38:39-40), determined to sate its keen appetite; and the sequence closes with this striking evocation of the eagle seeking food for its brood: "From there [the mountain crag] he spies out food, / from afar his eyes discern. // His fledglings gulp blood; / wherever the slain are, there is he" (39:29-30).

This concluding poem in Job is probably one of the most unsentimental poetic treatments of the animal world in the Western literary tradition and, at least at first thought, a little surprising coming from the mouth of the Lord. But the violence and, even more, the peculiar beauty of violence, are precisely the point of God's visionary rejoinder to Job. The animal realm is a nonmoral realm, but the sharp paradoxes it embodies make us see the inadequacy of any merely human moral calculus—not only that of the friends, learned by rote, but even Job's, spoken out of the integrity of suffering. In the animal kingdom, the tender care for one's young may well mean their gulping the blood of freshly slain creatures. It is a daily rite of sustaining life that defies all moralizing anthropomorphic interpretation. And yet, the series of rhetorical questions to Job suggests, God's providence looks after each of these strange, fierce, inaccessible creatures. There is an underlying continuity between this representation of the animal world and the picture of inanimate nature in 38:2-38, with its sense of terrific power abiding in the natural world, fructification and destruction as alternative aspects of the same imponderable forces.

That continuity is reinforced by the carry-over of images of procreation from the cosmogonic and meteorological sections of the poem to the zoological section. In the two former instances, as we just saw, the language of parturition and progeny is first metaphoric and then both metaphoric and heavily ironic; among the animals, it becomes quite literal. The raven at the beginning of this section (38:41), the eagle at the end, are seen striving to fulfill the needs of their young. Immediately after the raven, the birth process and early growth of the mountain goat and gazelle are given detailed attention:

Do you know the time when the mountain goat gives birth,
  do you mark the birth pangs of the gazelles?
Do you number the months till they come to term,
  do you know the time when they give birth?
They couch, they push out their young,
  in the throes of labor.
Their offspring batten, grow large in the wild,
  go off and do not return.
(39:1-4)

The emphasis on time here in conjunction with the evocation of birth brings us back in still another strong antithesis to Job's wish in Chapter 3 that he could wipe out his birth. There he curses the night of his conception by saying, "Let it not come into the number of months" (3:6). Here, in God's poem, that same phrase (with the minor morphological shift in the Hebrew of "number" from noun to verb) recurs as an instance of how time becomes a medium of fruition under the watchful gaze of the divine Maker of natural order. Reproduction and nurturing are the very essence of a constantly self-renewing creation as the poet imagines it. But even the universal principle of generation is not free from uncanny contradiction, as the strange case of the ostrich (39:13-18) suggests. That peculiar bird, at least according to the ornithological lore on which the poet drew, abandons her eggs in the dirt, unmindful of the danger that they may be trampled underfoot by wild beasts, "For God deprived her of wisdom, / gave her no share of understanding" (13:17). Nature for the Job poet is not a Newtonian clock operating with automatic mechanisms. The impulse to reproduce and nurture life depends upon God's imbuing each of His creatures with the instinct or "wisdom" to carry it out properly. If the universal Provider of life chooses in any case to withhold His understanding—as Job himself is said to lack wisdom and understanding—things can go awry.

In both structure and thematic assertion, Chapters 38-41 are a great diastolic movement, responding to the systolic movement of Chapter 3. The poetics of suffering in Chapter 3 seeks to contract the whole world to a point of extinction, and it generates a chain of images of enclosure and restriction. The poetics of providential vision in the speech from the storm conjures up horizon after expanding horizon, each populated with a new form of life. Thus, in the second segment of the zoological panorama (38:5-12, though in fact cued by 38:4), we see a parade of animals moving outward into the wild, far beyond the yokes and reins of man: first the young of the mountain goats and gazelles, heading out into the open, then the onager and the wild ox that will never be led into a furrow. In Chapter 3, only in the grave do prisoners "no longer hear the taskmaster's voice" (3:17) and only there is "the slave free of his master" (3:18). But this, God's rejoinder im-

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plies, is a civilization-bound, hobbled perception of reality, for nature abounds in images of freedom: "Who set the wild ass free, / who undid the bonds of the onager, // Whose home I made in the steppes, / his dwelling-place the salt land? // He scoffs at the bustle of the city, / the shouts of the taskmaster he does not hear" (39:5-7).

God chooses for His response to Job the arena of creation, not the court of justice, the latter being the most insistent recurrent metaphor in Job's argument after Chapter 3. And it is, moreover, a creation that barely reflects the presence of man, a creation where human concepts of justice have no purchase. We are accustomed to think of the radicalism of the challenge to God in the book of Job, but it should be recognized that, against the norms of biblical literature, God's response is no less radical than the challenge. Elsewhere in the Bible, man is the crown of creation, little lower than the angels, expressly fashioned to rule over nature. Perhaps that is why there is so little descriptive nature poetry in the Bible: the natural world is of scant interest in itself; it engages a poet's imagination only insofar as it reflects man's place in the scheme of things or serves his purposes. But in the uniquely vivid descriptive poetry of Job 38-41, the natural world is valuable for itself, and man, far from standing at its center, is present only by implication, peripherally and impotently, in this welter of fathomless forces and untamable beasts.

THE most elaborately described as well as the most arresting member of the bestiary in the first discourse is the war horse. Few readers of the poem would want to give up these splendid lines, though some have wondered what this evocation of the snorting stallion has to do with Job's predicament. Indeed, some have suspected that the vignette of the war horse, like the clearly related portraits of the hippopotamus and the crocodile in the next two chapters, is really a sort of descriptive set-piece which the poet brought in because he knew he could do it so well. It seems to me on the contrary that all three beasts are intrinsically connected with the vision of creation that is God's response to Job's questioning.

The stallion enters the poem through a verbal clue: if the foolish ostrich only had wisdom, we are told, it would soar into the sky and "scoff at the horse and its rider" (39:18). This moves us directly into a consideration of the horse, which occupies the penultimate position in the first bestiary before the concluding image of the eagle that will bring us back to the initial picture of wild creatures caring for their young:

Do you give the horse his might,
  do you clothe his neck with a mane?
Do you make him shake like locusts,
  his majestic snorting—terror?
He churns up the valley, exults in power,
  goes out toward the weapons.
He scoffs at fear, is undismayed,
  turns not back from the sword.
Arrows by the quiverful rattle past him,
  the flash of spear and lance.
With clamor and clatter he swallows up ground,
  swerves not at the trumpet's blast.
As the trumpet sounds, he says, "Aha!"
  From afar he sniffs battle,
    the roaring of captains, their shouts.
(39:19-25)

The passage is a rich interweave of heightening maneuvers and narrative developments between versets and between lines, as the war horse itself is the vivid climactic image of the story the poet has to tell about the animal kingdom—before, that is, Behemoth and Leviathan, who, as we shall see, are a climax beyond the climax. In other words, we perceive the stallion narratively, first snorting and pawing the ground, then dashing into the thick of battle; and we see, for example, his whole body aquiver in a first verset, then a startling focus in the second verset on his nostrils snorting terror. The stallion is a concrete embodiment of contradictions held in high tension, in keeping with the whole vision of nature that has preceded. Though fiercer than the onager and the wild ox, he allows his great power to be subjected to the uses of man; yet, as he is described, he gives the virtual impression of joining in battle of his own free will, for his own pleasure.

It would be naive to conclude from these lines that the poet was interested in promoting martial virtues, but the evoked scene of mayhem does convey a sense that a terrible beauty is born and an awesome energy made manifest in the heat of war. These qualities are continuous with the ravening lion who began the bestiary and with the meteorological poetry before it in which lightning leapt from the cloud and the Lord stored up cosmic weapons in the treasure houses of snow and hail.

To be sure, the whole zoological section of the poem is meant to tell Job that God's tender mercies are over all His creatures, but tonally and imagistically this revelation comes in a great storm rather than in a still, small voice, for the Providence portrayed is over a world that defies comfortable moral categorizings. The most crucial respect in which such defiance makes itself felt is in the immense, imponderable play of power that is seen to inform creation. The world is a constant cycle of life-renewing and nurturing life, but it is also a constant clash of warring forces. This is neither an easy nor a direct answer to the question of why the good man should suffer, but the imposing vision of a harmonious order to which violence is nevertheless intrinsic and where destruction is part of creation is meant to confront Job with the limits of his moral imagination, a moral imagination far more honest but only somewhat less conventional than that of the friends.

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The strange and wonderful description of the hippopotamus and the crocodile, which after the introductory verses of challenge (40:7-14) takes up all of the second discourse, then makes those limits even more sharply evident.

These two culminating images of the speech from the storm reflect the distinctive poetic logic for the development of meanings that can be observed on both small scale and large in biblical poetry. The movement one so often finds between the two halves of a line from literal to figurative, from verisimilar to hyperbolic, from general assertion to focused concrete image, is precisely the movement that carries us from the catalogue of beasts to Behemoth and Leviathan. The war horse, who is the most striking item in the general catalogue and the one also given the most attention quantitatively (seven lines), is a waystation in the rising line of semantic intensity that terminates in Behemoth and Leviathan. The stallion is a familiar creature but already uncanny in the beauty of the power he represents. From this point, the poet moves on to two exotic animals whose habitat is the banks of the Nile—that is, far removed from the actual experience of the Israelite audience and even farther from that of the fictional auditor, Job, whose homeland is presumably somewhere to the east of Israel. The listener, that is, may have actually glimpsed a war horse or a lion or mountain goat, but the hippopotamus and crocodile are beyond his geographical reach and cultural ken, and he would most likely have heard of them through travelers' yarns and the fabulation of folklore.

The hippopotamus is given ten lines of vivid description that place him on the border between the natural and the supernatural. Not a single detail is mythological, but everything is rendered with hyperbolic intensity, concluding in the strong assertion that no hook can hold him (the Egyptians used hooked poles to hunt the hippopotamus). The evocation of the crocodile is then accorded thirty-three lines, and it involves a marvelous fusion of precise observation, hyperbole, and mythological heightening of the real reptile, and thus becomes a beautifully appropriate climax to the whole poem.

What is stressed in the description of the hippopotamus is the paradoxical union of pacific nature—he is a herbivore, seen peacefully resting in the shade of lotuses on the riverbank—and terrific power, against which no human sword could prevail. (Thus, whether or not hippopotami could actually be captured is not important, for the poet needs to drive home the point that this awesome beast is both literally and figuratively beyond man's grasp.) And with strategic effectiveness, the notion of muscular power—bones like bronze, limbs like iron rods—is combined with a striking emphasis on sexual potency, thus extending the images of generation and birth of the first discourse:

Look, his power is in his loins,
  his potency in the muscles of his belly.
He makes his member[3] stand like a cedar,
  the sinews of his testicles knit together.
(40:16-17)

BIBLICAL poetry in general, certainly when measured by the standard of Greek epic verse, is not very visual, or rather is visual only in momentary flashes and sudden climactic developments. But the description of the crocodile is exceptionally striking in its sustained visual force, in keeping with its role as the culmination of this long, impressive demonstration of God's searching vision contrasted to man's purblind view. I shall translate the last twenty-nine lines of the poem, which follow the initial assertion that Leviathan, like Behemoth, is impervious to every hook and snare and every scheme of being subjected to domestication. The line numbers reflect verse numbers in Chapter 41, beginning with verse 5:

5 Who can uncover his outer garb,
  come into his double mail?
6 Who can pry open the doors of his face,
  all around his teeth is terror.
7 His back is rows of shields,
  closed in a tight seal,
8 One touching the next,
  no breath could come between them.
9 Each cleaves to the next,
  locked together, they will not part.
10 His sneezes flash light,
  his eyes are like the eyelids of the dawn.
11 Firebrands leap from his mouth,
  fiery sparks fly off.
12 From his nostrils smoke comes forth,
  like a boiling pot on brushwood.
13 His breath kindles coals,
  flame comes out of his mouth.
14 Strength dwells in his neck,
  before him violence dances.
15 The folds of his flesh cling together,
  hard-cast, he will not totter.
16 His heart is cast hard as stone,
  cast hard as the nether millstone.
17 When he rears, the gods quail,
  when he crashes down, they cringe.
18 No sword that reached him could stand,
  neither spear, nor dart, nor lance.
19 Iron he deems as straw,
  and bronze as rotten wood.
20 No arrow can make him flee,
  against him, slingstones turn straw.
21 Missiles* are deemed mere straw,
  he mocks the javelin's clatter.
22 His underside jagged shards,
  he spreads a harrow over mud.
23 He makes the deep seethe like a cauldron,
  he turns sea to an ointment pan.

[3] The Hebrew word literally means "tail," but the context of the two lines makes compelling the suggestion of several commentators that here it is a euphemism for the phallus.

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24 Behind him glistens a wake,
he makes the depths seem hoary.
25 He has no match on earth,
made as he is without fear.
26 All that is lofty he sees,
he is king over all proud beasts.

The power of the crocodile is suggested both through a heightening of the descriptive terms and through a certain narrative movement. First we get the real beast's awesome teeth and impenetrable armor of scales, then a mythologizing depiction of him breathing smoke and fire and sneezing sparks of light. At the same time, the series of challenging interrogatives that has controlled the rhetoric of the divine discourse from the beginning of Chapter 38 glides into declaratives, starting in verse 7, as the poem moves toward closure.

As elsewhere, the poet works with an exquisite sense of the descriptive needs at hand and of the structural continuities of the poem and the book. The peculiar emphasis on fire and light in the representation of the crocodile takes us back to the cosmic imagery of light in God's first discourse, to the lightning leaping from the cloud, and beyond that to Job's initial poem in Chapter 3. In fact, the remarkable and celebrated phrase, "eyelids of the dawn," which, in Chapter 3, Job wants never to be seen again, recurs here to characterize the light flashing from the crocodile's eyes.[4] This makes us draw a pointed connection and at the same time shows how the poet's figurative language dares to situate rare beauty in the midst of power and terror and strangeness.

The implicit narrative development of the description takes us from a vision of the head, armor plate, and body of the beast (verses 5-16), to a picture of him rearing up and crashing down, brushing off all assailants, and then churning out of our field of vision, leaving behind a foaming wake that, like his mouth and eyes, shines (verses 17-24). If the language of sea (*yam*) and deep (*tehom, metzulah*) rather than of river water predominates in this final segment, that is in part because of the associations of the mythic Lotan with those terms and that habitat, but also because this vocabulary carries us back to the cosmogonic beginning of God's speech (see in particular 38:16). Job's merely human vision could not penetrate the secrets of the deep, and now at the end we have before our mind's eye the magnificent, ungraspable beast who lives in the deep, who is master of all creatures of land and sea, who from his own quite unimaginable perspective "sees" all that is lofty. Leviathan is nature mythologized, for that is the poet's way of conveying the truly uncanny, the truly inscrutable, in nature; but he remains part of nature, for if not it would make little sense for the poem to conclude, "he is king over all proud beasts."

By now, I would hope it has become clear what on earth descriptions of a hippopotamus and a crocodile are doing at the end of the Book of Job. Obviously there can be no direct answer to Job's question as to why, having been a decent and God-fearing man, he should have lost all his sons and daughters, his wealth, and his health. Job's own poetry is an instrument for probing, against the stream of the friends' platitudes, the depths of his understandable sense of outrage over what befell him. God's poetry enables Job to glimpse beyond his human plight an immense world of power and beauty and awesome warring forces. This world is permeated with God's ordering concern but, as the vividness of the verse makes clear, it presents to the human eye a welter of contradictions, dizzying variety, energies, and entities that man cannot take in.

Job surely does not have the sort of answer he expected, but he has a strong answer of another kind. Now at the end he will no longer presume to want to judge the Creator, having been brought through God's tremendous poetry to realize that creation can perhaps be sensed but not encompassed by the mind—like that final image of the crocodile already whipping away from our field of vision, leaving behind only a shining wake for us to see. If Job in his first response to the Lord (40:2, 4-5) merely confesses that he cannot hope to contend with God and will henceforth hold his peace, in his second response (42:2-6), after the conclusion of the second divine speech, he humbly admits that he has been presumptuous, has in fact "obscured counsel" about things he did not understand. Referring more specifically to the impact of God's visionary poem, he announces that he has been vouchsafed a gift of sight—the glimpse of an ungraspable creation surging with the power of its Creator: "By what the ear hears I had heard You, / but now my eyes have seen You."

[4] Some modern translations render this as "glimmerings of the dawn," which has the advantage of smoothness, but the Hebrew word in question does elsewhere mean eyelids, and I see no persuasive reason not to read it as a bold metaphor for the first gleam of light.

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Liberalism, Stanford-Style

Tom Bethell

THE details soon get complicated, but in broad outline the recent dispute between the Hoover Institution and Stanford University is fairly straightforward: a somewhat conservative institution, set in the midst of an increasingly liberal university, and largely independent of it, has been growing in influence and since 1980 has had friends in the White House, including the President. A segment of the Stanford faculty has not been enthusiastic about these developments, and some of the faculty have sought to limit Hoover's influence, or to bring it under Stanford's control. Others, recognizing that Hoover's prestige in part derives from its association with Stanford, would like to terminate the association altogether. In the end, these attempts may have backfired.

Compounding the problem, President Reagan has suggested that his presidential papers and library be housed at Stanford. (His gubernatorial and transition papers are already at the Hoover Institution library.) The precedent of John F. Kennedy's association with Harvard notwithstanding, some Stanford professors objected vigorously to any association with Reagan. Red buttons began appearing on campus, showing the Hoover tower over the caption: Ronald Reagan University.

Perhaps the real message underlying the petitions, statements, counterpetitions, and buttons that multiplied on the Palo Alto campus in 1983 can be summarized as follows: universities are in the business of disseminating ideas but first they must decide which ideas to disseminate. In America's elite academic institutions, it was assumed that this battle had already been fought and won. By and large, those ideas would be liberal, as that term is currently understood in America. (In Europe, the word is leftist.) Thus the thriving presence of the Hoover Institution of War, Revolution, and Peace on the Stanford campus was felt, by some, to be an irritant sorely in need of a remedy.

Stanford University has not always been hostile to conservative ideas, or to conservative Presidents. "Campus Honors Hoover on Eve of Victory," the Stanford *Daily* reported after Herbert Hoover's 1928 election. Described as "Stanford's most famous son" by the student newspaper, the new President had been a member of the university's first graduating class (1895), and in 1919 he had founded the Hoover Institution with a $50,000 grant. Its purpose was to build "an historical collection of the Great War." Soon additional grants were made, and valuable documents on revolutionary movements, particularly in Germany and Russia, were acquired. Today the Hoover library includes many rare and irreplaceable items. Soviet officials have had to copy Hoover documents in order to complete their own files (of *Pravda*, for example). Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, an honorary Hoover fellow, occasionally drops in to continue his own researches into the Bolshevik Revolution.

The Hoover tower on the Stanford campus was completed in 1941, and in 1959 Herbert Hoover himself appointed W. Glenn Campbell, then a thirty-four-year-old former research director of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, to be director of the growing institution. Today, in addition to overseeing Hoover's operations, its $9-million annual budget and its $65-million endowment, its 175-member staff and its 70 fellows, Campbell is chairman of the Board of Regents of the University of California, and chairman of the Intelligence Oversight Board. Both appointments were made by his friend Ronald Reagan, pictures of whom adorn the walls of Campbell's office on the eleventh floor of the Hoover tower.

The relationship between Hoover and Stanford is complex. Hoover is formally a part of the university, receiving $2.7 million a year from Stanford for its library. Yet Stanford does not control Hoover. The Hoover family drew up the incorporating documents in a way that was intended to make encroachment by the university difficult. In particular, the Stanford provost, faculty, and board of trustees have little control over Campbell's appointments to research positions. And there is no tenure at Hoover, which gives Campbell a freer hand than most university presidents enjoy.

Among Hoover's senior, honorary, and research fellows are such well-known figures as Milton Friedman, Thomas Sowell, Friedrich Hayek, Kenneth Arrow, Sidney Hook, Seymour Martin Lipset, and Edward Teller. A few of these call themselves socialists or liberals, but it is hard to deny that Hoover includes more conservatives and libertari-

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ans than would be found in a randomly chosen academic body of comparable size; and noticeably fewer leftists. On the other hand, last May, Lipset, who holds a joint appointment as a Hoover senior fellow and as a professor in Stanford's political-science department, wrote an op-ed piece for the Stanford *Daily* pointing out that, out of "the core group of scholars in residence at Hoover," eleven were Democrats, ten were Republicans, three independent, and one a foreigner. (Among sociologists and political scientists at Hoover, he found nine Democrats and three Republicans.)

Clearly, Hoover administrators are right when they point out that the philosophical outlook of the institution more nearly reflects that of the country as a whole than does Stanford University. Voting precincts on campus have shown that "Stanford voters are a solidly liberal pocket in a conservative state," as the Stanford *Daily* put it. In November 1982, "the Democratic candidates, all of whom won, received a consistent 70 to 75 percent of the campus vote." And a nuclear-freeze initiative, which passed by 4 percentage points statewide, won 83 percent of the campus vote. In 1972, 78 percent of the faculty voted for George McGovern. Less than 25 percent voted for Reagan in 1980.

THE opening shot in the recent Stanford-Hoover war was heard in April 1983, when John Manley, a professor of political science, and Ronald Rebholz, a professor of English, began circulating a petition calling for an inquiry into the "activities" of Hoover and its "relationship" to the university. A similar petition was circulated among students. An ad-hoc campus group explained that "the existence of a politically partisan research institute, whether liberal or conservative, within a leading university, raises grave questions concerning academic independence and Stanford's national reputation."

It was further asserted that Hoover is a "two-tiered organization" with a "conservative inner core" of advocates who were legitimized by an "outer ring" of academics, "most of whom are Stanford professors." Hoover was also said to have created a "two-class professoriat" within Stanford's political-science department; some received research funds and other "benefits" from Hoover, while others did not. Finally, the petitioners claimed, Hoover's "widely recognized promotion of the Reagan candidacy and the Republican party generally" threatened Stanford's (and Hoover's) tax-exempt status.

The faculty petition garnered 84 signatures (but only 76 names have been made public)—more than enough to put its complaints on the agenda of Stanford's Faculty Senate, an elected body of professors representing the entire faculty of 1,200. The student petition was allegedly signed by about 1,500 out of a total student body of 13,000.

Easily the largest group of faculty signers came from the English department—17 out of the 76 published names. (Eight were from political science, seven from mechanical engineering, six from education, and five each from law, anthropology, and genetics.) Admittedly, one of the petition's organizers was from the English department, but Hoover administrators also point out that in the past decade the number of Stanford students enrolled in English has declined considerably. (There were 397 undergraduate English majors in 1970-71, and 220 in 1979-80. Graduate majors declined from 103 to 65 in the same period.) At the same time, the English faculty (on a full-time equivalent basis) increased by 26 percent. Perhaps it is true that those who fail to meet a "market" test—and obviously English professors must compete with their academic peers for the attention of students—whether in a university or society at large, are those most likely to seek the increasingly politicized existence that seems to be the goal of current liberal ideology.

Within a couple of weeks, a counterpetition was circulating on campus, organized by the chairman of the French and Italian department, Alphonse Juilland, and by John McCarthy, professor of computer science. This one noted that "Stanford's investigation of Hoover could trigger similar investigations [elsewhere], resulting in a generalized witch-hunt, with liberals trying to track down conservative bias, while conservatives would strive to oppose liberal prejudice."

As for the claim that Hoover was to be investigated for having a political as opposed to a specifically conservative bias, that struck the counterpetitioners as "disingenuous." And they further agreed that "Hoover's ties with the Reagan administration disturb us no more than the preeminent role played by Harvard professors in the Kennedy administration some time ago, when no requests were made that Harvard be investigated for services rendered to the country's government." Though this second petition was signed by 131 professors, or 47 more than the first, the number of signatories does not reflect the proportion of sentiment on campus; Manley and Rebholz stress that they mainly wanted to collect enough signatures to submit a resolution to the Faculty Senate, and could undoubtedly have collected many more.

Manley has said many times that he was galvanized into action by the Hoover Institution's 1982 annual report, "a document that could have been written by the Republican National Committee." "In it are no fewer than five pictures of Ronald Reagan together with Hoover-connected photographs of virtually the entire top leadership of the Reagan administration: Edwin Meese III, Caspar Weinberger, Donald T. Regan, William French Smith, Philip C. Habib, former top domestic policy adviser Martin Anderson (now returned to Hoover as a senior fellow), and a number

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of others." Manley and Rebholz also noted that President Reagan was quoted in the report as saying: "Under the leadership of your able director Glenn Campbell, and with hard work and diligence, you built the knowledge base that made the changes now taking place in Washington possible."

A Hoover senior fellow, George Marotta, has pointed out that the annual report, like all such reports, "was primarily a p.r. document, not to be taken seriously." The stress on Hoover's ties to the Reagan administration was intended to appeal to potential donors, not to suggest that Hoover scholars take their orders from the White House. Nonetheless, Manley concluded in one of his frequent commentaries in campus publications that the existence of a research organization that "openly engages in a wide assortment of political activities . . . endangers the university's reputation as a nonpolitical, nonpartisan institution."

INDEED, Manley and Rebholz affect a high-minded disdain for ideology of any description. They say they are disturbed not by the nature of Hoover's outlook but by the fact of it. Asked about their own political biases, if any, Rebholz says that he is a "liberal Democrat" while Manley will only say that he is "not responsive to attempts to redirect the inquiry along that particular path." (Lipset, who knows Manley well, says that his colleague "read Marx at forty and became a radical.") Manley and Rebholz are fond of claiming that they would also circulate a petition against a proposed Franklin D. Roosevelt Institute of Peace and Compassion.

"Anyone who believes that belongs in Disneyland," says Alphonse Juilland, circulator of the counterpetition. Educated at the Sorbonne (where, in 1946, his main concern was where the next meal was coming from), he arrived in Palo Alto in the early 1960's and since then has often been astounded by the extent to which Stanford faculty and students take their luxurious, country-club campus, their unrivaled freedom, and (often) their personal prosperity so much for granted. "I think it is lack of experience for many of my colleagues," he said. "They have never really known anything else. And they have become ideologized. They design blueprints on blackboards. Make a mistake there and you can erase it. But in the real world people will kick back."

In the late 1960's, when free speech was often threatened at Stanford, as elsewhere, Juilland founded the Stanford Conservative Forum, thereby providing a platform for itinerant conservative speakers. Much careful planning would have to go into getting someone like William F. Buckley, Jr. to a microphone before he could be drowned out by catcalls and abuse from the academic audience. Juilland recalls one debate on energy policy between a liberal and a conservative in Dinkelspiel Auditorium, where he was not able to attend very carefully to the arguments. As a result of a bomb threat, he spent most of the debate clambering about the rafters underneath the podium, hunting for what the campus police described as a "pipe-like object."

The then president of Stanford, Richard Lyman, now president of the Rockefeller Foundation, told Juilland that the Conservative Forum was the only place on campus where genuine political debate could be heard at that time. Today, Juilland believes, there may be among the faculty a somewhat larger contingent of "closet conservatives," who will sign a petition in a pinch but are not naturally inclined toward political activism, as the leftists are. Moreover, they are easily intimidated by the specter of high-decibel leftist denunciation, which remains a predictable element of life at Stanford, as at other elite universities.

In 1971, at the time of the Dinkelspiel bomb scare, a tenured English professor and self-proclaimed Maoist named H. Bruce Franklin was dismissed from the Stanford faculty for urging protest groups to shut down the university computer center, for inciting violence on campus, and for disrupting a speech by Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. Sixty-two professors then signed a petition calling for Franklin's reinstatement; at least fifteen of the same names showed up once again on the Manley-Rebholz petition twelve years later. "It is interesting that Hoover's most outspoken critics also supported the Maoist group led by Franklin when he rampaged around the campus intimidating and threatening conservatives," Peter Duignan, a Hoover senior fellow, wrote recently in the Stanford *Campus Report*.

"If there was ever a time that academic freedom was jeopardized on this campus, that was it," recalls Juilland. "But everyone looked the other way then." One in particular who looked the other way when the Franklin case came before the Stanford faculty was a biology professor named Donald Kennedy, now president of the university. He served on an advisory board that voted 5-2 to dismiss Franklin, casting his own vote in favor of Franklin.

"Consider the record of some militant Stanford faculty and student activists during and since the Vietnam war," Peter Duignan continued in *Campus Report*:

> Riots, sit-ins, demonstrations, occupation of the president's office, storming and firing of Hoover buildings, intimidation of conservatives, refusing to let invited guests speak, periodic calls for the U.S. out of El Salvador, support of the Sandinistas, a committee to investigate companies doing business in South Africa, but not one demonstration or sit-in over Cambodia, Cuban refugees, boat people, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, no petitions or letters to get the Soviets or Cubans out of Angola. When was the last time you attended a Hoover-led demonstration, sit-in, or teach-in? Have you ever seen Milton Friedman

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lead an army of screaming yahoos in an attack on the president's office?

MANLEY argues that Hoover's presence and autonomy undermine the "idea" of a university, which he describes as "nonpartisanship, objectivity, and a rejection of overt and covert political participation." But there have been a number of episodes recently indicating that Stanford itself may be far more politicized than Hoover.

One such case is that of Steven W. Mosher. A Stanford doctoral candidate in anthropology, Mosher spent nearly a year in Guangdong Province, China, in 1979-80, doing a "community study" of a village there. (Villages are now called "production brigades," apparently.) In 1983 the Stanford University anthropology department voted to dismiss Mosher because of what it called "seriously unethical conduct" in China, conduct that "seriously endangered his research subjects." Stanford has not made public its report on Mosher, who claims the department accepted hearsay and "transparent lies" from Peking, and the unsubstantiated allegations of his ex-wife, who, he says, threatened to "ruin [him] professionally."

Mosher says that he was dismissed because he published an article in Taiwan accusing the Chinese government of undertaking a program of forced abortion. Mosher also charges that Stanford caved in to political pressure from Peking, fearing that the university's anthropologists would not be allowed to return. The chairman of the anthropology department, Clifford Barnett (who signed the Manley-Rebholz petition), replies that Mosher has a "personality disorder" and that he has "tried the case in the press" to promote his new book, *Broken Earth: The Rural Chinese.**

In another case, a group of left-wing professors and students are pressuring the university to deny the use of Stanford's linear accelerator to scientists whose work might have military applications, despite agreements with the federal government to the contrary. (In this instance, the pressure is likely to fade away because it clearly jeopardizes the federal contracts and grants on which Stanford increasingly depends. In 1982 such contracts and grants amounted to $206 million, or 43 percent of the university's total operating expenditures.)

In the fall of 1983, a visitor to Stanford could hardly have avoided noticing further politicized and partisan activities on campus. On one day the former Congressman and presidential candidate John Anderson was invited to speak at three different campus locations to discuss the formation of his new National Unity party. On another day, the U.S. Rangers barely having completed their parachute descent onto Grenada, yellow leaflets were fluttering from campus lampposts and bulletin boards, exhorting students to "Protest Reagan's Invasion of Grenada!" Within forty-eighty hours of the landing, Stanford professors took to the lecture hall for a "teach-in" which amounted to a series of diatribes against the Reagan administration. "We should vote them out and get them out!" cried one professor. "It's up to us in the university to explain to the people a whole new way of looking at things—to change the conditions of the world so that we don't need to use force."

At the same time the curious observer might have noticed that the "Political Science" section of the Stanford bookstore included a "Radical Thought" subdivision housing the 39-volume set of the collected works of Marx and Engels (Progress Publishers, Moscow, 1982), but no "Conservative Thought" counterpart. Again, in the paperback department, works by Lenin, Antonio Gramsci, the Medvedevs, Marx, and Engels filled out another "Radical Thought" section. The remaining, presumably "non-radical," authors included Richard Barnet of the Institute for Policy Studies and Emma Goldman. Edmund Burke was nowhere to be seen.

The School of Education bulletin board contained posters appealing to students to "Demonstrate Your Opposition to Pershing 2 and Cruise Missiles: Rally, 12 Noon!" And a lecture on "Schooling and Socialism: Educational Reform in Tanzania" was clearly a forthcoming highlight. Robert Conquest, of Hoover, pointed out in a Stanford *Daily* column that "the university has a Feminist Studies program which by its very title is committed to a certain view of its subjects." Sidney Hook likewise inquired whether Stanford's "African and Afro-American Studies, the Center for Chicano Research, Feminist Studies, and the like should be looked into to determine if there is a 'consistent political line.' Is there not possibly a one-sided political bias in these quarters?"

Furthermore, there had been a Stanford migration to Washington after Jimmy Carter's election, but no protests were forthcoming from the political-science department then. On the contrary, campus papers had proudly taken note of their newly influential professors. These included the head of the Civil Rights Division at the Department of Justice, the director of the National Science Foundation, the president of the Legal Services Corporation, the president of the Institute of Medicine at the National Academy of Sciences, not to mention Donald Kennedy who, before becoming president of Stanford, served as a commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration under Jimmy Carter.

"The reason for the attack on the Hoover Institution appears to stem from the unwillingness of some Stanford liberals to share the campus with conservative scholars," noted the Pasadena *Star-News*. "Hoover's detractors have not come off very well in the debate," added the San Francisco

* Free Press, 317 pp., $17.95.

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Chronicle. (On the whole, the California press, the San Jose *Mercury* in particular, has been more sympathetic to Hoover than one might have anticipated. Even the Los Angeles *Times* said there was "no excuse for faculty members exercising poor judgment in calling for a politically motivated investigation that clouds their legitimate academic concerns.")

The Faculty Senate responded to the Manley-Rebholz petition (even though its signatories were then still secret) by urging Donald Kennedy "to consult with the board of trustees" and then appoint another committee to "explore and reassess the relations between Hoover and the university, including governance and appointment procedures." A committee of Stanford trustees was duly appointed, consisting of Kennedy; the president of Stanford's board of trustees, William Kimball; former Under Secretary of State Warren Christopher; and two others. Its mandate was vague—to "proceed as it may deem appropriate."

Hoover supporters worried that the crucial issue of Hoover's governance was now up for review by Stanford trustees. For its part, the anti-Hoover faction complained bitterly about the lack of "faculty representation" on the reviewing committee. But by this time, October 1983, a new issue was dominating the news, and the anti-Hooverites had a brand new target: the proposed Ronald Reagan Presidential Library Complex.

THRUST into prominence by their spring offensive against Hoover, Manley and his allies were well positioned to maintain the offensive in the fall. And they had an argument of sorts, generated by their earlier petition: how could Stanford be considering playing host to a Reagan library, when Reagan's relationship with Hoover had already generated controversy enough to create a committee that was "reassessing" Hoover's relationship with Stanford? Wouldn't it be better to put off considering the presidential library until such a reassessment was complete?

The Reagan Library Complex was a tripartite affair. It was proposed that there be not just a library for the presidential papers, but also a museum and a public-affairs center, the latter comparable to the one recently opened by President Carter at Emory University in Atlanta. Reagan's version would be a $40-million conference center to be administered (and here was the problem) by Hoover. Thus, it was said at Stanford, Hoover was using its relationship with the White House to engage in empire-building. Stanford officials conceded that they needed a new conference facility (and Hoover would do all the fund-raising to build it, too), but still, the feeling ran, why should *Hoover* get control of it?

The presidential library itself was not a real problem, as a majority of Stanford administrators and faculty agreed. Under the terms of the new Presidential Records Act of 1978, it would be administered, funded, and staffed by the General Services Administration. Hoover would have no part in running it. Moreover, its presence on campus would give Stanford researchers access, via computer, to the entire U.S. National Archives information network—and all at no cost to the university. Therefore, rational people not simply blinded by a hatred of Ronald Reagan could easily see that the library would be a major addition to the university.

In the summer Donald Kennedy appointed an "advisory group" to consider the proposed library complex. It was headed by James Rosse, a professor of economics, and its report, as might have been anticipated, recommended that the library and the public-affairs center be "decoupled." The Reagan library "could become a valuable academic resource" at Stanford, but the public-affairs center should be "better integrated into Stanford's process of academic governance." Translation: let us take the library, avoid the embarrassment of rejecting it, and postpone a decision on the public-affairs center until Stanford can be sure of wresting control of it from Hoover.

On the other hand, it was in Hoover's interest to keep the parts of the library complex firmly coupled. Then, if Stanford tried to reject the public-affairs center, the university would by the same token be exposed to the possibility of national embarrassment for turning down a presidential library.

Surprisingly enough, William Kimball, speaking for the Stanford trustees, had challenged the White House to take exactly such a course of action, in a letter to Edwin Meese dated October 13: ". . . a Center for Public Affairs to be administered by the Hoover Institution has little chance of approval by the trustees—even if it means that we cannot have the library or museum at Stanford."

In view of the fact that Ronald Reagan would not even be considering putting his library at Stanford or locating a public-affairs center there with his name on it if not for his earlier ties to Hoover, Meese's reply should have been easy to anticipate. "I was somewhat surprised by the tone of your letter," he wrote to Kimball on November 4. "Unilaterally ruling out the administrative role of the Hoover Institution . . . is tantamount to making the President 'an offer he cannot accept.' " There the matter now stands, still unresolved.

A FEW days before Meese's letter, in response to an invitation by the Rosse committee, about 200 Stanford professors had written public letters, airing their thoughts about the proposed arrival of Reagan's library on their campus. Reviewing this response before the Stanford Faculty Senate on October 27, Donald Kennedy remarked: "I am aware of no other subject during the last twenty years that has elicited such

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a faculty response. These letters form an impressive body of thoughtful opinion and advice." Yet many of the comments were so intemperate that they could not help damaging the cause of the anti-Hoover faction in the public eye.

For example, Lise Gerard, a librarian in the catalogue department, showed just how ideologically skewed thought on campus had become, and how far it had strayed from the most elementary understanding of academic research, when she wrote: "A Reagan library would most likely become a magnet for scholars and researchers in ideological accord with its subject, and by the same token, further tend to alienate those of differing views." She might have considered that the Lenin papers at the Hoover library itself had attracted Solzhenitsyn, hardly a Leninist. Instead, the librarian registered a "most resounding no" to the library, and speculated that the museum accompanying it would display "Ronald Reagan's fingernail clippings."

Many faculty members also seemed to believe that their own personal feelings about Reagan were weighty matters to be taken into account. "Since I feel contempt, fear, and rage in respect to President Reagan," noted Denise Levertov, a well-known poet and professor of English, "I would be sorry to see this collection come to Stanford, whatever its historical value. If Reagan continues in his usual course, it is in fact unlikely that there will be a future in which history can be recalled and studied. . . . The idea of all those thousands of foolish tourists coming to gawk at it, turning Stanford into a Disneyland annex, is most distasteful."

David Maurice, a professor of ophthalmology, said that Reagan's desire for a museum at Stanford (bearing in mind that one was also planned for his alma mater at Eureka College), represented a degree of hubris "that might be expected from a Nero or a Hitler."

Joseph Kriss, a professor of medicine and radiology, worried that a Reagan library might create a "public perception that Stanford is a right-wing politicized institution." Thinking along similar lines, Lucio Ruotolo, a professor of English, worried that such a "Hoover-inspired addition to Stanford will serve only to increase our national reputation as a bastion of right-wing politics," an "image" which would be "far from helpful in the humanities," he added.

In interviews they were by now well accustomed to giving on campus, Professors Manley and Rebholz said much the same thing: Stanford was already right-wing enough, in its "image." The presence of a Reagan library on campus might, Rebholz felt, discourage the sons and daughters of liberal parents from even applying to Stanford as undergraduates. But it is of course the controversy over the library, and the illiberal temper the entire dispute over Hoover has exposed in the faculty, that might more properly discourage any truly liberal parents from sending their children to Stanford.

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In Memoriam: Henry M. Jackson

Michael Novak

WHEN Senator Henry M. Jackson died last September at the age of seventy-one, much else died with him.

Henry Martin Jackson, born in Everett, Washington, on May 31, 1912, earned his nickname, "Scoop," from a cartoon character in the local newspaper; as a newsboy, he delivered a record 74,880 copies without a single complaint from his customers. Elected first as county prosecutor and, beginning in 1940 at age twenty-eight, as Congressman for six terms, Jackson won his sixth election as Senator in 1982 with 69 percent of the vote. He represented his constituents in Washington, D.C., for forty-three years. At his death, no one in the U.S. Senate had cast as many votes (over 11,000). As his bequest to the nation, Jackson left an enduring monument of legislation.

Jackson was an almost perfect expression of the ideals of the labor movement. In domestic policy he exemplified the New Deal. From the first, he distinguished himself in labor legislation, in Truman's efforts to continue New Deal programs, in Hubert Humphrey's efforts to make the cause of civil rights central to the Democratic party. In environmental matters, few were his peers. As a member of the Senate Interior Committee (now Energy and Natural Resources), he helped establish the National Environmental Policy Act, and was responsible for the National Wilderness Act, the National Seashore Act, the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act, the Alaska Lands Bill, and major additions to the National Parks system. He was also an architect of the Youth Conservation Corps.

Jackson was a major advocate of the Strategic Petroleum Reserve, and commissioned the first study to look at energy in a strategic context. With Hyman Rickover, he is properly regarded as the father of the nuclear navy. Together, the two men led the fight for the Polaris and Poseidon programs. It was altogether fitting that, after his death, the newest Trident submarine to splash into the water at the Groton navy yard should be christened the *U.S.S. Henry M. Jackson.*

It was fitting also because in defense and foreign policy Jackson embodied the spirit of vigorous Democratic internationalism, perhaps the first requirement of which is an unremitting realism about the Soviet Union. In the SALT negotiations, Jackson was a clear-eyed watchdog and a strong critic of Henry Kissinger for agreeing, in Jackson's view, to surrender the U.S. advantage. The entire détente policy, he told the Senate in 1974, "has gone from a dream to an incantation."

Jackson's internationalism was best expressed through his efforts as the architect of the new emphasis on human rights in American foreign policy, a project that became explicit in the Jackson-Vanik resolution of 1974. Jackson worked tirelessly in behalf of a human-rights policy, pressing Jimmy Carter on it heavily in September 1976, and both Carter and Reagan in 1980. Under his leadership, the Coalition for a Democratic Majority (CDM), founded in 1973, made human rights central to U.S. foreign policy well before Carter did, and in a more realistic way.

Through Jackson's efforts, more than 250,000 Jews were enabled to emigrate from the Soviet Union. He helped the AFL-CIO give Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn a forum in New York and Washington, and he took part faithfully in award ceremonies to refugees from Communism sponsored by CDM. At one such ceremony, a man who had recently been in a Soviet prison said that Henry Jackson's name was famous throughout the Gulag. He told a story making the rounds of his prison. The Soviet authorities, one man was telling another, were about to raise the price of vodka. "They can't do that," the other said. "Why not?" replied the first. "Senator Jackson won't let them." Andrei Sakharov once told Ben Wattenberg, chairman of CDM: "Jackson knows how to make things happen. He is our champion."

I FIRST met Senator Jackson face-to-face in April 1976 during the Pennsylvania primary campaign. In the Vietnam years, I had opposed the Senator as a "hawk," but watching later events in Vietnam I came eventually to believe he had been more prescient than I. Though I was not sure I would like him, I was disturbed by the Carter candidacy and wished to help Jackson defeat it.

In Pennsylvania, Jackson listened as labor officials promised him all-out support on primary day, which he knew they could not deliver. He felt early that he would lose Pennsylvania, although the issue was close. Though he was an intensely religious man, he nevertheless refused to signal this in any form to gain political advantage, and had very little regard for the way Carter "wore his religion on his sleeve." He grew to dislike Carter's rhetorical flourishes about "bosses"—labor bosses and party bosses. He valued the vocation of politics far too much to feel anything but contempt for anti-political rhetoric.

In the closing days of the campaign, because of a temporary hold on federal financing, both candidates were strapped for funds. Car-

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ter mortgaged his home for a final burst of television. Jackson refused to put his wife and young children at risk by doing so. He was not a rich man, and besides, for years his speaking fees had gone into a scholarship fund for the needy. He also kept a strong wall between his political life and his family life; the latter was private, to be protected. Anticipating defeat in Pennsylvania, the Senator remained amazingly serene and kindly, not only in public but even in private conversation.

During television interviews (I remember one, particularly, in the small airport V.I.P. lounge in Johnstown), Jackson insisted on being himself, which meant all but ignoring the camera, lights, and unseen audience, and engaging the people near him. He seemed determined to be the same person whether he was talking on television, to legislative colleagues, to Presidents, to constituents, to Soviet delegations, to dissidents. He was never on stage. The result was that his television appearances struck many as dull; they showed, rather, his loathing for the artificial.

PROMPTED, Jackson liked to talk about his Norwegian forebears. He admired the hardness, the industry, the stubbornness of their lives, those of his parents and grandparents. He liked to think he was as stubborn, and as willing to travel to new worlds. Although one would not immediately think of Scoop Jackson as an "ethnic" politician, he had an instinctive respect for every form of traditional virtue. He responded to an older way of seeing things—people, not processes; real power, not show; effects, not symbols.

In this respect, his attitude toward the Soviets was far from "ideological" (as was often said); his sense of them was concrete, real, factual, down to earth. They were people who put Shcharansky in prison, beat Sakharov with fists, injected General Grigorenko with serums, shot down an airliner with 269 terrified passengers left to fall dizzily for twelve minutes from 35,000 feet. He came to regard the Soviets as cautious burglars, hotel burglars who try every door: when one is locked, they move away; when another is open, they feel obliged to strip the room bare. They understand power, he used to say, only power. Against them, he concluded, in what may be an epitaph for his life, the key is steady, firm, long-term resistance.

It was his sense for the concrete and for the historical that also led Jackson to be a lifelong friend to Israel, a land whose people are committed to realizing a society based on values similar to our own. Jackson understood the Israelis' sense of belonging, and roots, and family ties, and he understood the necessary uses of power to defend them.

But if—contrary to what was often charged—Jackson was not misled by ideology in foreign affairs, in domestic affairs, ideology did play a role in his political life. He was always, reflexively, against the big interests, including big business. (Ironically, he was accused of being the "Senator from Boeing," but in Seattle Boeing meant not only jobs but the main industrial base of the city—and a crucial aspect of national defense.) It was this Jackson who took out, in what seemed to me then a demagogic spirit, after the oil companies in 1972.

In general, however, demagogy was foreign to his nature; judiciousness was his strong suit. He gloried in legislative compromise, prudence. In this sense, pragmatist was to him a title of honor. He worked tirelessly in the Senate—doing his homework methodically, spending long hours that would have made his forebears proud—to achieve legislative consensus. He pressed very hard for the priorities he established for himself, but he believed in being a team player. And he was always as good as his word.

RECENTLY, a liberal Democratic Senator observed privately that the death of Henry Jackson leaves a yawning gap in the Democratic party when it comes to defense and foreign policy. "Without Jackson," he said, "we campaign for the Presidency on a platform from which we cannot govern." He meant that the suppositions embodied, cumulatively, in the nuclear freeze; in calls for cuts in defense spending; in opposition to the B-1, the "stealth" bomber, and the MX missile; and in demands for a "negotiated settlement" in Central America will not work for any responsible U.S. government. Yet these are the suppositions of today's Democrats, held hostage by their left wing.

The problem is a familiar one. In Germany, Helmut Schmidt's Social Democratic party was hamstrung by the Left throughout his chancellorship, and is crippled even more badly now that it is not charged with the responsibilities of government. In Britain, the Left has torn the Labor party apart at the seams. Similar tensions afflict the Socialist party of François Mitterrand in France, not only in its relations with the Communist party but within its own ranks.

Henry Jackson was not vulnerable to the illusory, "idealistic" appeal of the Left. He always managed to fuse his ideals about the good society with a realistic judgment of facts, interests, and powers. He was not tempted to believe that our enemies are like us, or that all visions of life are morally equal. He fought Joseph McCarthy's brand of pseudo-anti-Communism, but he never became, as many did, an anti-anti-Communist.

Jackson saw that Communism is more than a political or economic program; it is a way of perceiving and of acting. Its materialism, its emphasis on brute force, the murderous righteousness of its Gulag and psychiatric hospitals, its predilection for stealth and terror, its singleminded concentration on police and military power—were in Jackson's eyes not abstract doctrines but exhibited behaviors. To be an anti-Communist Democrat was not, then, to be blinded by ideology; it was to refuse to avert one's eyes from facts.

Ever since the campaign of George McGovern in 1972, the Center of the Democratic party has moved away from its earlier anti-Communist realism. The rituals remain, of course (they were in evidence in the speeches of Walter Mondale and John Glenn at a forum sponsored by CDM in Jackson's memory last November), but at its heart the party no longer seems to believe in them. We shall see. Too many Democrats advocate

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that, in the words of Senator Christopher Dodd, we "move with the tide of history rather than stand against it." They regard "power politics" (and especially military power) as loathsome and out of date.

That is why Jackson embarrassed so many in his own party; to them, he was an anachronism, a "hawk," a disturber of their peaceful hopes for accommodation and appeasement. To be sure, they could not press him into the mold of Joseph McCarthy, or show that he was out of tune with Harry Truman, John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, or Hubert Humphrey, but they could and did say that he was out of touch with the post-Vietnam world. Worse still, his very name came to be used by many as a term of contempt. The Carter administration effectively barred every Jackson Democrat from its service.

For such reasons, the institutional legacy of Henry Jackson remains in doubt, even though reality itself has come to vindicate his vision day by day. By 1980, indeed, a chastened Jimmy Carter—surprised that Gromyko had lied to him, shocked by Iran, Afghanistan, and Nicaragua—was driven closer to Jackson than he had permitted himself to be since 1977. The Senate itself upheld Jackson in his fight against the ratification of SALT II. Carter, at last, raised the military budget for 1981, called for a Rapid Deployment Force, resumed (modest) arms shipments to El Salvador, cancelled both U.S. participation in the Olympics and grain sales to the USSR.

It was, however, too late. The advent of a Republican President with the wit to draw upon the Democratic legacy of which Jackson was the main heir seems to have driven the Democratic candidates of 1984 back into the direction of 1972. Most of the Democratic candidates, who must know better, pander to the illusions of the freeze movement, call for reduced defense spending, and shove one another aside trying to capture "the peace issue."

But peace is not, Jackson chided the enthusiasts of our age a year ago, "a process of conversion: it is a political accomplishment." Nor is peace enough: what we want is "a peace with justice and individual liberty," and "if America is to be the instrument" for establishing such a peace, "we need to create a mature patriotism—one that is not overwhelmed with guilt at our national shortcomings and seeks to withdraw from the world and, on the other hand, one that is not stridently jingoistic in its sense of an American 'messianic' role in the world." To enforce this point, he quoted the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr: "There has never been a scheme of justice in history which did not have a balance of power at its foundation. If the democratic nations fail, their failure must be partly attributed to the faulty strategy of 'idealists' who have too many illusions when they face realists who have too little conscience."

These are the beliefs that Senator Jackson carried into the hurricane of work he liked to give his staff every day. They are the beliefs that made his life and works one of the great legacies of the post-World War II era. They inspired many to become "Jackson Democrats." Who remains within the Democratic party to lead the Jackson Democrats, and where, now, will they find a home?

Music

A Conductor in History

Samuel Lipman

Of all the mountains in a man's life, those of his youth are forever the tallest. In my own musical growing up, one figure stands supreme. Pierre Monteux, the French conductor who led the riot-ridden 1913 premiere in Paris of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps*, remains the most extraordinary musician I have ever known, and his greatness haunts me still.

When I, as a child of ten, first played the piano for Monteux in San Francisco in 1945, I knew nothing of his place in history. I am quite sure that I had never heard of Stravinsky at all, and I could have had no way of appreciating the real distinction of Monteux's service after World War I conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this country and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw in Holland. Before I sat down at the piano in his Fairmont Hotel suite, he was for me only a short, impossibly rotund and mustachioed figure I had seen waving his arms (and a stick) in front of a large number of orchestra musicians in concert.

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When I had finished playing—the F minor Concerto of Bach—he signified, in barely comprehensible (to me) English, that he had liked my playing, and that I would play with him and the orchestra. My teacher, and my parents, were ecstatic and so, willy-nilly, was I.

I don't remember very much about my eventual appearance with Monteux and the San Francisco Orchestra not too long thereafter. It must have been a pleasurable experience, for when I next went to play for him, a bit more than a year later, I was unprepared for the irritation and even glacial hostility with which I was now received. Having been primed by my piano teacher to treat Monteux as an eager buyer of my self-proclaimed talents rather than as the musical sage he was, I soon found myself on the receiving end not of praise but of execration. This tide of denunciation soon extended from me to my teacher; the fact that this important person in my life was thus quickly reduced to cowering lackey-like in the presence of a master only rendered the whole situation more horrible. As a result of the audition, this time I did not play with Monteux.

BUT in musical life, the dice are sometimes rethrown. By 1951 I had a new piano teacher, and a rich sponsor to boot. I was now sixteen and I was playing better. Another, patron-arranged, audition with Monteux found him ready not only to have me play with him on the regular subscription series in San Francisco the next season, but also to take me on as a student at his summer school for conductors in Maine. Properly supported for both travel and tuition by my sponsor, I dutifully went to the school, where I began to study not conducting but piano with Monteux, taught not as piano playing but as musical execution. From this association with Monteux, I began my first approach to knowing him as man and musician.

Unfortunately for my *amour propre*, my first playing at his school for Monteux did not take place in a lesson but rather in a concert. I played the Chopin G minor Ballade three days after my arrival at *L'Ecole Monteux*. It is a hard piece technically, structurally, and stylistically. The performance was raw, I was raw, and Monteux passed me afterward without a word or even a glance. The next morning I had the temerity to ask him how he had liked my Ballade. "Not at all," he answered, and once again passed me by. I never did work on the Chopin with him. Instead my lessons began with the Beethoven C minor Concerto, the work I was to play with *Maître* (the obligatory term of reference used by his students) when we would all return to San Francisco.

Now at last I found myself face to face with the best and toughest musicianship I ever was to encounter. From my tentative opening scales, played on Monteux's sluggish and tonally constricted relic of a Chickering grand, nothing that I did was right, nothing was natural, nothing was musical. And Monteux, no matter how strict he was with me, was correct. He knew the piece; how he knew the piece! He did not just know it as a conductor, and he certainly did not know it as pianist—for he wasn't a pianist (though he had been married to one). He knew Beethoven's work as if he had written it himself. So much was he in possession of this serene masterpiece from the inside that for the first time in my life I had the feeling I was not just playing for the composer, but that I was face to face with the good God responsible for Beethoven's greatness.

We worked—or rather he worked with me—day after day. Though he was impatient, he nonetheless seemed to have unlimited time for the job. I did not feel I was responding terribly well to Monteux's mandated perfectionism, but I suppose I must have convinced him that my manifest technical and musical inadequacies would not incapacitate my performance. I played the work in Maine with the administrative head of the school conducting, and I guess I passed, though I did not hear this from the great man himself.

Instead I was invited to give half a solo recital in early September following the official closing of the summer term. Here I had better luck, for the pieces I was playing—the Beethoven Sonata in D minor, opus 31, no. 2, and the Liszt Variations on a Theme of Bach—were ones I had known for two years and had already played several times in public. Not only did Monteux tolerate my Beethoven, he even seemed to like my Liszt. Perhaps his acceptance of the Liszt had something to do with the fact that he had known this unfamiliar work for many years and revered it as a work in the class of the famous Chaconne of Bach. But again the miracle was his knowledge of music written for an instrument he did not play. He found notes I had read wrong, and that my teacher had not corrected; he corrected wrong rhythmic values without reference to the printed music; he demanded utmost fidelity to what *was* in the score, and he did not stop until I had it right—or was exhausted.

I WORKED on the Beethoven concerto with him again in November before the San Francisco Symphony concerts. He allowed me the usual two rehearsals with the orchestra. The first passed without incident. The second afforded me my first glimpse of the fabled Monteux wit. When I came to the long and brilliant cadenza in the first movement of the concerto, Monteux departed from the ordinary time-saving practice of skipping it with the words, "Play your cadenz' for the orchestr'—zey will enjoy sitting and listening to eet." I played it; I don't know whether or not they enjoyed it, but they certainly sat.

The two performances themselves went well. Monteux stopped in at the coffee shop in his hotel where I was having an ice-cream soda after the concert, and chided me for staying up late when there was a performance the following afternoon. I had already been both unnerved and ultimately reassured by another, rather more concrete example of his watching over the soloist: during the first performance of the Beethoven, I had come in just slightly late at an entrance in the concluding *rondo*. From that moment on—and during the entire performance the next day—Monteux sang my entrances softly

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to me just in advance of when I was to come in. To put this feat in its proper context, I should add that he was accompanying me by memory.

The next year, my sponsor and both Monteuxs—for his wife Doris was a full-time and energetic participant in all her husband's activities—decided that I should go with *Maître* to Europe during the spring. His sixteen-year tenure at the helm of the San Francisco orchestra was now up, and along with the Boston Symphony Orchestra's music director Charles Munch, he was taking the Boston orchestra on its first tour of the continent in many years. I was not to play on the tour, just to learn from association with the great. Still only seventeen, I was scared but eager. On the trip I got to know both Monteuxs better, and even achieved some semblance of a personal relationship with the old man. Because the occasion for the BSO tour was Nicolas Nabokov's (and the Congress for Cultural Freedom's) festival, "The Art of the Twentieth Century," in Paris, I got a chance to hear not just Monteux conducting the *Sacre* in the same hall—the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées—where he had done the premiere almost forty years earlier, but also Virgil Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts* (presented with Alice B. Toklas in attendance) and some wonderful conducting by Igor Markevitch of Soviet music then banned by Stalin. One learning opportunity I did miss: the Monteuxs thought that my education would not be harmed by not hearing Munch conduct. On those nights we all went to something rather more diverting.

On this trip I had a chance to contrast the worshipful way Monteux was treated in Holland when he conducted the Concertgebouw, and in London when he conducted the BBC Symphony, with the demeaning behavior displayed toward him by his own French musical world. At the end of May 1952, he conducted a French orchestra in a concert for the United Nations at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris. The program included Aaron Copland's rousing *El Salón Mexico*, an orchestral showpiece then still rhythmically problematical even for American orchestras. But what was chancy for American players seemed impossible for the French. The first rehearsal, in a hired room, was a disaster, an outcome not mitigated by the timeworn diversion of the orchestra string players who pushed a mute along the floor with their bows from one stand to the other until it had traversed the entire section—*while* the orchestra was playing or the conductor was talking. In Richard Strauss's *Rosenkavalier* Suite, the harpists missed their cue because they were openly filing their nails. The final insult to this grand old man of French music took place when he (with me carrying his briefcase) turned up at the hall the morning of the concert a half-hour before the rehearsal and was told by the *commissionnaire* that he had no right to be there and should go away immediately.

On my return to this country I found myself back in Maine, preparing a recital with a very talented young cellist and waiting for Monteux's return from various conducting engagements. He finally arrived a week before the concert, and we played for him our chosen program —sonatas by Beethoven, Brahms, and Shostakovich. Again he knew every note, and demanded that we do each one correctly. Again I suppose I passed—though not without various comments on my failure to clean the piano keys after I had finished practicing—and I received as a reward a new, and terrifying, assignment: to learn the Franck Quintet for Piano and Strings in seven days, for a performance at the weekly chamber-music concert the Monteuxs sponsored at their home. I worked like a slave, and Monteux once more worked with me. He again taught me the music as if he had been responsible for having it written. The first violinist was even more insecure than I was, and Monteux kept the actual performance together by turning my pages and conducting when necessary. At the end he paid me what seemed a great compliment. As I bowed, he whispered in my ear, "You were not zee worst."

With this hardly extravagant praise still ringing in my ears, I now returned to California to enter college and be relieved of the pressure of all my association with greatness. Monteux was pleased neither by my going to school nor by my returning to my old teacher. The first he must have considered a waste of a talented musician's time, the second, he told me, was positively harmful. I did not see Monteux again until the next summer, when I studied the Tchaikowsky Concerto with him and played it with the conducting-school orchestra. I hardly had the kind of easy, unforced technical approach which appealed to his Gallic and classicist sensibilities. Particularly did I come a cropper at the end of the piece, where Tchaikowsky marks the beginning of the brilliant scale passages in sixteenth notes *Molto più mosso*—much faster. I did not—I could not—play them any faster than the preceding tempo, and to this day I know no one who really does—but such knowledge would not have done me any good, for Monteux was right and knew it.

The next summer Monteux introduced a new feature to his morning conducting classes. Now the aspiring leaders could practice accompanying soloists with the orchestra. I was one of the guinea pigs, with the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto as my portion. The accompaniment didn't go well, but the general anarchy was enlivened by two notable flashes. Monteux himself conducted the marvelous exposition from his position in the midst of the orchestra, eyes flashing and mustaches trembling in majesty. Just before the final return to E flat major which prepares the solo entrance, he kept the orchestra down for what seemed an infinity of time. And then, suddenly, like sunrise from a mountain top, he arrived at the triumphant resolution. So impressive was the phenomenon that the student conductor—the other guinea pig—must have forgiven Monteux for a brilliant joke at his (the student's) expense: "You must follow," Monteux growled, "but not from behind!"

At about this time I was preparing for the Town Hall debut recital I was to give at the end of 1955. One of the pieces on the program was the now ubiquitous So-

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nata of Franz Liszt. Then not yet played to death, the sonata was both a pianistic and a musical test: the pianistic test was to get all the notes, and the musical one was to make a 25-minute work hold together in the face of the composer's extravagant virtuoso display and mid-19th-century romantic sentimentality. Monteux seemed impressed that I was getting most of the notes, but he was plainly very unhappy about my straining for musical effect in the lyrical passages. Everywhere he found me guilty of stopping before melodic climaxes, of interrupting the easy flow of the beautiful tunes. I had encountered a principal tenet of Monteux's musicmaking: no devices, *à la* Stokowski, allowed. "It's all in the music," as he used to say (and as his wife titled a 1965 book of his recollections); just play the notes properly, no more and no less.

I had another experience of this most firmly held of Monteux's artistic positions the next year, just a few days before my Town Hall appearance. As I came into his hotel suite near the Metropolitan Opera House (where he was that night conducting Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*), he told me that he had heard alarming reports concerning my playing of the Beethoven Sonata opus 110, which I was to perform just before intermission on the program. A pianist whom he (and I) respected had heard me do the piece the week before, and had found that I was changing tempo throughout the first movement. There must be *one* tempo, he told me. Play! And as I played, he showed me (though he would never have put it that way) that in art beauty was not caprice but discipline, and that musicality was not an added value but an inherent quality present (or not) in the very way one went about satisfying the requirements of the composer.

I did what Monteux said, and I was rewarded. He came to my debut, and even came backstage, the cynosure of every musical eye, to embrace me when it was over. So impressive was his presence on this occasion that I have always credited to it the enthusiastic review I received for this concert from John Briggs in the New York *Times*.

Sadly, this concert marked the end of my real musical contact with Monteux. Though I did play two more concertos for him in the next summers—the Schumann and the Mozart B flat major, K. 450—he did not attend my next Town Hall recital (in 1956), understandably preferring to return to his home in Maine for much-needed rest. He was, after all, by this time eighty-one. And perhaps it was indeed age and tiredness which explain what he said when I phoned him and his wife the next day to tell them how the concert had gone. "'Ow were zee review?" he asked. "Not very good, I'm afraid," I answered. "Too bad. 'Eer eez Doris."

I HAVE thus far dealt with Pierre Monteux only as he seemed to me as a teacher and, on the few occasions when I played with him, as a conductor. But during this period I of course heard him many times from the audience. I heard him in a widely varied repertory ranging from Bach through Mozart and Haydn, the romantic classics, the French composers of his youth, all the way to the contemporary music of such iconoclasts as Stravinsky and Milhaud. I heard him conduct opera too, including Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Arthur Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc au bûcher* in San Francisco, in addition to the *Hoffmann* at the Met.

Because Monteux was the staple of my musical diet, I took his performances in San Francisco as my norm. They seemed not just the way things should be done, but the way they were done. I took for granted the precision, the apparent ease of orchestral execution, the lightness and restraint of the conception. I also took for granted the interesting repertory, the inclusion of a challenging modern work on almost every program, the easy stylistic passage from Wagner to Ravel and from Mendelssohn to Milhaud. I took for granted, too, the palpable air of respect which characterized musicians' attitudes to Monteux, onstage and off, as well as the absolute veneration which marked the way the conductor was treated by the orchestra's most powerful financial contributors.[1]

This naive idyll was destroyed once Monteux left the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in 1952. As the 1952-53 "Season of Discovery" was succeeded by the 1953-54 "Season of Decision," it became plain to me that Monteux's norm was in fact not reachable by the platoons of younger hopefuls the orchestra management was trying out. Shorn of Monteux, the orchestra returned to what it really had always been: a provincial ensemble. Not until I heard Monteux conduct the New York Philharmonic in a 1955 Carnegie Hall performance of Berlioz, including the Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini* and excerpts from the dramatic symphony, *Romeo and Juliet*, did I realize his full power. Here, in the enormously difficult Queen Mab Scherzo (as conveyed, it is true, by a much better orchestra), the virtues of Pierre Monteux shone in all their directness and straightforward charm. What I had come to expect all those years in San Francisco was musical greatness, and now, sitting in a Carnegie Hall box, I could finally appreciate just how rare it was. Perhaps fittingly, I never heard Monteux conduct in live performance again.

BUT thanks to the survival of recordings, performances can now live on in more than memory. Pierre Monteux made many recordings in that part of his long life graced by reasonably adequate sound reproduction. He seems to have begun his recording career in 1929 with, properly enough, the *Sacre du printemps* as played by the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris. This performance was never released in America and, to my knowledge, has not been transferred to LP. In 1930 he recorded, with the same orchestra, *La Valse* of Ravel, short pieces by the same composer and by Monteux's conducting colleague in Paris, Piero Coppola, as well as the complete *Symphonie fantastique* of Berlioz.

Of these records, only the Berlioz was issued in this country, though it too, like the short pieces, has

[1] A fascinating account of Monteux's years in San Francisco is included in a new book by a member of the orchestra's string section: *The San Francisco Symphony*, by David Schneider, Presidio Press, 324 pp., $15.95.

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never been available on LP. The next year he recorded, again with the OSP, the *Fête polonaise* from Chabrier's *Le Roi malgré lui*; this disc seems to have vanished even from some of the reference books. In the same year he recorded two more Berlioz works, the Overture to Part Two of *Les Troyens* and the Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*. These records were available in this country during the 1930's, but like all those so far mentioned, they do not exist in LP transfer. I have not heard any of these discs; surely their historical importance, surpassingly great as it is in the case of the *Sacre*, requires more than their being relegated to archives where they may be heard only through earphones.

The next records Monteux made —the only ones he was to do until he resumed recording in San Francisco in 1941—were as accompanist for the then child prodigy Yehudi Menuhin, and with one small exception they may be found in record stores. Available on LP are the Bach Concerto for Two Violins, with Menuhin joined by his teacher, the Rumanian violinist (and composer and conductor) Georges Enescu, the Paganini Concerto no. 1 in D major;[2] and the "Adélaïde" Concerto, attributed to Mozart but now thought to have been written by the 20th-century violinist and composer Marius Casadesus.[3] All these records, like the earlier ones, were made for His Master's Voice. They show Monteux to have been a great follower as well as a leader, and a fine chamber-music player.

From 1941 until he left the orchestra in 1952, all Monteux's recordings (save one commercial disc with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and one set of performances done in 1944 with the New York Philharmonic for circulation to American troops) were made in San Francisco for RCA Victor, then the American affiliate of HMV. They include a fair representation of the repertory Monteux brought to San Francisco. This repertory was divided into three parts: the German classics, French writing from Berlioz to the contemporaries of the time, and Russian showpieces from Rimsky-Korsakov to Stravinsky. Of all the many records Monteux made in San Francisco, perhaps the most valuable are those of French music; taken together, they go far to justify Irving Kolodin's remark in 1950 that "Monteux has found fertile soil in California for the French tradition of orchestral performance, and it has flourished impressively."

The best of these records testify to a kind of orchestral performance which cannot be heard in the United States of 1984, and can be heard in precious few other places in the world. The virtues of these San Francisco Monteux records are not those of individual sections or choirs, or even of first-chair players. The brass playing is in fact often spotty, and the string playing is quite plainly on less than the best-quality instruments. The virtues are rather those of a group of musicians thoroughly under the artistic control of a conductor with a perfect knowledge of the musical score, with a total command of both baton and rehearsal technique, a remarkable grasp of the styles of his own country's works and of other traditions as well, a vibrant and interesting sense of rhythm, and an ear which immediately discerns every departure from his instructions.

Not surprisingly, it is the San Francisco recordings of French music which now make the greatest impact. Among the first discs Monteux made in San Francisco were those of the once widely played Symphony in D minor of César Franck.[4] What is so outstanding about this performance is the combination of dynamism in Monteux's conception and the elegance of the orchestral sound. The dynamism, I suppose, is hardly unexpected in a conductor who, after all, came to maturity with Stravinsky and Diaghilev; it is harder to believe that the orchestra whose finished execution is heard on this record was almost in its entirety the orchestra Monteux inherited from his distinctly workaday predecessors and which (due to union restrictions) he had hardly been able to infuse with talent from outside Northern California. Everywhere the orchestral attacks are precise, not because of a gross digging-in with accents, so popular today, but because of simple playing together of a kind which is possible only under a conductor who cares about, and can communicate, every detail. And the sonority is by turns limpid and cushioned, a tribute to the basic acoustics of the War Memorial Opera House, at that time the home of the San Francisco orchestra as well as of the opera.

A recording the next year of the almost unknown Symphony no. 2 of Vincent d'Indy,[5] though not quite so surely played by the orchestra, is still marvelous in musical conception. In 1945, Monteux and the orchestra did several French pieces, including the Introduction to Act I of *Fervaal* and the *Istar* Variations, both by d'Indy; Debussy's "Sarabande" from the suite *Pour le Piano*, in the transcription by Ravel; and the Second Suite from Milhaud's *Protée*.[6] Though all this music is French, it is highly varied in style and expressive purpose. The d'Indy is marked by the rapt immersion in French folk song and the orchestral tone painting of the *Fervaal* excerpt, and, in *Istar*, by the combination of ingenious variation writing with instrumental brilliance; the Debussy is a grave homage to a past century's ceremonial formality, containing a lushness only hinted at in the composer's original piano writing but fully realized in Ravel's sensuous orchestration; the Milhaud is an early post-World War I blend of wrong-note modernism with the Brazilian dance rhythms the composer learned during a stint in Rio as secretary to Paul Claudel (when the poet was acting as French ambassador). Monteux serves these different musical masters with perfect seriousness and sympathy, never exaggerating either orchestral effect or melodic sweetness. Everything coming from the orchestra is simple, natural, and, in

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2 Both the Bach and the Paganini are on EMI (England) RLS 718.

3 Rococo (Canada) 2024.

4 The Franck originally appeared, on 78's, as RCA Victor DM 840; it was briefly available in an LP transfer, without the name of the conductor and with the orchestra called the "World Wide Symphony Orchestra," as RCA Camden CAL 107.

5 On 78's, RCA Victor DM 943; on LP, RCA LCT 1125.

6 These recordings were collected on an LP, RCA Camden CAL 385.

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one of Monteux's often used French words, *juste*.

THE capstones of Monteux's recordings of French music in San Francisco are undoubtedly his performances of two major works, one almost forgotten then and now, and one uniquely overplayed by star conductors. Ernest Chausson's Symphony in B flat major (1890) is one of the monuments of the 19th-century French symphonic tradition, formally derived perhaps from Franck but vastly more long-lined melodically and lush in orchestration; Monteux's 1950 recording[7] of it properly suggests the composer's reverence for the Wagner of *Tristan und Isolde* without submerging the music in an alien German introspection, and the orchestra produces an always beautiful and unforced tone. The Berlioz *Symphonie fantastique*,[8] made in the same year, is a performance emphasizing clarity and straightforward, almost deadpan execution of all the music's sensational aspects. The result can only please those (like myself) who find Berlioz often over-theatrical in emotional effect and artificial in musical construction. As Monteux does this piece, all the excitement souped-up in most readings emerges as fresh and powerful, precisely because the music is allowed to speak for itself.

Sadly, Monteux's San Francisco performances of his beloved German classics were not extensively documented. Three Beethoven symphonies, one each of Schumann and Brahms, and a few smaller works—this hardly does justice to a conductor who, after all, liked to close San Francisco seasons with the Beethoven Ninth. Still, two of the Beethoven symphonies he did record, the Second and the Eighth,[9] are once again available. These performances show us a pure Beethoven, marked by lack of affectation and by scrupulous attention to the unexaggerated flow of the music. Just to hear the beginning of the Eighth Symphony as Monteux does it, all in one unforced tempo, is to realize how much today's vaunted artistic self-expression is no more than a lack of musicality.

Because Monteux recorded no Wagner commercially in San Francisco, it is a stroke of good fortune that a 1943 radio performance of the "Prelude and Lovedeath" from *Tristan* is now available on a "private-label" disc.[10] With the great Lotte Lehmann as the vocally affecting and clear-worded soloist, Monteux shows how powerful this music can be when it is performed correctly rather than with "feeling." The opening bars of the Prelude in Monteux's performance, played, for once, without pauses, and in the correct rhythm, demonstrate once again that beauty is something implicit in music, not added to it.

Further evidence of what Monteux might have accomplished in recordings of German music in San Francisco is contained on a disc (available until recently) of the Wagner *Siegfried Idyll* and the Strauss *Death and Transfiguration*.[11] Though these performances date from two days of recording in San Francisco in 1960 (when Monteux was eighty-four), they demonstrate both Monteux's characteristic musical virtues and a quality of orchestral performance not audible in any of the orchestra's other work at the time. The Wagner is again full of sentiment without being in any way sentimental, and the many joints in this piece, which betray its origin as a wordless product of Wagner's work on the opera *Siegfried*, are handled with suppleness. The Strauss performance is a revelation. The conductor's holding-in of every merely emotive feature of this highly emotional music is all the more remarkable in view of his own comment that when he played this work he thought of the victims of Hitler's crimes. But the musical gain from self-discipline is great; what for other conductors is all climax is for Monteux long melody and inexorable progression.

Precisely because Monteux was always such a serious musician, it is somewhat daunting to realize just how well he performed music which in other hands seems damnably meretricious. An outstanding example of this side to his talent is his 1942 San Francisco recording of the *Scheherezade* of Rimsky-Korsakov.[12] This peculiar—and by now hackneyed—blend of Russian nationalism, pseudo-Orientalism, and international orchestral effects is today pop-concert fare. In Monteux's hands, aided by brilliant orchestral playing and the superbly idiomatic rendition of the violin solos by Naoum Blinder, the orchestra's long-time concertmaster (and the teacher of Isaac Stern), the piece is striking for its wealth of musical invention and its structural integrity.

Though Monteux did record the *Sacre du printemps* in San Francisco in 1945, it was never released on a full-price LP. That honor was reserved for his performance with the Boston Symphony in 1951, the only commercial recording he made with another orchestra during his tenure in San Francisco.[13] As in the case of so many of his other performances, this one seems a polar opposite to those of most great conductors today. Dry where others are sensual, precise rhythmically where they are self-indulgent, tonally clarified where they are marked by an unrelenting *impasto* of sound, the performance reflects Monteux's awareness of the music's origin in the ballet house, not the concert hall. The result bears much resemblance in mood to Stravinsky's own 1928 Paris recording of the work. One hopes that the gods of EMI, when they consider transferring Stravinsky's discs to LP, pay similar attention to those of Monteux.

AFTER San Francisco, Monteux enjoyed a significantly expanded performing career, a career that was reflected in a large number of recordings with orchestras here and abroad until the very year of his death. In the late 1950's he recorded for RCA with the Boston orchestra, most notably the last three symphonies of Tchaikowsky; for

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7 First available on LP as RCA LM 1181, it has now been remastered in France and released as part of a *Cycle Monteux* on RCA (France) GM 43557.

8 Originally available on RCA LM 1131; now available in the *Cycle Monteux* on RCA (France) GM 43359.

9 Available in the 1950's on various RCA LP's, they too can be found in the *Cycle Monteux* on RCA (France) 43357.

10 Bruno Walter Society BWS 729.

11 RCA VICS 1457.

12 Variously available on LP in the 1950's, it may now be found in the *Cycle Monteux* on RCA (France) GM 43361.

13 RCA LM 1149.

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RCA too, he did (in Rome in 1956) a complete *La Traviata* of Verdi. A year earlier he did a complete *Manon* of Massenet in Paris for EMI. In 1960 he did a remake of the Franck Symphony with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for RCA; at about the same time he finished a complete set of Beethoven symphonies in Europe for RCA/Decca. He did other repertory for the same combination, and for Decca alone, including famous ballet scores of Stravinsky and important works of Debussy and Ravel. At the end of his life, he was recording for Philips. From this last association was produced a touching souvenir of Monteux's direct approach to making music: a rehearsal record of the famous *Marcia funebre* from the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven.[14] Here, spoken by Monteux, are the bywords of his musical faith—*exactement, simple, naturel.*

There are many splendid performances included in this Indian summer burst of Monteux's performing activity. The opera performances are models of pure music-making in a genre almost occluded by bad habits.[15] A 1955 recording of the three *Nocturnes* of Debussy with the Boston Symphony Orchestra[16] is testimony to Monteux's long-standing desire to present Debussy's music unencumbered by the "impressionist" unclarity with which it is so often performed. But despite these specific examples of excellence, Monteux's late recordings, whether of Beethoven or Berlioz or Stravinsky, seem on the whole devoid of the individual rhythmic personality so evident in San Francisco, of the delicately lush orchestral sounds and clear textures he drew from an essentially local orchestra on the shores of the Pacific. Understandably, these late records seem marked by a kind of matter-of-factness, by an increasingly tired going-through of motions rather than the reckless expenditure of purpose and energy which had marked his work in San Francisco. His was, after all, a long and special career, and he was surely entitled to some slackening of pace.

And yet, matters can hardly be left there. There are two remarkable sets of performances, made with the North German Radio (NDR) Orchestra in Hamburg in February 1964, which do provide a fitting epitaph to the life of this great musician. The first is of Wagner: the Overture to *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the Overture and Bacchanale from *Tannhäuser*, and the "Prelude and Lovedeath" from *Tristan*.[17] Here is Wagner played very much as we do not get him today—direct but committed, accurate but also full of feeling. The second set of performances is not just, like the Wagner, a musical lesson; it is a testament to the delicacy of Monteux's feeling for the music of Mozart. Here, in these performances of the Symphony no. 35 in D major, K. 385 ("Haffner") and the Symphony no. 39 in E flat major, K. 543,[18] the orchestra is not first-rate, and neither is the recording technology employed. But all these details are merely contingent, and of this world. Monteux's sympathy for the music, so miraculously present in these grooves, must, to judge from its present rarity on earth, be of the next world. This, at least, is the way I remember Pierre Monteux.

[14] Philips 6570 204.

[15] Monteux's *La Traviata* was available on RCA VIC 6004; his *Manon* was on Seraphim 1D 6057.

[16] Originally available on RCA LM 1939; now, in the *Cycle Monteux*, on RCA (France) GM 43366.

[17] Festival Classique (France) FC 435.

[18] Vox Turnabout TV 34831.

Movies

The Hard Left and the Soft

Richard Grenier

"FIVE FILMS WITH POLITICAL STATEMENTS DUE IN FALL." There it was, in a headline right on the front page of the New York *Times*, so it must have been true. The point had already been amply covered, in any event, in the pages of *Variety*, the trade journal of the entertainment business, which, for those who can translate its eccentric linguistic constructions into English, is an excellent historical source. Of course, I have been writing in these pages for five years now that the cinema is becoming an increasingly ideologized medium, a process under way (not surprisingly) since the late 60's. But I admit that last fall brought out a particularly large crop of blatantly didactic movies—substantially more than five, in fact. How have they fared commercially? The nakedly political ones have done badly, as it happens, ranging generally from failures to humiliating failures. Why then all this brouhaha? And why this past fall?

The simplest way of explaining the timing is by referring to the Democratic gains in the off-year congressional elections of 1982. For

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the movie industry has become so highly politicized that, allowing for the nine-to-twelve-month lead time between the studio green light and the appearance of a film in movie houses, the political films we have seen in the fall of 1983 correspond to Hollywood's reading of the election returns of the preceding year. The nationalist revival of the latter part of the Carter administration and the first two years of the Reagan administration gave us a whole string of patriotic, pro-military, anti-Soviet movies (*The Deer Hunter, Firefox, An Officer and a Gentleman, First Blood*); but unlike Clint Eastwood and Sylvester Stallone (stars of *Firefox* and *First Blood*), most of the "bankable" stars of Hollywood these days are liberal Democrats. Now in this year of "primary politics," liberal Democrats throughout the country have in the opinion of many analysts been "re-McGovernized," and they have been re-McGovernized nowhere more emphatically than in Hollywood. Hence this barrage of films from the Left.

First off the mark was Sidney Lumet, the director, fresh from his box-office triumph with *The Verdict* starring Paul Newman. A radical in his youth, Lumet chose for this leftist film season E. L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel*, a lightly fictionalized version of the life and death of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in which the Rosenbergs are totally innocent victims of a straight frame-up by J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. In *Daniel*, the movie version, starring Ed Asner (television's Lou Grant, and known politically in his own person for his ardent support of the Marxist-Leninist rebels in El Salvador), we are given "the romance of Jewish Communism." I have been told that at the time of the Rosenberg trial in 1951 patriotic American Jews were considering placing an advertisement in newspapers announcing that, although the Rosenbergs were Communists, most American Jews were not and were loyal to their country. They commissioned a study, however, and discovered that ordinary heartland Americans didn't even know the name "Rosenberg" was Jewish—and cancelled their plans for the advertisement.

From this point of view, I can only say that *Daniel* has certainly blown the Rosenbergs' cover. In the film, the "Isaacsons" (as they are called) are both extravagantly Jewish and extravagantly Communist. They eat Jewish food, speak with strong Yiddish inflections. Every detail of their everyday lives identifies them unequivocally as members of an exclusively Jewish community—and of a Jewish Communist community. They sing "The Peat Bog Soldiers," talk of "the Scottsboro boys," take buses to hear Paul Robeson at the famous pro-Soviet Progressive-party rally in upstate New York. In the present preposterous age, in which I fully expect that if Joseph Stalin were to return from the grave he would be introduced on CBS as a "liberal activist," I had strongly suspected that the "Isaacsons" would be presented as good liberals. But, no. Even though the film-makers are clearly more comfortable when their cast refers less provocatively to "the party," the word "Communist" is heard also, so there is no doubt what "party" is being talked about.

Daniel was done substantial damage by being released shortly after the publication of Ronald Radosh's and Joyce Milton's *The Rosenberg File*, which would convince anyone but the most fossilized old Stalinist that the Rosenbergs were guilty. The book also makes clear the unappealing contempt the Rosenbergs felt for their fellow Americans and their lust for martyrdom as the "first victims of American fascism." But even without the Radosh-Milton book, I strongly suspect that *Daniel* would have failed.

I am, first, not at all certain that American moviegoers (although an elite audience compared to the mass movie public of the age before television) are prepared to lavish their sympathies on people who so openly believe in the political system of the Soviet Union. The style for some time now has been to find alternative utopias in Havana, Hanoi, Peking, Santiago (under Allende), Luanda, Maputo, and, of course, Managua. But Moscow is a no-no. In the mayoral elections in Boston this past November, one-third of the voters (mostly black and Hispanic) cast their ballots for a candidate who declared that he preferred the government of Fidel Castro to that of Ronald Reagan. But I do not think he could have done even that well by preferring the government of Yuri Andropov. Further, I feel Sidney Lumet made a gross miscalculation in estimating that America shares his narcissistic passion for warm, lovable Communist Jews—or perhaps even Jews, period. If a Pitchfork Ben Tillman or any other such anti-Semitic demagogue ever arises again in the land, in fact, he could use selected clips from *Daniel* in his campaign commercials. Nor would a future Pitchfork Ben be likely to miss *Daniel*'s young Stalinist Jewish children growing up to be militants in the anti-war movement of the Vietnam years and the present anti-nuclear "peace" movement. For their part, I should think a Stalinist connection would be the last thing many of the supporters of these movements would want, but to Sidney Lumet Jewish Stalinism is so adorable that he gives them such a connection anyway.

Costa-Gavras's *Hannah K.*, next out of the starting gate, was an even greater fiasco than *Daniel*. In the film, Jill Clayburgh plays a Jewish woman from Middle America who, after a stopover in Paris during which she picks up a rich French husband, emigrates to Israel where she learns Hebrew (presumably), gets a law degree, becomes a lawyer, and acquires a Jerusalem district attorney as a lover. Fate decrees that she should defend in court the right of a Palestinian Arab—and, she admits under questioning, that of two million other Palestinian Arabs—to return to their homeland in Israel. A rich French husband, an illegitimate child by an Israeli lover (the D.A.), a new Arab lover (the Palestinian), a law degree, a noble cause —what else could a Jewish girl from Middle America want? Costa-Gavras explained to me personally that the film's secret asset was that the Palestinian was a "Gandhian"—a Palestinian sect which has not been very conspicuous in the Middle East up to this point. Possibly this explains why the film had to be withdrawn in three weeks.

No less a personage than Peter Bogdanovich (*The Last Picture Show*), who should know, once said that Hollywood allowed you three

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flops, after which they took you down from your pedestal. Jill Clayburgh has now had four flops running: *Luna, It's My Turn, I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can*, and now *Hannah K.* At this rate she might soon be camping out on Greenham Common with ex-star Julie Christie, or joining the Nicaraguan support staff at the UN with ex-actress Bianca Jagger.

RICHARD GERE, following his giant success in *An Officer and a Gentleman* and a sharp failure in a Los Angeles remake of Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless*, has now brought in another failure by following what he might have imagined to be the winds of change. *Beyond the Limit*, in which he co-stars with Michael Caine, is a film version of Graham Greene's *The Honorary Consul* and gives the most extraordinarily sympathetic account of Latin American terrorists who attempt to kidnap a U.S. ambassador. We have a lapsed priest, now a terrorist, who tells us, "Sometimes we have to leave God for men!" The same lapsed priest, when an objection is raised to Paraguayan terrorists operating in Argentina, proclaims joyfully, "But Latin America is our country!" (So much for those who think that doings in El Salvador might not spill over into Guatemala, then Mexico.) All this is mixed in with Graham Greene's variety of Catholicism, which is becoming hard to distinguish these days from that of the Maryknollers. I have always held Graham Greene to be a shoddy writer, from his first book to his last, but it is sometimes only when people see a writer's work blown up on the screen (however creditably acted and directed), that they realize just how shoddy he actually is.

Saturday Night Live's Chevy Chase, probably still best remembered as the man who imitated Gerald Ford falling down, and Sigourney Weaver, remembered for nothing in particular, joined hands this fall to give us *The Deal of the Century*, an alleged comedy intended to demonstrate that wars break out in Third World nations because Western arms merchants from the U.S., Britain, France, and Israel "dump" weapons on these poor little countries. The Soviet Union, well-known for never exporting weapons (to Syria, for example, or to Cuba), is somehow or other never mentioned. This movie, too, flopped at the box office.

BUT perhaps the most astonishing of the fall's radical-Left films is *Under Fire*, starring Gene Hackman and Nick Nolte. Well acted, and well shot by Roger Spottiswoode, it is the story of American journalists in Nicaragua deliberately falsifying the news they are sending back home so as to bring a wavering Jimmy Carter into the camp of the Sandinistas, the movie's heroes. These deceitful journalists are heroes, too, actually, because for the authors of *Under Fire* being on the side of the good and the beautiful (which is to say the Sandinistas) is obviously more important for a journalist than reporting the truth to the best of his ability. The movie ends with the triumphal entry of the Sandinistas into Managua in 1979, after which one is supposed to assume that everything in Nicaragua has gone swimmingly.

If the authors know that the Sandinistas proceeded to lay the foundations for a totalitarian regime in Nicaragua, they display no uneasiness about this development. But what astounds me most about *Under Fire* is that the people who made it did not seem to realize that the prestige press—already shown by many studies to be suspected by its readers of having a leftward bias in reporting the news—would be virtually compelled to attack the film. Did they really think the New York *Times* could praise a movie making heroes of journalists who consciously and deliberately falsify events in their reporting? The *Times*, in actual fact, gave *Under Fire* a thorough drubbing, not once, but twice. For the last two of the film's four weeks of "showcasing" in the New York area, its distributor would not even release its rental figures, a practice resorted to only to avoid humiliation.

Testament, with Jane Alexander, is your ordinary low-budget movie about everyone dying of radiation poisoning in a small town in California, a poor man's version, in short, of ABC's hotly debated *The Day After*. Distributed by Paramount Pictures, and produced by an independent company with grants from both the National Endowment for the Arts and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (a three-way mingling of taxpayers' money and private venture capital I have never noticed before and which might not even be legal), *Testament* is a miserably pious little film and has attracted precisely the audience this sort of thing gets when people have to pay for their entertainment: very small.

In sum: six films, six failures, all from the radical Left, or at least its environs. That is, these films have all failed in the United States. Following what has become a sparkling new Hollywood tradition, they may of course turn handsome profits abroad, appealing, as they well might, to the followers of Neil Kinnock in Britain, Willy Brandt and Petra Kelly in West Germany, Olof Palme in Sweden, and many more. Exporting anti-American movies is a real Hollywood growth industry.

BUT does this mean that the Left has run out of steam in its appeal to down-home American movie audiences? Not at all. It is only the radical or "hard" Left that has run out of steam—if, indeed, it ever had much. A film embodying the ideas of Congressman Ted Weiss of Manhattan and the members of the Black Caucus, all of whom want to impeach President Reagan for the invasion of Grenada, would face almost certain ruin. The "soft" Left, however, is alive and well, and *The Big Chill*, almost a walking embodiment of the soft Left in its present phase, is one of the biggest hits of the fall season.

Now the expression "soft Left" is fairly new in the language, and I had some difficulty recently in explaining the concept to French readers,* citizens of a highly ideologized society in which people who move from one school of political thought to another are usually sharply aware of their change in affiliation. The "soft" Left is far more woolly than the hard, its members floating lightheadedly from one notion to the

* *"La Presse: Prof de Morale," L'Express*, November 4, 1983.

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next, often without any clear idea that these various political belief systems have clear-cut precepts, sometimes quite incompatible. The defining element of the soft Left, in my view, is a kind of persistent utopianism, in the name of which some shining social ideal or other, no matter how unworkable, will always be honored.

The Big Chill is set on a beautiful country estate in South Carolina. The occasion is a gathering of seven graduates of the University of Michigan for the funeral of an eighth, who has committed suicide, some fifteen years or so after their salad days as young "revolutionaries" (their word) during the brave and radical 60's. The film is well directed by Lawrence Kasdan (*Body Heat*), the acting ranges from competent to excellent—my top awards going to William Hurt, Jeff Goldblum, Kevin Kline, and Meg Tilly. *The Big Chill* has entertaining dialogue (Kasdan and Barbara Benedek), charm, mood, atmosphere. It is a first-rate film of its kind. But just what kind of film is it?

It is a monument to the 60's, to the dreams and hopes of that wondrous decade. As the seven survivors reminisce, comparing their present selves with what they had planned to be, they convince themselves that even if the world in its gross way has not lived up to their expectations, it was still all worthwhile. Their lives are still illuminated by an inner grace, a grace which those untouched by the vibrant idealism of those early years will never know. The film is, yes, a trifle narcissistic. It is also marvelously hypocritical.

The Big Chill does not have much plot, and the substance of the movie consists mainly of delineating these old 60's radicals in their present incarnation. We must remember that these seven people were plainly all once members of the SDS, or affiliated in some more informal way with what was at the time called "the Movement." But the film (one of its many hypocrisies) goes to extraordinary lengths to avoid recalling just what the program of the Movement was. So there is no yardstick to measure just how far these characters have departed from their original goals. There is no discussion of issues, either of the 60's or of now: no Vietnam, no Central America, no draft, no registration, no socialism, no equality, no "participatory democracy," no affirmative action, no nuclear power, no peace movement, no ecology, no darter snail, nothing. Moreover, the whole crowd is lily-white and straight as a die. None of the seven is black and not one is a homosexual.

The first thing that strikes the viewer about these old Ann Arbor revolutionaries is how affluent they all are now: lucrative jobs, expensive automobiles, a sumptuous estate. (This distinguishes the movie from John Sayles's low-budget *The Return of the Secaucus Seven*, another 60's memory film.) As we get to know these survivors, we realize that not a single one has failed to "betray" (in the language of the period) the revolutionary objectives of his youth. Yet somehow it is all right. Harold (Kevin Kline) is a young tycoon who manufactures and distributes running shoes. A real capitalist, he has 27 or 28 shops, and his country estate is the scene of the story. Sam (Tom Berenger) is the star actor of a successful television series. Nick (William Hurt) is a narcotics trafficker, not a very respectable profession but he drives a Porsche. Michael (Jeff Goldblum) is a senior writer for *People* magazine, another disreputable profession (by their lights), but he knows many of the great and famous and "does most of his work in limousines." Sarah (Glenn Close), the tycoon's wife, is a successful doctor. Meg (Mary Kay Place) started out as a public defender but is now a successful real-estate lawyer, "raping the land," as she puts it ruefully. Karen (JoBeth Williams) has abandoned her poems and short stories to marry a successful businessman and have children. But her husband is not the "right" kind of businessman, like Harold, touched by the grace of having been a campus revolutionary; he is just an ordinary businessman who has provided a good home for his family. An eighth major character is Chloe (Meg Tilly), a mere chit of a girl (the younger generation), who was the mistress of Alex, the friend who committed suicide.

Alex's suicide admittedly gets the film off to an acerbic start. We never do find out why Alex killed himself, which some might take as an act of despair, but one of his friends remarks feelingly, "Alex was too good for this world." One is tempted to infer the same attitude toward Alex's surviving comrades, at least during their revolutionary period. They were not impractical, or unrealistic, or spoiled, or subject to ecstatic fits, but transfigured by some vision of a better world. The only question is, since they have all violated their earlier beliefs, why are we supposed to find these people wonderful now?

There are little things, of course. Harold, the running-shoe tycoon, gives his friends an insider tip that his company is about to be acquired by a conglomerate, so if they buy in now they will triple their money. It is by behavior like this that one can recognize an ex-revolutionary (or Wall Street operator). Sam, the TV star, always tries to work "something of value" into each episode of his series. But this sort of piffle cannot be kept up for long and the screenwriters soon have to resort to sex. Karen, atoning for her husband and child-raising, proves her loyalty to the old ideals by fornicating with Sam on the grass. We learn that Sarah, Harold's wife, had a love affair with the dead Alex some five years before and we see her nude, slumped in the shower, sobbing as the terrible reality of his death is borne in upon her. Chloe, the late Alex's more recent mistress, gives the come-on to Nick, the drug trafficker, but he's been to the war, you see (Vietnam), and like Hemingway's Jake in *The Sun Also Rises*, has come back impotent. At the end, Nick and sweet Chloe go off together hand in hand, impotence or no impotence, providing one of the film's upbeat touches. All this takes place to the steady thump of 60's rock ("I Heard It on the Grapevine") and amidst constant volleys of *I love you guys!* and *God, I loved you guys!* and *I don't care what you say, I'm going to love you guys until the day I kick!* Apparently a great deal of bonding took place back there at Ann Arbor.

But by far the most extended and significant plot-sex development in

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the film is the destiny of Meg, the real-estate laywer who rapes the land. Now I have known for some time, since his appalling *The Continental Divide* (one of the late John Belushi's last films), that Lawrence Kasdan is a doctrinaire, card-carrying feminist. So I might well have suspected that when Meg decided to have a baby he would contrive for her to have it all by herself, with no husband or boyfriend in sight. For by such things does one know a true feminist. Now you will have noticed that Karen and Sarah have both committed adultery, almost ritually. And it would clearly be an infringement of Meg's independence as a woman for her to have such an antique notion as to associate childbearing in any way with marriage or "cohabitation." So in her best *God, I love you guys* spirit she has decided to get herself fertilized by one of her old Michigan comrades. Meg first makes advances to Nick, but he gets off with his "Don't you know what happened to me in Vietnam?" Then she tries Sam, the actor, but he is just too damn decent. "God, I really love you all the more!" cries Meg. This girl is decidedly better at raping the land than she is at raping men. Of course there's always Michael, the *People* man, with whom, now that you mention it, Meg has already had sex. "Remember the march on Washington?" he reminds her. But Michael really is *too* cynical—or is the plot creaking here a bit? Because I think we all know the intended result. Nick out, Sam out, Michael out, Alex dead. Why that leaves only Harold, Sarah's husband! Meg confides her troubles to Sarah, perforce, and Sarah, with a smug radiance that makes you want to punch her in the face, offers Meg her own husband for purposes of fertilization. Greater sacrifice maketh no feminist.

NICK, Sam, Michael, Harold, Sarah, Meg, Karen. Meg, Karen, Sarah, Harold, Sam, Michael, Nick. What, other than their overweeningly high opinion of themselves, separates this gang of ex-campus revolutionaries from the common run of mankind? For someone not engaged in a comparable exercise of self-congratulation, the answer is not that obvious. Without explicitly repudiating a single one of their former revolutionary beliefs (for that would imply error), they have all accepted the free-enterprise system, private property, wealth. Police are no longer "pigs" but valued as protectors of property and order (and one of the group is reprimanded for not realizing this). Early in the film the Rolling Stones' "You Can't Always Get What You Want" comes up very loud on the sound track, and during one of the group's heavy rap sessions about the meaning of it all there seems to be a general consensus that although devotion and love might not be able to "save" another person, "I do think you can *help* people"—which is like reinventing the wheel.

We have all heard of the nuclear family, and the extended family, and the commune—the old-fashioned, cohabiting "nuclear" commune, I suppose. But *The Big Chill* offers us an exhilarating new concept—the extended commune, extending from Atlanta to Los Angeles, in fact. This, it seems, is what the "soft" Left has salvaged from the hostility to the family that was so salient an element of the Movement in the 60's. Is the extended commune a more noble construction than the traditional family? As a social-support system, would it work? I don't think so, but such a criterion has never deterred adepts of the "soft" Left yet.

BY WHAT can only be a highly unusual coincidence, one of Europe's most interesting young directors, Italy's Marco Bellocchio, has almost simultaneously made a film exploring the same material as *The Big Chill*: the fall-out of the radical 60's—where are those revolutionaries now? Bellocchio's *Gli Occhi, La Bocca* ("The Eyes, The Mouth") begins with a suicide, fraught with symbolism, just like *The Big Chill*. In the American film, the man who commits suicide is a fellow member of the Ann Arbor commune. In the Italian, he is the twin brother of the movie's protagonist, Giovanni. The opening scenes of both movies consist of the ingathering of clans, in *The Big Chill* of the commune (to all appearances Alex is a sibling-free orphan), in *Gli Occhi* of the dead man's relatives. In both films, the dead man has been having a love affair with a much younger woman, a member of the "successor generation," completely out of touch with, and ignorant of, the turbulent 60's. In both films a survivor of the earlier period takes up the love affair with the dead man's mistress. In *The Big Chill* it is Nick, the drug trafficker (William Hurt). In *Gli Occhi* it is the man's twin brother, Giovanni (Lou Castel).

This is a remarkable series of parallels, but here the resemblances end. *Gli Occhi* is superior to *The Big Chill* in every way. It is more imaginative, more realistic. It is not hypocritical or self-congratulatory. It offers no "role models." Among its advantages might be that Giovanni returns to his native Bologna from Rome at his brother's death and encounters his real family. And his brother's mistress Wanda (Angelina Molina) has a real family, too. Perhaps it is that real Bologna families are more interesting than communes. They are certainly more interesting than the *God, I love you guys* commune in *The Big Chill*.

Marco Bellocchio first came to world attention with his *Fists in the Pocket*, made in 1965. The film is almost pure nihilism. In its most notorious scene, the hero leads his mother to her death by enticing her forward until she falls off a cliff (Abbie Hoffman, who once proclaimed that a true revolutionary must be prepared to kill his father and mother, would surely have approved). *Fists in the Pocket*, for whatever reason, became a great success, and something of a *film fétiche* for nihilistic elements of the European youth movement.

In *Gli Occhi* Bellocchio uses a device I have never seen in a movie before. He takes as the hero of his tale the *actor* who played the lead in the earlier film. The story is heavily fictionalized, of course. He gives Giovanni a twin brother, a home in Bologna (the actual actor, Lou Castel, was originally Swedish). But there are biographical elements as well. Giovanni's career as an actor has dwindled considerably. Here he had been famous, his face

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known to millions, intensely associated with the period's revolutionary youth. Now he is a thirty-five-year-old has-been, his ideas, as well as his character, gone out of style. The film makes no attempt to disguise the fact that Giovanni has become something of a misfit. Wanda asks him if he has an apartment in Rome, and it turns out that he spends a while here, a while there. He doesn't even have a home. This is where all that dazzling nihilism has lead.

The older generation, conspicuously absent in *The Big Chill*, is very much present in *Gli Occhi*. Giovanni's mother (Emmanuele Riva) is hysterical with grief over her son's death, but, far from wanting to push her off a cliff, Giovanni can't bear to separate himself from her. His uncle (magnificently played by Michel Piccoli) is scathingly contemptuous of the pretensions of youthful revolutionaries. Giovanni hates him ("Confident! Rationalist! Progressive!"), but such a character would not have been allowed on the set of Lawrence Kasdan's movie. Giovanni is buffeted from both sides, in fact, both by the older generation and the younger. In *The Big Chill*, Chloe, the dead man's young mistress, is docile, respectful of her elders. But in *Gli Occhi* Wanda is rambunctious, not respectful in the least. "Why have all the rebellions failed?" asks Bellochio, commenting on his own film. He might not have the answer, but he is working on it.

When in bed with Wanda, Giovanni muses at one point, "Your generation doesn't even know who I am." To which he adds without self-pity, "*E giústo*," which I would translate in the context, "And they're right" (or, more literally, "That is as it should be"). For some reason, the "*E giústo*" is not translated in the subtitles, although it is one of the most important lines in the movie. Giovanni, says Bellocchio, must separate himself from the "crippling ties of the past."

WHEN it comes to separation from the crippling ties of the past, something quite interesting just might be happening in America. I am extremely cautious about drawing large conclusions from the success or failure of individual motion pictures, but consider, for what it may be worth, the list of the three biggest commercial hits in the United States in the fall of 1983. They are, in order: (1) *Risky Business*, (2) *Never Say Never Again* (the latest James Bond), and (3) *The Big Chill*. Now films in Hollywood today are more often than not aimed at specific age groups. The median American moviegoer is scarcely over twenty years old, and, not having a study at hand, I would guess that a James Bond picture, from the point of view of age, is aimed at the entire filmgoing public, average age about twenty. *The Big Chill*, however, is obviously aimed principally at moviegoers in their thirties. But what is this *Risky Business*? Who went to see that? Here the target audience was not just the teenage group, but, even more specifically, the fifteen-to-seventeen-year-olds, as is evident from the film's subject matter, high-school students who are trying to get into a "good" college.

Risky Business is a comedy. It is not very realistic, but it is not without meaning. A quite engaging young actor named Tom Cruise plays the shyest member of a group of upper-middle-class high-school students in the Chicago area who (although all this is spoofed affectionately) are quite consumed with ambition. They want to be successful. They want to be rich. They want to have sex with beautiful women. What do they discuss when they gather together in the school lunchroom? Why, an M.B.A. from Harvard business school starts at $40,000 a year, but an M.D. from Harvard *medical* school starts at $60,000 a year. When Joel (Cruise) is asked what he wants to do with his life, and he suggests tentatively that he would like to do something "for his fellow mankind" (*sic*), his cronies all jeer and bombard him with bread pellets. This is all done humorously, as I say, but these are not represented as rotten, corrupt kids. They are good, *normal*, American kids. Joel, in any event, applies for admission to Princeton. At which point his well-to-do parents take off for a holiday in a warm climate, possibly the Bahamas, leaving him alone in the house.

Well, a combination of circumstances brings Joel into contact with an attractive young call girl. Further circumstances lead to her abandoning her pimp and thrusting herself on Joel. She has a dozen call-girl friends. They all join her and descend on Joel's family home. And the next thing you know, Joel—dressed like a pimp himself now, cool, with shades and a punk jacket—is running the best little whorehouse in Illinois. Disaster strikes. The interviewer from Princeton arrives as hookers careen out of every bedroom—but he stays to spend the night. In the last scene of the movie the letter arrives admitting Joel to the freshman class at Princeton. This kid has leadership qualities.

I was a trifle leery of *Risky Business* before I saw it, thinking that with the prominent place given to prostitution, an equation was being suggested between any kind of business and human "exploitation." But a viewing in the midst of a delighted young audience persuaded me that the prostitution (very unrealistically presented) is merely a titillating comic device and that the film is quite benign, an innocuous little comedy about kids who want to get ahead in life. And it is hammering *The Big Chill* at the box office, beating it two to one.

A sixteen-year-old today, we must remember, was barely born at the time of the Tet offensive in Vietnam in 1968. And those who still think of the generation of the 60's as "young" might be entertained to realize that from the point of view of American teenagers today (and they do have their point of view), the characters in *The Big Chill* are a band of sentimental oldsters nursing their pathetic memories of days lost now in the mists of time.

This new generation is now entering college as well. A recent survey conducted by the American Council on Education found that, whereas in 1972 those college freshman considering themselves "far Left" or "liberal" numbered 52 percent, by 1982 this figure had plummeted to 21 percent. So a new age might be on its way.

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What Does Philip Roth Want?

Joseph Epstein

THERE is, as the folks in the head trades might say, a lot of rage in Philip Roth. What, one wonders, is he so angry about? As a writer, he seems to have had a pretty good roll of the dice. His first book, the collection of stories entitled *Goodbye, Columbus,* published when he was twenty-six, was a very great critical success; in brilliance, his literary debut was second in modern America perhaps only to that of Delmore Schwartz. ("Unlike those of us who came howling into the world, blind and bare," wrote Saul Bellow in COMMENTARY, "Mr. Roth appears with nails, hair, and teeth, speaking coherently. At twenty-six he is skillful, witty, and energetic and performs like a virtuoso.") After two further novels, *Letting Go* (1962) and *When She Was Good* (1967), he wrote *Portnoy's Complaint* (1969), a *succès fou,* a tremendous hit both critically ("It's a marvelously entertaining book," wrote Theodore Solotaroff, "and one that mines a narrow but central vein more deeply than it has ever been done before"), and commercially (it was a bestseller of a kind that removes a writer permanently from the financial wars). One recalls the protagonist of Saul Bellow's *Henderson the Rain King,* regularly muttering, "I want! I want! I want!" Philip Roth, who at an early age had critical attention, wealth, and celebrity, continues to mutter, "It isn't enough. It isn't enough. It isn't enough."

What does Philip Roth want? For one thing, he wishes to be recognized as a great writer, the natural successor to Gogol and Chekhov and Kafka. He wishes also to have the right to strike out against the bourgeoisie—particularly the Jewish bourgeoisie—and to be adored for his acute perceptions of it. And he wishes to have appreciated what he takes to be the universal application of his own experience as it has been transformed by the imagination in his several novels. Recognition, adoration, appreciation—all this would be his if people would only understand what his work is really about. Or so he believes, and so he would have us believe. But thus far all too few people do understand. In fact, they don't seem to understand at all.

Not that Philip Roth, in his many interviews about his work, has neglected to enlighten them. The Roth *modus operandi* is to publish an interview around the time each of his new books appears, or shortly thereafter, and in these interviews meticulously explain what the book is about, what the influences behind it have been, and what its place is in the Roth canon. Sometimes other writers interview Roth; on occasion he interviews himself. In some cases—*Our Gang* (1971), *The Breast* (1972), *The Great American Novel* (1973)—the interviews are rather better than the novels. (Did you read the novel? No, but I saw the interview.) One thing is clear: Philip Roth is far and away the most generous critic we have of the writings of Philip Roth.

It may be useful to keep this in mind because when reading the novels of Philip Roth one discovers that he is not all that generous to anyone else. Make no mistake, he is an immensely talented writer. He is always very readable. He has a fine eye for the detail and texture of social scenery. He has a splendid ear and an accompanying gift of mimicry, which allows him to do the Jews in a thousand voices. He is famously funny, dangerously funny, as Mel Brooks once characterized the kind of humor that can cause strokes from laughter. He has a most solid literary education. Philip Roth has in fact everything but one thing: a generous spirit. Reading through his work, however, one begins to wonder if, in the case of a novelist, this one thing may not perhaps be the main thing.

Randall Jarrell once wittily defined a novel as "a prose narrative of some length that has something wrong with it," and there has certainly been no shortage of critics ready to declare various things wrong with Philip Roth's novels. Many a rabbi took to his pulpit to denounce the treatment of Jews in *Goodbye, Columbus. Letting Go* was in more than one quarter found sententious, Henry James on the graduate-school level, a point nicely caught in "Marjorie Morningstar Ph.D.," the title of John Gross's *New Statesman* review of the novel. Reviewing *When She Was Good* in COMMENTARY (November 1967), Robert Alter noted of the characters in this, Roth's third book, that "Humanity is divided into those who are hateful and those who are merely contemptible. . . ." At the close of a review of Roth's slender novel *The Breast* (1972), Frederick Crews offered a two-for-one critical sale, writing in a single sentence: "In a sense *The Breast* is a more discouraging work than the straightforwardly vicious *Our Gang* [Roth's 1971 travesty of Richard Nixon]."

Philip Roth, then, has taken his critical lumps. But the deepest and unkindest cut of all came from Irving Howe, who, in an essay in COMMENTARY entitled "Philip Roth Reconsidered" (December 1972), quite consummately eviscerated all Roth's work. Howe pointed out

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that Roth's "great need is for a stance of superiority," that one reason his stories "are unsatisfactory is that they come out of a thin personal culture," that "the cruelest thing anyone can do with *Portnoy's Complaint* is to read it twice," that such literary narcissism as Roth has displayed throughout his career "is especially notable among minor artists, with whom it frequently takes the form of self-exemptive attacks on the shamefulness of humanity," and so on and on. When Howe is done, he has allowed that he thinks well of a single Roth short story, "Defender of the Faith."

I used the word eviscerate to describe this essay; its effect was as though Dr. Howe, working over the corpus of Roth's work, had removed all the patient's major organs, leaving only a small portion —that one short story—of the spleen. This essay, as we shall see, has left Philip Roth in the spiritual equivalent of intensive care for the more than a decade since it was written.

I HAVE said that Philip Roth is always very readable, but I have recently learned that (as Howe pointed out) he is not very rereadable. Trial by rereading is a tough test for a novelist, and I am not sure exactly what it proves, except of course that it is obviously better to write books that can be reread with pleasure than not. (Ezra Pound once distinguished between journalism and literature by saying that literature could be read twice.) Roth, on a second reading, begins to seem smaller; one starts to notice glancing and low blows. In *Goodbye, Columbus*, for example, a cheap point is scored off Mrs. Patimkin, the mother of the family of rich and vulgar Jews who it is fair to say are the target of the novella, because she has never heard of Martin Buber. "Is he *reformed*?" she asks. The assumption here is that people who do not know the name of Martin Buber are swine, like people who listen to the recordings of Kostelanetz and Mantovani. The term for the thinking behind this assumption is intellectual snobbery, and of a fairly low order. In the novella Brenda Patimkin remarks to Neil Klugman, its protagonist, "Why do you always sound a little nasty to me!" This seems to me a good question.

Or, again, in rereading *When She Was Good* I discovered myself feeling an unexpected rush of sympathy for that novel's main character, the moralizing and man-destroying Lucy Nelson. For all that Lucy Nelson is mean-spirited and endlessly judgmental, throughout the novel there is someone meaner and even more judgmental on her tail—her creator, the author. The novel is relentless, ending with Lucy Nelson's death in the cold, a chilling performance in every sense. Mighty is the wrath of the Lord; but the wrath of Roth, for those of his characters on whom he spews it —from the Patimkins to Lucy Nelson, to Jack and Sophie Portnoy, to assorted lady friends in various of the novels, to the critic Milton Appel in the recent *The Anatomy Lesson**—is not so easily borne either.

A HIGHLY self-conscious writer, the early Philip Roth no doubt felt the weight of his own crushing moralizing. True, in his first book he was moralizing against moralizing—yet it was still moralizing. Moral tunes were the ones he had been trained to dance to. "I was," Roth has written, "one of those students of the 50's who came to books by way of a fairly good but rather priestly literary education, in which writing poems and novels was assumed to eclipse all else in what we called 'moral seriousness.'" The year before, in an interview with himself, he announced: "I imagined fiction to be something like a religious calling, and literature a kind of sacrament, a sense of things I have had reason to modify since." What may have caused Roth to modify his sense of moral earnestness was the unrelieved gloom in which it issued in such novels as *Letting Go* and *When She Was Good*. Roth's early fiction was about what he construed to be the coercive forces in life—family, religion, culture. At some point he decided that among those coercive forces he had to add another: his own literary moral seriousness.

Near the end of the 1960's, that time of many liberations, Philip Roth achieved his own with the publication of *Portnoy's Complaint*. Toward the middle of *Goodbye, Columbus* the hero notes: "I am not one to stick scalpels in myself"; henceforth, Roth's heroes will comport themselves as if taking acupuncture with scalpels. Of course, to blame the guilt of Alexander Portnoy, a guilt beginning in ceaseless masturbation, issuing in an adult case of raging sex fever, and closing in impotence—to blame this guilt on Portnoy's Jewish middle-class upbringing was certain to put Roth in solid with the Jewish friends he had already made through *Goodbye, Columbus*. Dwelling on masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus, and other features of what H. L. Mencken once referred to as "non-Euclidean sex," the novel was deliberately in atrocious taste. It read rather like a more literate and extended Lenny Bruce skit. It was meant to cause the squeamish to squirm, the righteous to rave—and by and large succeeded in doing so. If Berkeley was what happened to the university during the 60's, Andy Warhol what happened to contemporary art, *Portnoy's Complaint* was what happened to American Jewish fiction.

For Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint* was evidently, in one of the cant phrases of the day, a breakthrough. Suddenly, the sexual subject, with all its taboos shattered, was now fully his to command; suddenly, in his use of material and language, he was little boy blue. He had also developed a new tone, a detached intimacy such as a practiced analysand might adopt with his therapist. Psychoanalysts—variously called Spielvogel, Klinger, and other German names—will henceforth appear in Roth's novels, while Roth himself will come to view the psychoanalytic as an important mode of apprehending reality. Roth's explanation of the meaning of *Portnoy* reflects this clearly enough, when he says, in yet another of his interviews, that the book "which was concerned with

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the comic side of the struggle between a hectoring superego and an ambitious id, seems now, in retrospect, to have realigned those forces as they act upon my imagination."

I myself prefer not to hear novelists using words like superego and id. Whatever aid they may bring to the suffering, however necessary they may be to the discourse of therapeutic workers, they are death on art, and on no art are they more deadly than fiction. Novelists do better to speak of morals and desire, of conscience and soul. The later Roth has, I believe, shed his true-believer views of psychoanalysis; in his most recent novel, *The Anatomy Lesson*, he seems to have shucked them off nearly altogether. But he has retained certain of the habits of the analysand—classically conceived, as they say down at the Institute—not the least of which is an unshakable belief in the importance of sex and an implacable confidence in the significance of one's own splendid self.

ALTHOUGH I have not taken an exact count, it strikes me that, along with John Updike and Norman Mailer, Philip Roth is a hot entry in the sweepstakes for the most fornication described within the pages of a single body of serious work. (Edmund Wilson once grouped a number of novelists of the 30's as "The Boys in the Back Room"; Updike, Mailer, Roth, and perhaps William Styron, all writers with a puerile interest in sex, might be thought of as The Men in the Boys' Room.) By now a practiced hand, Roth can describe sex as easily as Dickens could describe London, though the views Dickens offers are more interesting. Roth has mastered his technique to the point where he can advance his plots through dialogue while keeping his characters *in flagrante*. All this is by design. Roth has said that the direction his work has taken "since *Portnoy's Complaint* can in part be accounted for by my increased responsiveness to, and respect for, what is unsocialized in me."

Yet it isn't the sheer volume of sex in Roth's novels that is troubling; one feels, rather, that sex is one of the few subjects left to him, and that it has now begun to qualify as an uninteresting obsession. Like cityscapes to Bellow, so bedscapes to Roth; one senses he could do them in his sleep, and after a short while one wishes he would. I. B. Singer is a novelist quite as concerned with sex as Philip Roth, but, it seems to me, with a decisive difference. In Singer's fiction, the pleasures of sex mix with the terrors of guilt and sin, and somewhere off in the distance you feel perhaps God is watching. In a Roth novel, sex has to do with a writer paying respect to his "unsocialized side," and somewhere off in the distance you can hear a pen scratching.

You hear a pen scratching because, as a novelist, Philip Roth has lived for some while pretty close to the autobiographical bone. The relationship between fictional representation and autobiographical sources is endlessly complicated, and can usually only be properly understood by a literary biographer willing to spend decades with his subject. How much of Stendhal is in Julien Sorel, how much of Balzac in Lucien Chardon, how much of Tolstoy in Levin? The more contemporary the age, the more complex, and the more crucial, the question seems to grow. How much James Joyce in Stephen Dedalus, how much Proust in the Marcel of *Remembrance of Things Past*, how much of Kafka in Joseph K? The closer we get to our own day, the smaller the gap between the fictional and the autobiographical seems to be. A remark by E. R. Curtius goes a good way toward explaining the impetus behind this phenomenon. "Since Chateaubriand's *René*," Curtius writes, "literature has preferred to deal with the conflicts of the individual, the shipwreck of ideals, the disillusionment of the heart, the quarrel with society." All the items Curtius mentions, from the conflict within the individual to the quarrel with society, cry out to be dealt with directly, shorn of the mediating screen of fictional representation. And dealing directly with such things in fiction often means dealing with them in a highly autobiographical manner.

This is a touchy point for Philip Roth, who again and again has accused his critics and readers of confusing his life and his work. The confusion set in with a fine vengeance, he claims, with *Portnoy's Complaint*, when "a novel in the guise of a confession was received and judged by any number of readers as a confession in the guise of a novel." In an essay entitled "Portnoy's Fame—and Mine," Roth has told how, not long after the enormous success of *Portnoy's Complaint*, when Roth himself had become a gossip-column item, at one point romantically linked (I believe the phrase is) with Barbra Streisand, the rumor circulated that he had had a nervous breakdown—which, as he notes, given the original confusion between the author and the protagonist of *Portnoy's Complaint*, makes a certain amount of sense, madness being the end preordained for onanists.

TIME and again, in interviews and essays and now even in his fiction, Roth has gone on insisting that he is not, in his novels, writing about Philip Roth, except through the transmutations of art. "That writing is an act of imagination," says Nathan Zuckerman in *The Anatomy Lesson*, "seems to perplex and infuriate everyone." Roth has spoken of readers getting a "voyeuristic kick" from reading his autobiography into his books. I think "voyeuristic kick" is exactly the correct phrase, and my first response to it is that, if a writer doesn't wish to supply such kicks, perhaps he would do better not to undress before windows opening onto thoroughfares.

Yet one wonders if voyeuristic kicks are not precisely at the heart of Roth's recent novels (as well as those of other contemporary novelists). In an odd conjunction of circumstances, while novels seem to mean less and less to the way people live, at the same time a number of novelists have become celebrity figures: through television appearances, magazine interviews, gossip sheets. These novelists can hardly be unaware of their celebrity, however much they may say they do not like it, and they also ought to

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be aware that readers—and quite intelligent readers, too—will see the novelists' lives in their work, especially when the writer has taken so little trouble to disguise himself. If there is anyone in the world who believes that the hero of Saul Bellow's *The Dean's December* is anyone other than Saul Bellow, I should like to meet that person and have the opportunity to sell him some mining stock. If there is anyone who believes that young Stingo in *Sophie's Choice* is not the young William Styron, that person brings a freshness and an innocence to his reading that I believe borders on insanity. It is a cheap thrill but nonetheless one very much for the taking, this reading of gossip about famous novelists in—of all places—their own novels.

In short, it is the novelists who make this gossip, these voyeuristic kicks, possible in the first place. If they don't wish so to be read, the way out is through invention, imagination, fresh creation, greater subtlety. Another prospect, however, is simply to give way, to write about oneself almost straight-out, to cultivate the idiosyncratic vision, to plow away at one's own obsessions, becoming a bit of a crank, something of a crackpot, and risk being a minor writer indeed. Alas, I think this is the path that Philip Roth has set himself upon.

After *Portnoy's Complaint* Roth wrote two satires, the one about Nixon, *Our Gang*, and *The Great American Novel*, about baseball. Such works are known as *jeux d'esprits*; when they fail, as these two do for being excessively heavy-handed and insufficiently funny, they are also known as regrettable. There followed *The Breast* (1972), in which David Kepesh, a professor of English—surprising that Roth didn't make him a CUNY linguist—wakes up in a hospital to find himself turned into a breast. Kepesh feels that he got into this fix through reading fiction. He has been teaching Kafka and Gogol. "The books I've been teaching—they put the idea in my head." He asks: "Why this primitive identification with *the* object of infantile veneration?" Perhaps, he thinks, "Success itself! There is what I couldn't take—a happy life!" Other theories are tried out. Kepesh's psychoanalyst is consulted. To no avail. The reason David Kepesh has become a breast remains unknown both within the story and outside it. With *The Breast*, Philip Roth's problem has officially become identifying Philip Roth's problem.

At this point Roth's fictional works, like runny cooked vegetables on a plate, begin to bleed into one another. Three Roth protagonists come on the scene: Nathan Zuckerman, Peter Tarnopol, and, not yet breastified, David Kepesh. A Chinese-box effect sets in. In *My Life as a Man* (1974) we are presented with a story written by Peter Tarnopol about the sexual adventures of the young Nathan Zuckerman; this Nathan Zuckerman will return as the author of a shocking best-seller about sexual liberation entitled *Carnovsky*, which sounds like nothing so much as *Portnoy's Complaint*. But back at *My Life as a Man*, Peter Tarnopol's editor asks him: "Is that what you're up to, or are you planning to write Zuckerman variations until you have constructed a kind of full-length fictional fugue?" By now, Philip Roth has written three books about this Nathan Zuckerman character. All that remains to complete the circle is for Peter Tarnopol to write a novel in which David Kepesh is teaching a year-long honors seminar on the novels of Philip Roth.

These characters have a number of qualities in common: they are bookish (two are writers, one a teacher of writing), Jewish, single, past or current analysands and hence mightily self-regarding, great prizers of their personal freedom (two have had disastrous first marriages, one, Nathan Zuckerman, has had three marriages about two of which not much is said), fearful of a great deal but above all of personal entrapment. Their characteristic condition is to feel put upon; their characteristic response is to whine and complain. Much of their time on the page is spent in the effort of self-analysis through which they hope to arrive at self-justification. Oh, yes, one other thing: for the above-mentioned reasons, none is in any way easy to sympathize with.

Reading these novels, one begins to sense with what pleasure a psychoanalyst must look forward to knocking off at the end of the day. It's a small world, that of the patient—it has, really, only one person of importance in it. So, too, with Roth's novels which feel so terribly underpopulated, confined, claustral. One admires their sentences, picks up on their jokes, notes the craft that went into their making, and finishes reading them with a slight headache and a sour taste in the mouth. One puts them down, finally, in not so different a condition, one assumes, from the psychoanalyst picking up his briefcase, sighing, and flicking off the light in the office; only, unlike the analyst, one has not been so well rewarded for the day's work.

Not that these novels are without brilliant passages and portraits. In the second section of *My Life as a Man*, the section entitled "Courting Disaster (or, Serious in the Fifties)," Nathan Zuckerman contracts a mistaken marriage for chiefly literary reasons. To escape his own cozy Jewish middle-class upbringing, to meet experience such as it is met in literature, he is drawn to a sad, broken woman, a perfect mismatch, chiefly because "she had suffered so much and because she was so brave." But this section of the novel, so beautifully done, is blown when, after many nightmarish years in the marriage, Zuckerman runs off to Italy with his very young stepdaughter. The appropriate reference is made to Nabokov. Roth and his characters have books on the brain, and not only great literature but criticism into the bargain. Zuckerman says of himself: "Where Emma Bovary had read too many romances of her period, it would seem that I had read too much of the criticism of mine."

In his later novels, Roth regularly measures himself against the great literary figures of the past, attempting to discover with whom among them he belongs. Peter Tarnopol is a great admirer of Flaubert, though at one point in *My Life as a Man* he notes: "I'll try a character like Henry Miller, or

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someone out-and-out bilious like Céline for my hero instead of Gustave Flaubert—and won't be such an Olympian writer as it was my ambition to be back in the days when nothing called personal experience stood between me and aesthetic detachment." David Kepesh has a case on Kafka, and in *The Professor of Desire* pays a visit to the aged prostitute in Prague to whom Kafka was said to bring his custom. (No one ever said Philip Roth wasn't inventive.) In *The Anatomy Lesson* Nathan Zuckerman recalls his undergraduate experience of the magisterial, and majestic, presence of Thomas Mann lecturing on literature at the University of Chicago, and gauges how far his own artistic aspirations have fallen since that time. The way other people look to religion and philosophy, Roth and his heroes look to literature. "Literature got me into this," says Zuckerman in one of the sections of *My Life as a Man*, "and literature is gonna get me out." Thus far, it must be reported, it hasn't.

"Moral delinquency has its fascination for you," says Dr. Klinger, David Kepesh's analyst, and so it does for Philip Roth. In Roth's later novels, though, moral delinquency has almost exclusively meant sexual delinquency. Roth himself, in an interview published around the time of *The Breast*, formulated the moral war of his characters as "between the ethical and social yearnings and the implacable, singular lusts for the flesh and its pleasures." Yet in this particular war Philip Roth is in the embarrassing position of one of those Japanese soldiers holed up on a Pacific island, still polishing his boots and cleaning his rifle, who hasn't yet heard that the war between ethical and social yearnings and sexual appetite is long over. Ethical and social yearnings lost and sexual appetite promptly departed.

More and more of Roth's subject is falling away from him, like the hair on Nathan Zuckerman's head in *The Anatomy Lesson*. In *My Life as a Man* this same Zuckerman is said to have written a novel, filled with "moral indignation," entitled *A Jewish Father*. Roth himself, in such portraits as those of Mrs. Patimkin, Aunt Gladys, Sophie Portnoy, and others has been putting together a bitter volume that might be entitled *World of Our Mothers*. Now, however, that generation, in whose rage for order Roth read repression and perhaps unintended but nonetheless real malevolence, is old and dying and hardly any longer worth railing against. Even Roth appears to have recognized this, and some of the few touching moments in his later fiction—the scenes with David Kepesh's widowed father in *My Life as a Man*, memories of Nathan Zuckerman's mother in *Zuckerman Unbound* and *The Anatomy Lesson*—are tributes to the generation of his own parents.

When a writer has used up all other subjects within the realm of his experience, one subject remains —that of writing itself. Philip Roth's last three novels—the Zuckerman trilogy—are about precisely this subject. The first, *The Ghost Writer*, much of which takes place at the home of the ascetic writer E. I. Lonoff, is about the toll in loneliness and self-abnegation that the writing life exacts. Being a Roth novel, *The Ghost Writer* is not without its comic touches, or without its attempts to *épater les juifs*. In the latter category, the Zuckerman character imagines bringing home Anne Frank as his wife—the one sure way to please his parents, who are already aggrieved at what they construe to be his abetting of anti-Semitism by publishing stories about the seamier side of the family. Playing Anne Frank for laughs is Roth the bad boy at it again, attempting to make the Jews squirm. He cannot seem to help himself on this score. He can't leave it alone.

Zuckerman Unbound, the second Zuckerman novel, is about the wages paid for large-scale success in America, in this case paid out to Nathan Zuckerman for writing his shocking bestseller *Carnovsky*. The coin in which these wages are paid is that of the unwanted company of hustlers, intrusive idiotic publicity, and family misunderstanding. Here again one begins to feel many autobiographical teases. Did Roth's parents react to *Portnoy* as Zuckerman's did to *Carnovsky*? Does Roth feel the same petulance about publicity as Zuckerman? "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale," pronounced D. H. Lawrence. Yet the more it becomes apparent that there is little to choose between tale and teller, the more one ends up trusting neither. Part of the burden of *The Anatomy Lesson*, it seems to me, is that Roth may no longer trust either himself.

A long while ago Philip Roth removed the fig leaf; now, in *The Anatomy Lesson*, off—or nearly off —comes the mask. In this novel Nathan Zuckerman is suffering a great unexplained pain in his back and neck. So great is the pain that he cannot write. He can, though, while settled on his back upon a rubber mat on his living-room floor, carry on love affairs with four different women. But these affairs do not absorb him nearly so deeply as does an attack written on his work by a Jewish intellectual critic he once admired by the name of Milton Appel that appeared in the magazine *Inquiry*. Not many people will need to know this, but Milton Appel is another name for Irving Howe and *Inquiry* is intended to be Commentary. A few details have been shifted here and there, some with an almost pathetic indifference: Howe's essay on Roth appeared in Commentary in December 1972, Appel's on Zuckerman in March 1973. (What extraordinary transformations art can make!) I am sure a number of characters are invented, touches and twists are added, nothing is quite as it was in life, but at its center this is a *roman à clef*—one that is being used, through gross caricature and straight insult, to repay an old wound.

It is also a *roman* of clay. The only points of interest have to do with the sense it conveys that Philip Roth himself may feel he can go no further in this vein. He has written himself into a corner and up a wall. "There's nothing more wearying," Zuckerman tells a friend, "than having to go around pretending to

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be the author of one's own books—except pretending not to be." Elsewhere he remarks: "If you get out of yourself you can't be a writer because the personal ingredient is what gets you going, and if you hang on to the personal ingredient any longer you'll disappear right up your [orifice deleted]." And later he adds: "Chained to my dwarf drama till I die. Stories now about Milton Appel? Fiction about losing my hair? I can't face it." Neither, for much longer, I suspect, can we.

When, with *Portnoy's Complaint*, Philip Roth's career took its turn toward investigating the inner life, Roth must have thought he was on his way to becoming the Jewish Gogol, the American Kafka. But it has not worked out. Roth's fictional figures lack the requisite weight; they aren't clown-heroes out of Kafka or Gogol who have somehow been tricked by life, the butt of some towering cosmic joke. A character who is having love affairs with four women and wishes to get his own back at a literary critic—this is not, as Philip Roth the teacher of literature himself must know, exactly a figure of universal significance. No, it has not worked out. *Portnoy's Complaint* ended on the couch, with the psychiatrist remarking to Alex Portnoy, "Now vee may perhaps to begin. Yes?" *The Anatomy Lesson* ends with Nathan Zuckerman, determined to give up writing for a career in medicine, helping the interns in the hospital in which he himself is a patient. I should have preferred to see it, too, end in a psychoanalyst's office, with the analyst announcing to Portnoy-Tarnopol-Kepesh-Zuckerman-Roth: "Now, vee are concluded. Vee haf gone as far as vee can go. Yes?"

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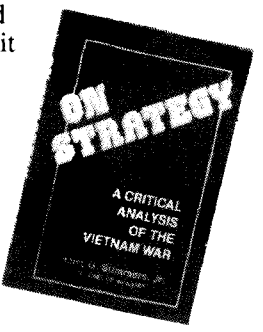

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Delusions

THE ROOTS OF TREASON: EZRA POUND AND THE SECRET OF ST. ELIZABETHS. By E. FULLER TORREY. *McGraw-Hill. 339 pp. $19.95.*

Reviewed by KENNETH S. LYNN

EDWIN FULLER TORREY, M.D., is a member of the psychiatric staff at St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington, D.C. Although by all accounts he is an efficient administrator, his achievements as a scientist are dim to the point of invisibility. Nevertheless, he has become a fairly well-known figure on the Washington scene in recent years as a result of the controversial articles he has contributed to the Washington *Post*. For among the many prejudices of that powerful newspaper is a hostility to psychiatry, and in Dr. Torrey the *Post* has found the guru it was apparently looking for—a psychiatrist at war with his profession.

Dr. Torrey belongs neither to the American Psychiatric Association nor to the Washington Psychiatric Society, the two professional organizations with which one would expect a man in his position to be affiliated. In an obscure book called *The Death of Psychiatry* (1974), Dr. Torrey denounces the medical rhetoric of his profession—"disease," "patients," "diagnosis," "treatment," "cure," and so on—as not only pretentious but stultifying. From Freud to Harry Stack Sullivan to Frieda Fromm-Reichmann, Dr. Torrey views the developers of the medical model as the progenitors of the "platypus," the "dodo bird," the "dinosaur" that is contemporary psychiatry. Dr. Torrey's heroes, by contrast, are the anti-psychiatric psychiatrists of our day who either believe that people are wonderful, only society is sick, or who are confident that schizophrenia and other major psychoses are the result of specific structural or functional changes in the brain that will inevitably become the province of neurologists as soon as they are identified. Thomas Szasz, R.D. Laing, and Robert Coles are among the names admiringly invoked in the preface to *The Death of Psychiatry*—which may help to explain why Dr. Coles had nothing but praise for Dr. Torrey's new book on the Ezra Pound case in his recent review of it in the New York *Times*.

The Pound case may be said to have begun in 1925, when Pound took up permanent residence in Italy but did not renounce his U. S. citizenship. Soon he was writing letters to Mussolini, offering gratuitious advice on economic issues and signing himself "with devoted homage" and "with all my faith." He dated even his correspondence with fellow poets according to the fascist calendar, in which 1922 was known as Year I, in commemoration of Il Duce's march on Rome. In early 1941, a year and a half after the outbreak of World War II, Pound began speaking over Rome radio ten times a month. His broadcasts, only seven minutes in length, were nevertheless memorable because of their emotional intensity. The degree of hatred they expressed for Jews of all nationalities, the British empire, and the United States—in particular Franklin D. Roosevelt—can be measured by brief quotations from three broadcasts in 1942, all of which could be heard in the United States over shortwave radio:

> I think Roosevelt belongs in an insane asylum now. His writers are lunatics. You have come down far when a Jew by the name of Finkelstein runs your country.
>
> You ought not to be at war against Italy. You ought not to be giving the slightest or most picayune aid to any nation engaged in waging war against Italy. You are doing it for the sake of a false accounting system.
>
> Well, you have been fed on lies, for twenty years you have been fed on lies, and I don't say maybe. And Mr. Squirmy and Mr. Slime are still feeding it to you right over the BBC radio, and every one of the Jew radios of Schenectady, New York, and Boston.

In 1943, the United States government indicted Pound for treason. When he was captured by Italian partisans in May 1945, they turned him over to American soldiers, who eventually placed him in a cage at a detention camp near Pisa. The following November, he was brought to Washington, where he underwent psychiatric examination at St. Elizabeths to determine whether he was fit to stand trial for his crimes. After four psychiatrists judged him to be unfit, he was committed to St. Elizabeths. There he lived until 1958, at which point he was released and allowed to return to Italy. His final years were marked by terrible self-hatred and a total inability to write significant poetry.

TOWARD the end of *The Roots of Treason*, Dr. Torrey characterizes the temper of American politics in the early years of Pound's incarceration at St. Elizabeths. "A Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives had come into being, and zealous young Congressmen such as Richard Nixon were digging for Communists. Alger Hiss was one of the first to be pilloried." Besides casting light on Dr. Torrey's political intelligence, these sentences say something about his audacity. For in his zeal to use the Pound case as another stick with which to beat his profession, he himself pillories the integrity of Dr. Winfred Overholser, the superintendent of St. Elizabeths and the most prestigious of the psychia-

KENNETH S. LYNN *teaches history at Johns Hopkins. His most recent book is* The Air-Line to Seattle.

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trists who declared that Pound was insane.

The former president of the New England Society of Psychiatrists and the Massachusetts Psychiatric Society, and destined to become in 1947 the president of the American Psychiatric Association, Dr. Overholser was the last of the great psychiatrists at St. Elizabeths, the worthy successor in all respects of William A. White, the best-known psychiatrist of his generation. Yet the author of *The Roots of Treason* would have us believe that Dr. Overholser lied on the witness stand, that he was guilty not of misjudging the question of Pound's sanity but of consciously aiding and abetting a fascist traitor's efforts to escape legal punishment by faking madness. And why did Dr. Overholser lend himself to this monstrous charade? Because he was an erudite chap who liked literature, and Pound was a famous poet. Seldom has a slenderer motive been proposed for villainy.

ACCORDING to Dr. Torrey, it was Ernest Hemingway who first suggested an insanity plea as the "solution" to the "problem" of Pound's indictment for treason. Hemingway "saw in the transcripts [of Pound's broadcasts] a way to save his friend." Hemingway thought the broadcasts "could be used to prove that Ezra was 'obviously crazy.'" By introducing an out-of-context quotation of the novelist's words with cleverly slanted phrases of his own, Dr. Torrey makes it seem as if Hemingway's plan was cynically conceived. But in fact, Hemingway was honestly convinced that Pound had been mentally unbalanced for years. "He is obviously crazy," he asserted in a letter to Archibald MacLeish in August 1943:

> I think you might prove he was crazy as far back as the latter Cantos. . . . It is impossible to believe that anyone in his right mind could utter the vile, absolutely idiotic drivel he has broadcast. His friends who knew him and who watched the warping and twisting and decay of his mind and his judgment should defend him and explain him on that basis. It will be a completely unpopular but an absolutely necessary thing to do. I have had no correspondence with him for ten years and the last time I saw him was in 1933 when Joyce asked me to come to make it easier having Ezra at his house. Ezra was moderately whacky then. The broadcasts are absolutely balmy.

Three weeks later, Hemingway wrote to Allen Tate:

> They must not hang [Pound] nor must he be made a martyr in any way. He ought to go to a loony bin, which he rates and you can pick out the parts in his Cantos at which he starts to rate it. . . . When I last saw him in 1933 at Joyce's, Joyce was convinced that he was crazy then and asked me to come around when Pound was present because he was afraid he might do something mad. He certainly made no sense then and talked as utter rot, nonsense, and balls as he had made good sense in 1923. So I think it would be outrageous for us who followed his decline into ridiculous nonsense and idiocy not to constaté the fact and also constaté what a great and fine poet and generous friend he was before he went goofy.

The idea of an insanity plea may have originated with Hemingway, but it was MacLeish who rallied other writers behind it. In retrospect, says Dr. Torrey, MacLeish candidly admitted that "I never thought Ezra was insane unless a ludicrous egotism qualifies." The admission, however, is taken from a letter that MacLeish wrote at the age of eighty-eight to none other than Dr. Torrey. The author of *The Roots of Treason* does not reproduce the letter in toto, nor does he tell us anything about the questions he addressed to the old man that elicited from him the reply that Dr. Torrey was fishing for. In the light of Dr. Torrey's distortion of Hemingway's point of view, it is difficult to have confidence in his representation of MacLeish's. And when one turns to R. H. Winnick's edition of the *Letters of Archibald MacLeish* (1983) in order to see what the poet had to say about Pound in earlier decades, new doubts arise about Dr. Torrey's scholarship.

"Pound is crazy," MacLeish told Hemingway on February 14, 1927. "Last letter he asked me to learn Arabic so as to write like myself." Two days later, MacLeish advised Allen Tate, "Don't expect anything of Pound. He's cucku." "Pound is a unicorn who turns into an ass every time you look at him too closely," MacLeish informed Louis Untermeyer in 1932. "Pound is really such a bleeding fool when he is doing anything except writing verse," he observed to John Peale Bishop in 1933. In an accompanying letter to the transcripts of Pound's broadcasts that he mailed to Hemingway in July 1943, MacLeish declared, "It is pretty clear that poor old Ezra is quite, quite balmy." The following September, he reported to his old friend from Harvard Law School days, the Boston lawyer Harvey Bundy, that "Hemingway and I have gone through the monitorings of the Pound broadcasts. We agree entirely that they are the product of a completely distracted mind."

AS SOON as Pound was indicted, four psychiatrists were assigned to examine him. Two of them, says Dr. Torrey, lacked professional eminence—which is certainly a case of the pot calling the kettle black. The third was an associate professor at Johns Hopkins and a "respected psychiatrist," in Dr. Torrey's grudging phrase. The fourth was Winfred Overholser. Dr. Torrey accuses Dr. Overholser of having made up his mind to save Pound from prison before he even saw him. "He decided that Pound should be protected and then set about to insure that protection. The first thing he did was to get an agreement from the other psychiatrists that they would reach a common conclusion and submit a single report."

Yet while it is true that Dr. Overholser took the lead in persuading his colleagues not to submit multiple reports, this was because he was anxious not to allow Pound's sanity hearing to degenerate into what the poet's defense lawyer, Julien Cornell, later referred to as "the usual farce," wherein psychiatrists come to very different conclusions and thus "leave to the jury a decision which

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should be made by the medical profession." Dr. Torrey's sinister interpretation of Dr. Overholser's pre-examination actions is utterly without foundation.

Nor is there any evidence to support Dr. Torrey's contention that the superintendent of St. Elizabeths wrung an a-priori agreement from his colleagues that their collective opinion "should agree with his." The author also does not tell us how he knows that Pound faked madness in all four of his examinations:

> Pound . . . facilitated the examiner's search for pathology by offering him his own version of what had gone wrong with his head. According to Dr. King's report, Pound "experienced a queer sensation in the head as though the upper third of the brain were missing and a fluid level at the top remained."

This "exotic symptom," Dr. Torrey sarcastically comments, "corresponds to no known psychiatric or neurological condition." But does not this very fact lend credence to the idea that Pound was delusional? Although the question is obvious, Dr. Torrey ignores it.

In their letter to the court, the psychiatrists found that Pound was abnormally grandiose, expansive, and exuberant in manner, and exhibited pressure of speech, discursiveness, and distractibility:

> In our opinion, with advancing years his personality, for many years abnormal, has undergone further distortion to the extent that he is now suffering from a paranoid state which renders him mentally unfit to advise properly with counsel or to participate intelligently and reasonably in his own defense. He is, in other words, insane and mentally unfit for trial and is in need of care in a mental hospital.

Dr. Torrey is indignant that Pound's attacks on the "usury" of the international banking system and his fervent belief that Jews controlled America should have been regarded by Dr. Overholser as examples of paranoid delusion. "A delusion," he writes,

> is usually defined as a false belief arising without stimulation or validation by others and which is impervious to reason. Pound's economic and racial beliefs had widespread validation and are still shared by entire organizations, such as the Liberty Lobby and the Ku Klux Klan; they cannot therefore be called delusions in the generally accepted sense of the word.

Dr. Torrey is so convinced of the soundness of these observations that he cannot believe that Pound's friends and examiners did not share them. Thus the Pound case was a conspiracy, hatched in the cynical brain of a famous writer and carried to completion by the perjured testimony of a famous psychiatrist. In the process of pooh-poohing the significance of Pound's delusions, Dr. Torrey reveals his own.

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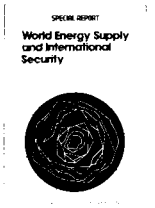

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BARON JAMES: THE RISE OF THE FRENCH ROTHSCHILDS. By ANKA MUHLSTEIN. *Vendome Press. 223 pp. $17.95.*

CONTRE BONNE FORTUNE. By GUY DE ROTHSCHILD. *Belfond. 373 pp. 89 francs.*

Reviewed by ROGER KAPLAN

EARLY in 1982, a short essay appeared on the front page of *Le Monde*. The essay recounted in broad strokes a very full life in our century. It told of services rendered to the French nation in peacetime and war, and it told also, with more sorrow than bitterness, of insults suffered at the hands of bigots and opportunists. It described how the author's father and uncles had been deprived of their citizenship for "fleeing before the German advance, instead of volunteering for the crematoria," and of how their property had been taken from them and their families killed. The essay, steady, dignified, focused, closed with the author's farewell to France —a France whose banking policy was being radically altered and whose economy was being wrecked by the Socialist government of François Mitterrand—and announced his intention, in the eighth decade of his life, of emigrating to the United States:

> The French Rothschilds erred in believing they could evolve and develop with their times and in their own country; and they have suffered for it,
>
> Jew under Pétain, outlaw under Mitterrand: enough is enough. To have to rebuild from ruin twice in a lifetime is too much.

The author of this essay was the banker, industrialist, philanthropist, and sportsman Guy de Rothschild. He was and still is today the patriarch of the French branch of one of the most famous families to have emerged from two not unrelated events of the 18th century: the industrial revolution and Jewish emancipation.

Even by Jewish standards, the Rothschild family is exceptional. The enormous wealth accumulated by the five sons of Mayer Amschel Rothschild of Frankfurt in the early 19th century; their innovative brilliance in the banking profession; the durability of the French and British houses—all these had already become legendary in the Rothschild brothers' own lifetimes, even though there really was nothing in their success that could not be explained by reference to supremely intelligent (and incidentally scrupulously honest) business practices. But there was always more to the Rothschilds than a genius for business. They also had a remarkable devotion to family and, some of them, to Judaism (or at least to Jewish values) which they were able to transmit from one generation to the next, unlike so many other families of great wealth whose heirs have either occupied themselves with utter frivolity or sought out activities calculated to destroy their own class.

Two recent books about the Rothschild family—one, Baron Guy's autobiography, and the other, a biography of Baron James, founder of the French branch, by a Rothschild cousin—both stress the point that this quality of devotion, as much as the wealth itself, may have been what made the Rothschilds, in each generation, leaders not only of the Jewish community but also of the wider societies in which they lived.

ANKA MUHLSTEIN's book opens, as do all Rothschild chronicles, with the patriarch of the clan, Mayer Amschel Rothschild of Frankfurt's *Judengasse*. Mayer Amschel started life in his parents' business, currency exchanging, but had the vision to understand that the big money was in loans and trade. He also secured the friendship and patronage of Prince Wilhelm of Hesse, which provided not just business opportunities but—even more important—permission to travel outside of Frankfurt, not routinely given to Jews.

By the time Mayer Amschel's youngest son, James Mayer, went to Paris, patronage by a single prince was an archaic practice. With the Napoleonic period drawing to a close, the political map of Europe, as well as a number of basic assumptions about the conduct of business, had been changed forever. The great age of capitalism was beginning, and the key to it all was knowing how to make money make more money. This Nathan, the eldest son who had gone to London and quickly risen to an important position in the City, understood very well. He wanted his brothers to be in positions to take advantage of every opportunity. None did better at this than James, who was actually more daring than his revered elder brother. While Nathan, for example, mistrusted long-term investments in heavy industries, such as railroads, James become one of the pioneer investors in French rail in the 1840's, and thereby added substantially to the family fortune.

The business successes of the brothers Rothschild were mind-boggling to their contemporaries, who looked on with awe as they became the greatest bankers in Europe, bankrolling states and making the wheels of commerce turn. A Rothschild leaving the stock exchange in a bad humor could set off a panic. Partly because of this high visibility, but also because it was in their nature, they cultivated stability and sobriety, qualities which they also admired in governments and international politics. Champions of order, they preferred constitutional monarchies to republics, and positively loathed war.

IT IS less the details of James's business success, however, than his rise to power and influence in French society that is the subject of this informal, but well-informed, biography by his great-great-granddaughter. France during the Restoration and the July monarchy was reactionary in some ways, but cosmopolitan and tolerant in many others, so much so that James never felt the need to become a French citizen. The title of Baron, conferred on all five brothers by the Austro-Hungarian emperor, was spurned by Nathan, but delighted James, who served as the Austrian consul in Paris. (This in itself was more than a little ironic, given the fact that Vienna was so anti-Semitic that Jews were forbidden to own property there, and brother Salo-

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ROGER KAPLAN *writes frequently about French politics and culture.*

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mon was forced to *rent* the finest dwelling in the city.)

By Mme. Muhlstein's account, James was a very happy man. He lived for his work but did not fail to appreciate that Paris was the most exciting city of 19th-century Europe. Ahead of his fellow capitalists in most things, Baron James was among the first to seek out the friendship of writers and artists. Heine was close to the family and a regular at the dinner table, but there were many others as well, like Chopin, Delacroix, and Balzac, who dedicated one of his books to James and another to his wife. James also became a gastronome and wine drinker of note and succeeded, after years of effort, in acquiring the Chateau Lafite vineyard for which he eventually obtained the highest classification possible, *premier des premiers grands crus.*

Anti-Semitism in France grew increasingly virulent during Baron James's lifetime (though the term itself did not come into use until the 1890's). As both Guy de Rothschild and Anka Muhlstein point out, it served as a vehicle for the fusion of anti-capitalist or anti-bourgeois ideologies with traditional anti-Jewish feelings. Already hated for their beliefs, Jews in this period also came to be hated as malevolent economic sorcerers. Naturally, the Rothschilds were an easy target. James understood this quite well, and had no hesitation in fighting back. During the notorious Damascus blood-libel affair of 1840, he and his brothers mobilized the community (and the Austrian diplomatic corps) in defense of their Syrian fellow Jews whom the French government was at first inclined to sacrifice to its Middle Eastern policy. James's son Alphonse carried on the tradition, incurring severe losses when he cut off his credit line to the Russian czar in protest against the pogroms of the late 19th century.

INEVITABLY, the Jewish question looms as large in Guy de Rothschild's autobiography as it does in Mme. Muhlstein's book. Yet the Rothschild manner, particularly where painful issues are concerned, is to exercise delicacy and restraint. Even if he objects to France's Middle East policy, Guy de Rothschild understands the limits under which Charles de Gaulle and Georges Pompidou, the first two presidents of the Fifth Republic, labored in formulating it. His chapter on Pompidou in particular is written with an affection and respect growing out of many years of close collaboration. If Baron James, as we learn from Anka Muhlstein's book, knew how to cultivate and utilize the leading ministers of his time, so too did his great-grandson Baron Guy, who was in large part responsible for Pompidou's brilliant career. Today, of course, politics and finance are more strictly separated even in France than they were in the 19th century. Still, Pompidou might not have risen quite so high in de Gaulle's esteem had Guy de Rothschild not spotted his talent in the 50's and offered him a career

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with Rothschild Frères, which led eventually to Pompidou's directorship of the bank.

In 1967, de Gaulle shifted French policy away from support of Israel and toward the Arabs. The pretext, as dubious as it was hypocritical, was that Israel had fired the first shot in the Six-Day War of 1967; the real reason for the shift derived ultimately from a long-standing perception (or, more correctly, misperception) of where French interests in the region lay. Guy de Rothschild knew there was little he could do to change the French government's attitude, but he believes that Pompidou, as de Gaulle's successor, was far better disposed toward the state of Israel than other government officials. In an essay written a few days after Pompidou's death in April 1974, he tried to explain this, though the result was not altogether convincing:

> In foreign policy, Georges Pompidou shared de Gaulle's conviction that Israel, outnumbered in the Arab world where it is, could not survive by force, but only by winning acceptance. In his view, no effort should be spared to achieve this, and he hoped Israel would show as much moderation and reserve as France itself showed toward former colonies. . . .

The full force of the irony may have escaped the author here, concerned as he was with eulogizing his great friend. The French "moderation" to which Rothschild refers led to ten years of colonial wars—which France ultimately lost. And there was something bizarre about urging moderation on the one and only country in the Middle East which had been practicing moderation. Still, one sympathizes with the way Rothschild, in his family's best tradition, was trying to steer a middle course. Little could he know that within a very few years a new generation of French Jews would come to regard the established leaders of the French Jewish community as too reticent in defending their interests, and would demand a more aggressive and unapologetic line.

Where Guy remains most strikingly his great-grandfather's child is in his love for and trust in France, at least until very recently. How could it be otherwise? The French Rothschilds, accepted and admired in the country of their adoption, have become a part of French national folklore (not to speak of French economic history). The relations between Guy de Rothschild and Georges Pompidou are in themselves proof enough, at least at the level of personal relations, that France's republican institutions do indeed create a certain *fraternité* that transcends religion and class.

Yet reading Guy de Rothschild's personal survey of French anti-Semitism, and bearing in mind his 1982 *Le Monde* essay, one has to ask oneself how confident he really feels. In his understated way he intimates a connection between anti-Semitism and the economic demagoguery that finally convinced him it was time to move on to New York—a city where, his cousin Anka Muhlstein reports, Baron James once refused to give his son permission to set up a branch of the family bank.

Refugee Relief

ESCAPE TO FREEDOM: THE STORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL RESCUE COMMITTEE. By AARON LEVENSTEIN. *Greenwood Press. 338 pp. $29.95.*

Reviewed by STEPHEN MILLER

IF COMMUNISTS took over the Sahara, the joke goes, there would soon be a shortage of sand. There would probably not, however, be a shortage of refugees. "In every country taken over by the Communists," Aaron Levenstein writes in this moving history of the International Rescue Committee (IRC), "an exodus got under way."

Levenstein's book is a chronicle of IRC's efforts over the last fifty years to aid refugees not only from countries taken over by Communists, but from all regimes where oppression has flourished. Founded in the 1930's, the agency took, as its first main assignment, the task of helping people escape from the Nazis by way of Vichy France. Since then IRC has come to the aid of countless others, providing them with medical care and food in refugee camps, resettling them, and even finding them jobs in the countries of their adoption. In 1978 alone, IRC came to the assistance of people fleeing from thirty-six countries, from Afghanistan to Zimbabwe.

IRC is not the only agency doing this work; several other important bodies exist in the United States alone. Yet IRC has been a major force in refugee relief since 1956, when it came to the aid of Hungarians fleeing their country in the aftermath of the Soviet suppression of the Hungarian uprising. In the course of its life, IRC's annual budget has risen from under $10,000 to $26.9 million (in 1980).

LEVENSTEIN's book is austere in its details. He names only a handful of the many individuals who have raised funds and organized relief efforts for IRC, and he gives only a few glimpses into the lives of the refugees themselves. One of the most heartbreaking documents he cites is a letter from a Bengali woman fleeing the civil war in what was then East Pakistan. It reads:

> Father, where are you today we do not know. My elder brother, the elder sisters, maternal uncle, all of them have been killed by the Pak army. Whatever little savings we had, it is all finished. Mother has become insane; the whole day she laughs or cries. Where you have left us, those people have turned us out. We are now sitting on the road and spending our time in starvation. Father, you come back. Probably we will not live any more.

This letter never did reach the person to whom it was addressed; it finally came to rest in IRC's files, which undoubtedly contain many more such tales of extraordinary suffering. Reflecting that somber reality, Levenstein's book, although it is primarily intended as a celebration of the dedicated volunteers of IRC and of those refugees who braved incredible dangers to escape oppression, is inevitably also a chronicle of dark times. As he moves from continent to continent

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STEPHEN MILLER *is the author of* Special Interest Groups in American Politics *(Transaction Books).*

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describing IRC's relief efforts, the headlines of the past thirty years return to life: the Hungarian revolt, the war in Biafra, the slaughter in East Pakistan, the savagery of Idi Amin's rule in Uganda. The darkest tale of all is that of the millions killed in Cambodia under Pol Pot, the fanatical Communist who once told journalists he was developing a new kind of socialism which would abolish every vestige of the past.

Almost as disturbing as the stories of flight from such savagery are the incidents of forcible repatriation. According to the International Convention Relating to the Status of Refugees, "No contracting state shall expel or return a refugee to the frontiers of territories where his life or freedom would be threatened." But, as Levenstein documents, the Convention has often been flouted. Thai officials, for example, forcibly repatriated 42,000 Cambodians to an area in Cambodia that was heavily mined by the occupying Vietnamese army, with the result that thousands were killed. The government of Hong Kong has forcibly repatriated several thousand escapees from Communist China.

Even the United States, though it has certainly been more hospitable to refugees than most countries, has sometimes acted shabbily, particularly with regard to Haitians. Levenstein writes that the U.S. Coast Guard has intercepted boats filled with Haitian refugees and forced them to turn back. (U.S. authorities have also deported one of the leaders of the Haitian democratic movement.) Although IRC has been active in pleading the cause of the Haitians, so far, according to Levenstein, it has met with little success in its efforts.

In general, U.S. immigration authorities favor refugees from Communist countries over those from right-wing dictatorships; the latter, it is contended, should properly be called economic rather than political refugees. IRC has consistently argued against this practice, which it terms unfair. Yet we do need to recognize, as Levenstein certainly does, that the major reason there are approximately 17 million refugees in the world today is Soviet expansionism. In the postwar era the Soviet Union and its surrogates in Cuba and Vietnam have produced millions of refugees in Asia, Africa, and Europe; and Central America has already begun to add its share.

In his concluding paragraph, Levenstein writes that "the desire for freedom is alive in the human spirit." The story he tells in his book bears out this human craving, but it also reveals that in the last forty years, more often than not, it is the enemies of freedom who have had their way. IRC and other refugee relief organizations have done much to alleviate the suffering thereby caused, but in the end these agencies can only help the victims of tyranny; they cannot deal with tyranny itself.

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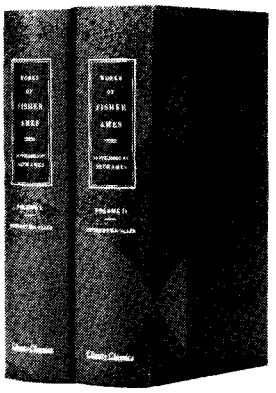

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The Fast Lane

GRAND DELUSIONS: THE COSMIC CAREER OF JOHN DELOREAN. By HILLEL LEVIN. *Viking. 336 pp. $15.95.*

DREAM MAKER: THE RISE AND FALL OF JOHN Z. DELOREAN. By IVAN FALLON and JAMES SRODES. *Putnam. 455 pp. $16.95.*

DELOREAN: STAINLESS STEEL ILLUSION. By JOHN LAMM. *Newport Press. 160 pp. $17.95.*

Reviewed by DON SHARP

IN APRIL 1973, John Z. DeLorean, a man who had become a media legend in his own time, shocked the automotive and business world by resigning a position that had put him only a step or two away from the presidency of General Motors. Having resigned, he declared his intention to build an "ethical" sports car—one that would be distinguished by its ageless style, its provisions for safety, and its durability. Several years followed in which he raised money, some from private investors but most from the British government via the Northern Ireland Development Agency, established a dealer network, developed the car itself, and built a factory near Belfast. The first DeLorean Motor Company cars rolled off the assembly line in January 1981. DeLorean had realized his "dream," as his enterprise had become characterized: he had brought a new car into a market that had seen no successful new names in over fifty years.

Alas, the dream promptly turned into a nightmare. Within another year, the factory was in receivership and the enterprise lurching into bankruptcy, revealing itself to be one of Bulgarian inefficiency and Byzantine complexity. Although prodigious amounts of money had been spent, the car itself was mainly distinguished by its deficiencies. And as if those reversals were not enough, DeLorean soon offered another: in October 1982, he was arrested in an FBI "sting" operation involving a cocaine transaction that, presumably, would have provided more money to salvage his failing company.

These three books, appearing a year after the arrest and as the pretrial maneuvers get under way, tell what went wrong with the dream. They assert that the fault lay with the dreamer, that DeLorean had neither the integrity nor the competence with which he had been credited during his tenure at GM. Yet the revelations also become an indictment, sometimes quite specific, of the gullible media that accepted and then fostered DeLorean's image in the first place.

As an editor at *Monthly Detroit*, Hillel Levin was perhaps the first journalist (in 1981) to look into DeLorean's private business affairs both during and after his tenure at GM. He found a tangle of deceptive transactions wherein everybody but DeLorean and his trusted associates lost. In *Grand Delusions*, he unravels those dealings at greater length and pursues the DeLorean thus revealed back to college days to show that the hustler was busy quite early. In college, for example, DeLorean sold advertising for his own *Yellow Pages* to merchants who thought they were getting the real thing, and was remembered by his classmates for his own corruption of an aphorism from John Philpot Curran: "Ceaseless vigilance is the price of dishonesty."

Levin assigns a separate chapter to each succeeding installment of the story, from college to GM, from private entrepreneur to car builder, and finally to ignominious failure. The method gives coherence to the incredibly jumbled events of DeLorean's later career, although the "human-interest" effects sometimes get in the way. However, they do keep the emphasis on individuals, some of whom emerge as genuinely heroic. One of these is Bill Collins, whose promising design work was seriously compromised by the arrogant Colin Chapman, of Lotus Cars, Ltd., when DeLorean hired Lotus to do development work. (The car turned out to be an ersatz Lotus perverted by DeLorean's special obsession with "gull-wing" doors and a rear-engine layout.) Another, C. R. Brown, set up the marketing system, took the flak, and attended to the problems when the cars proved defective, then was summarily fired for his trouble when he refused to allow DeLorean to distribute cars that were under lien to the Bank of America.

Levin makes no pretensions to being an automotive specialist; perhaps for that reason he does not, as other writers have done, obscure the failings of the car itself out of enthusiasm for its alleged technical sophistication. His account of the denouement of the story affords ironic pleasure, as two elderly salvage buyers from Ohio outdealt the man who had been represented as a major financial wizard. Their company, Consolidated International, bought most of the unsold DeLorean Motor Company cars and is responsible for those that have trickled into the market since DMC declared bankruptcy.

Levin gives us an "armchair" DeLorean, in terms comprehensible to and sufficient for most people's interest. His yeoman's work, however, lags at the end because he cannot bring himself to judge DeLorean. His conclusion, that DeLorean was simply "one more victim of his unrealized dreams" and "his own outsize vision," is an evasion. Still, Levin points to a significant truth when he writes:

> No other entrepreneur in business history used publicity as well in amassing his seed capital, and he found that investors were as unlikely to look behind his hollow hype as reporters.

This damning judgment might well have been pursued farther.

IVAN FALLON, an editor at the London *Sunday Telegraph* who wrote some of the definitive British news accounts of DeLorean's fall, and James Srodes, a business writer on this side of the Atlantic, join forces in *Dream Maker* to produce a "case study" of DeLorean which gives considerably more detail than Levin on the development of the car company, particularly the financial arrangements and misarrangements. They also tell how the DeLorean story was played out in Great Britain—the arguments in Parliament, the threats of terror in Northern

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DON SHARP *is the author of* The New Woman Driver, *which Houghton-Mifflin will be publishing in April.*

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Ireland, and the development of the car itself under Colin Chapman. While of the three books under review this one gives the most details, the details sometimes lose effect; the exact path, for instance, by which money flowed from the Exchequer through DeLorean's hands, and by what system of authority, is never quite clear. Moreover, Fallon and Srodes's treatment of the dynamics by which the car passed from development into production suffers from a narrative mode that substitutes dialogue for much-needed analysis. But despite these imperfections, *Dream Maker* provides a proper and useful complement to *Grand Delusions.*

If Levin aims primarily at the personal story, and Fallon and Srodes at the financial, John Lamm in *Stainless Steel Illusion* aims at the car itself. His is the "coffee-table" DeLorean, with lots of photographs of the car and the people involved, many of which, especially those taken by Lamm himself, are outstanding. His purpose is to outline the development and production of the car, and let DeLorean be what he may. Still, Lamm remains strongly under the spell that DeLorean cast over the automotive press, and as an unfortunate consequence he does not sufficiently question the car itself. He tells what it was, but does not ask what else it could have been. In this respect, DeLorean's car still awaits a competent technical analysis.

Lamm's unique contribution is to place DeLorean's car in the context of similar cars. He traces the design mutations, through the efforts of Bill Collins and Georgetto Giugiaro and on to the warped execution at the hands of Colin Chapman's group. He provides a survey of the factory and the production line, and includes a veritable photographic gallery of the car itself, along with extensive quotations from the road tests in the popular magazines (road tests which were, however, chary of analysis themselves). His account of the management or mismanagement of the company is less thorough, which is no deficiency in a book intended to satisfy the car enthusiast and those who bought a DeLorean as an "instant collectible." For these, Lamm performs a valuable service, and very well, too.

Lamm also raises a question many have asked: was DeLorean's enterprise doomed to failure by inauspicious circumstances, or could it have prospered with better management? Lamm votes the former, and thus ignores DeLorean's hideous wastage of money, including the more than several millions that were skimmed right off the top. Indeed, Lamm ignores contrary evidence he himself introduces—that since 1963, Avanti, a remnant of the old Studebaker company, has successfully filled the very marketing niche that DeLorean aimed for.

Lamm's general tendency to make

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excuses for John DeLorean does give his book an extra dimension: it becomes the fossil evidence of DeLorean's ability to charm the press. This, finally, is the story one would like to read. For if the final fault in this saga of chicanery lies with the "dreamer," many were those in the media who happily reported and embellished the dream as it was unfolding, and who declined ample opportunity to look carefully into its foundations. Had these sandy underpinnings been noted earlier, the failure of the car company under DeLorean's management would have been a foregone conclusion; more likely, the enterprise would never have existed at all, and we would thus have been spared the press's belated and triumphant discovery of a scandal which the press itself had actively cooperated in promoting.

Cultural Determinism

MARGARET MEAD AND SAMOA: THE MAKING AND UNMAKING OF AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL MYTH. By DEREK FREEMAN. *Harvard. 379 pp. $20.00.*

Reviewed by TODD G. BUCHHOLZ

DEREK FREEMAN'S refutation of one of the heroes of American academia has incited responses from many angry social scientists. The ensuing controversy has raised questions not just about the stature of Margaret Mead but about the mission of anthropology and the present-day implications of the debate over "nature versus nurture," or biology versus culture, that dominated anthropology during the first half of this century.

Freeman, professor of anthropology emeritus at the Australian National University, begins by telling the story of a bright young Margaret Mead who traveled to primitive Samoa in 1925 to discern whether Samoans were significantly similar or dissimilar in disposition to Western, "civilized" peoples. A student of Franz Boas, professor at Columbia University and leader of the school of cultural determinism, Miss Mead was in fact searching for proof of so great a variety in human life as to make untenable the notion of a universal human nature. She was looking, writes Freeman, for a single "negative instance"—for

> in anthropology you only have to show once that it is possible for a culture to make, say, a period of life easy, where it is hard everywhere else, to have made your point.

Miss Mead's specific goal was to expose a negative instance in adolescent life. "If a society could be found in which the growing boys and girls missed out on all this storm and stress, then the anthropologist would know . . . that this storm was not inevitable," she announced. The twenty-three-year-old researcher found what she sought. She also found what humans have always sought: paradise. In Samoa, she discovered, competition was restrained and jealousy was rare. A boy "must never excel his fellows by more than a little . . . his elders . . . are far readier to encourage and excuse the laggard than to condone precocity." Where modern, industrialized nations experienced class struggle, ennui, and anomie, a young Samoan's concern was centered upon his close relations with fellow villagers within a cherished social pattern.

Among adolescents, Margaret Mead found, sexual relations were breezy and casual. A girl's favors were "distributed among so many youths, all adept in amorous techniques, that she seldom becomes deeply involved." Where Western teenagers faced stress, anxiety, and acne, young Samoans communed with and enjoyed each other's bodies. Where Western youngsters had to submit to a nightly curfew, in Samoa the nights belonged to the young for dancing, courting, and love-making.

This was the paradise Margaret Mead revealed to the world in *Coming of Age in Samoa* (1928). The argument she based on her findings—that cultural and environmental factors can change our "natures" in the most fundamental

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ways—was adopted by generations of social thinkers and policy-makers who interpreted the Samoan experience as a message to our own society about how best to raise children and to govern.

AFTER depicting Margaret Mead's Samoa, Freeman, who spent time in Western Samoa as a graduate student in the 1940's and again years later, proceeds to erase her negative instance from the anthropological ledger. The contrast between Mead's and Freeman's findings is startling, and nowhere more so than on the issue of the "truth" about Samoan sexual relations. Reports Freeman: "Female virginity . . . was very much the leitmotif of the sexual mores of the pagan Samoans . . . virtually every family cherished the virginity of its daughters." Regarding civil disposition:

> Far from possessing a social order that "is kind to all and does not make sufficient demands upon any," as Mead would have it, [Samoa] has a culture in which it is traditional to have recourse to punishment, and frequently very severe punishment, in the interests of obedience and respect for authority.

As for Margaret Mead's contention that Samoans did not bear grudges, Freeman charges that, to the contrary, the conservative Samoan system is "fraught with intense and long-standing rivalries."

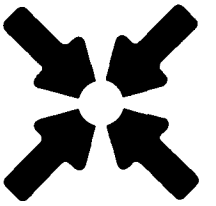
In two hundred pages Freeman grabs, tears, and shreds Margaret Mead's research to pieces. To be sure, he is not the first to dispute her findings. Many Samoans, in fact, have called Miss Mead a liar. Freeman brands this "an interpretation that I have no hesitation in dismissing." Instead, he terms her ill-prepared, her research casual. For example, she apparently had not read previous reports on Samoa, although "the institutions and traditions . . . had . . . been very extensively documented long before Mead first set foot on Ta'u in 1925." Moreover, she spent only nine months, did not live with a Samoan family, and did not speak the native language. Since she was working with what she termed "primitive groups," she assumed their ways of life "were simple enough to be grasped quickly." Her conclusions about Samoan sex were based largely on conversations with a small sample of girls. Freeman, who speaks the language fluently, surmises that the girls may have teased Miss Mead with stories of easy and expert intercourse.

FREEMAN'S critique of Margaret Mead's methods is solid, and one is tempted to regard it as closing the case for cultural determinism. But his own techniques are not quite exemplary, either. Rather than focusing solely on the particular group of Samoans (on the island of Ta'u) who provided Mead's negative instance, Freeman assumes that all Samoan tribes are alike ("In what follows . . . I shall make use of pertinent evidence from any of the Samoan islands—from Ta'u in the east to Savai'i in the West") and then he compounds the error by ignoring time differences in gathering data (he finds "no reason to suppose that Samoan society and behavior changed in any fundamental way during the fourteen years between 1926, the year of the completion of Mead's inquiries, and 1940, when I began my own observations of Samoan behavior. . . . I shall draw on the evidence of my own research in the 1940's, the years 1965 to 1968, and 1981"). As several critics have pointed out, British Western Samoa, where Freeman went as a student, is two hundred miles away from Ta'u, and there are significant historical and political differences between them.

Still, even if one eliminates all of the data adduced from other Samoan islands, Freeman does provide enough testimony to argue convincingly the case against pure cultural determinism: coming of age in Samoa is not that different from coming of age in, say, San Francisco. The idea of a universal human nature is rescued from Margaret Mead's "negative instance."

What may seem astonishing is the degree of consternation this has aroused on the American academic scene. But the reason is not obscure. As a reviewer in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* put it:

> Some scholars are concerned that the book's stress on the need to consider the influence of biology



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on behavior could be used to feed social conservatism and racial backlash in the United States.

Cultural determinism urges that man is, in the words of Margaret Mead's friend Ruth Benedict, "unbelievably plastic." To understand humans, one must dissect their environs, the external forces which shape varied characters. If the environs differ, then the character of humans must differ. As we have seen, when Margaret Mead undertook her mission to Samoa, she was looking for a different environment *from that of the West—and a different* kind of human. In doing so, however, she was also engaging in battle against the truly racist paradigm, put forth by the eugenics movement seventy-five years before, which proclaimed that Darwin's law of natural selection applied not only to physical qualities but also to the moral and mental characteristics of humans everywhere.

Francis Galton, leader of the eugenics crusade, thought that all differences between savages and sophisticates could be explained by race. One of his books featured a chapter entitled "The Comparative Worth of Different Races." Nor was Galton a lone eccentric. Madison Grant's *The Passing of the Great Race* glorified the Nordic race which was in America "again showing itself to be that upon which the state must chiefly depend for leadership, for courage, for self-sacrifice and devotion to an ideal." When Grant wrote his opus in 1916, he had already heard about cultural determinism and its contrary tenets:

> There exists today a . . . fatuous belief in the powers of environment, as well as of education and opportunity to alter heredity, which arises from the dogma of the brotherhood of man. . . . Thus the view that the Negro slave was an unfortunate cousin of the white man, deeply tanned by the tropic sun and denied the blessings of Christianity and civilization. . . . It has taken us fifty years to learn that speaking English, wearing good clothes, and going to school and to church do not transform a Negro. . . . Nor was a Syrian or Egyptian freedman transformed into a Roman by wearing a toga and applauding his favorite gladiator. . . . Americans will have similar experience with the Polish Jew, whose . . . peculiar mentality . . . is being engrafted upon the stock of the nation.

Most frightening about Grant were his credentials. He was chairman of the New York Zoological Society, trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, and councilor of the American Geographical Society.

It was against this racist paradigm that the efforts of Franz Boas and his fellow cultural determinists were in the first place, and successfully, directed. Thus Margaret Mead's work in particular has long been regarded as a persuasive rebuttal of racist theory. Ironically, however, it is not; in fact it could be used to buttress the Galtonian scheme. The racists rested their case on the proposition that all men were not created equal, that races were innately, irreparably disparate. By "proving" that Samoans were fundamentally discrepant in their psychological and ethical makeup, Margaret Mead could be viewed as (of course inadvertently) reinforcing the racist proposition. Only by finding Samoans strikingly similar to Westerners could she have logically foiled the racists.

For this reason, Freeman's work, if correct in its refutation of Miss Mead, is not at all supportive of a racist doctrine. The fear with which some reviewers have approached *Margaret Mead and Samoa* is unfounded. Furthermore, the fear among academics to admit the validity of some degree of biological determinism is pernicious. The inevitable trend in anthropology is toward a synthesis of biologic and cultural determinism, and this is as it should be. As Mark Twain said, "There's a little human nature in all of us."

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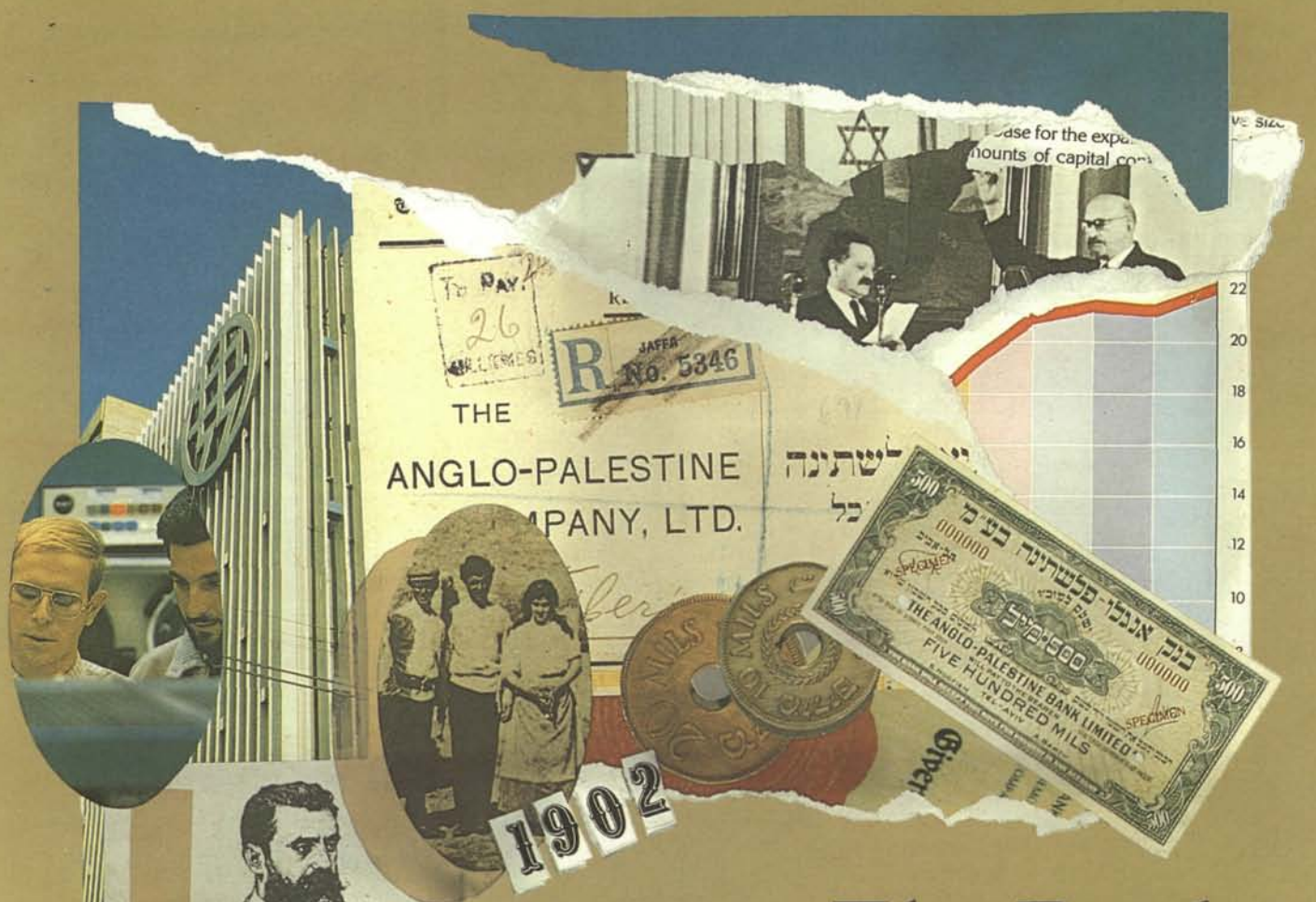

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